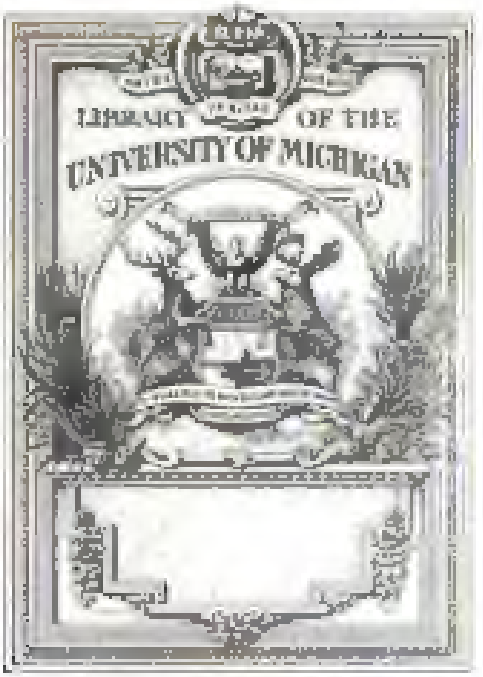
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

AP
4
.M85

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. X.

JANUARY—MARCH 1903

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

		PAGE
A Morning's Work in a Hampstead Garden	Professor Sidney Colvin	Mar. 130
Age of the Inhabited World, The	Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry	Jan. 68
An Essay on Criticism		Feb. 1
"Asia and Europe"	Edwyn R. Bevan	Feb. 62
Athene on Greek Coins	Baroness Augusta von Schneider	Feb. 128
Ballad of the Young Ruthven	Andrew Lang	Jan. 146
Cretan Exploration Fund, The		Mar. 6
Danny—*concluded*	Alfred Ollivant	Jan. 138
Delhi, Letters from, 1857	Edited by George S. Barnes	Jan. 17
De Wet's Three Years War, Some Comments on	Brig.-Gen. Sir E. T. Brabant, K.C.B.	Mar. 54
Drama, The Future of the	Professor Brander Matthews	Feb. 139
Excavation of a Levitical City—Gezer	Maj.-Gen. Sir C. W. Wilson, K.C.B.	Mar. 32
German Policy in South America	W. B. Duffield	Mar. 65
Greek Coins, Athene on	Baroness Augusta von Schneider	Feb. 128
Hapsburg Monarchy, The	Count N. Banffy	Mar. 17
" "	Maurice A. Gerothwohl	Mar. 26
" "	Dr. Albert Gessmann	Feb. 42
" "	Franz Kossuth	Feb. 60
" "	Dr. Stanislas Ritter von Starzyński	Mar. 21
" "	Dr. Adolf Stransky	Feb. 51
Human Personality after Death	Andrew Lang	Mar. 94
Inhabited World, The Age of the	Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry	Jan. 68
Intelligence Department, The Naval	Carlyon Bellairs	Jan. 59
Japan, The Painters of	Arthur Morrison	Jan. 113
John the Apostle, The Fourth Gospel and	Dr. A. N. Jannaris	Jan. 84
Journalism, The People and Modern	Owen M. Green	Feb. 81
Le Byron de Nos Jours		Jan. 1
Letters from Delhi, 1857	Edited by George S. Barnes	Jan. 17

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

			PAGE
Levitical City, The Excavation of a	MAJ.-GEN. SIR C. W. WILSON, K.C.B.	Mar.	82
Lord Selborne's Memorandum	JULIAN S. CORBETT	Feb. 28, Mar.	40
Naval Intelligence Department, The	CARLYON BELLAIRS	Jan.	50
Navy and the Man in the Street, The		Mar.	1
On the Line		Jan. 5, Feb. 13, Mar.	7
Oxford, The Restoration of	REV. JAMES H. F. PEILE	Mar.	110
Painters of Japan, The	ARTHUR MORRISON	Jan.	113
Recollections of Solitude	ROBERT BRIDGES	Feb.	125
Reviews of Unwritten Books		Feb. 161, Mar.	151
Shall the State Educate?	PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH	Jan.	37
Some Comments on Gen. De Wet's Three Years War	BRIG.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B.	Mar.	54
South America, German Policy in	W. B. DUFFIELD	Mar.	65
The Fourth Gospel and John the Apostle	DR. A. N. JANNARIS	Jan.	84
The Future of the Drama	PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS	Feb.	139
The Magic Kingdoms	FIONA MACLEOD	Jan.	99
The Navy and the Man in the Street		Mar.	1
The People and Modern Journalism	OWEN M. GREEN	Feb.	81
The Restoration of Oxford	REV. JAMES H. F. PEILE	Mar.	110
The Riddle	W. J. DE LA MARE	Feb.	156
The Stock Exchange: An Echo from Twickenham	PAPALIS	Mar.	158
The Veil of the Temple		Jan. 170, Feb. 168, Mar.	165
The Villa d'Este, Tivoli	EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS	Feb.	95
Thomas Campbell, The Poet	PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL	Feb.	110
Three Years War, Some Comments on Gen. De Wet's	BRIG.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B.	Mar.	54
Three Years War		Feb.	6
Unwritten Books, Reviews of		Feb. 161, Mar.	151
Villon, A New Life of François	HENRY DAVRAY	Mar.	142

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
Banffy, Count N.	The Hapsburg Monarchy	Mar.	17
Barnes, George S.	Letters from Delhi, 1857	Jan.	17
Bellaire, Carlyon	The Naval Intelligence Department	Jan.	50
Bevan, Edwyn R.	"Asia and Europe"	Feb.	62
Brabant, Brig.-Gen. Sir E. Y., K.C.B.	Some Comments on General De Wet's Three Years War	Mar.	54
Bridges, Robert	Recollections of Solitude	Feb.	128
Campbell, Professor Lewis	Thomas Campbell, the Poet	Feb.	110
Colvin, Professor Sidney	A Morning's Work in a Hampstead Garden	Mar.	130
Corbett, Julian S.	Lord Selborne's Memorandum	Feb. 28, Mar.	40
Davray, Henry	A New Life of François Villon	Mar.	142
De La Mare, W. J.	The Riddle	Feb.	156
Duffield, W. B.	German Policy in South America	Mar.	65
Editorial Articles	Le Byron de Nos Jours	Jan.	1
	An Essay on Criticism	Feb.	1
	Three Years War	Feb.	6
	The Navy and the Man in the Street	Mar.	1
	The Cretan Exploration Fund	Mar.	6
	On the Line	Jan. 5, Feb. 13, Mar.	7
Fry, Rt. Hon. Sir Edward	The Age of the Inhabited World—II	Jan.	68
Gerothwohl, Maurice A.	The Hapsburg Monarchy	Mar.	26
Gessmann, Dr. Albert	" " "	Feb.	42
Green, Owen M.	The People and Modern Journalism	Feb.	81
Jannaris, Dr. A. N.	The Fourth Gospel and John the Apostle	Jan.	84
Kossuth, Franz	The Hapsburg Monarchy	Feb.	60
Lang, Andrew	A Ballad of the Young Ruthven	Jan.	166
" "	Human Personality after Death	Mar.	94
Macleod, Fiona	The Magic Kingdoms	Jan.	99

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
MATTHEWS, PROFESSOR BRANDER	The Future of the Drama	Feb.	139
MORRISON, ARTHUR	The Painters of Japan—VI.	Jan.	113
OLLIVANT, ALFRED	Danny—(*concluded*)	Jan.	138
PEILE, REV. JAMES H. F.	The Restoration of Oxford	Mar.	110
PHILLIPPS, EVELYN MARCH	The Villa d'Este, Tivoli	Feb.	95
SCHNEIDER, BARONESS AUGUSTA VON	Athene on Greek Coins	Feb.	128
SMITH, PROFESSOR GOLDWIN	Shall the State Educate?	Jan.	37
STARZYŃSKI, DR. STANISLAS RITTER VON	The Hapsburg Monarchy	Mar.	21
STRANSKY, DR. ADOLF	" " "	Feb.	51
WILSON, MAJ.-GEN. SIR C. W., K.C.B.	The Excavation of a Levitical City—Gezer	Mar.	82

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

JANUARY 1903

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Le Byron de Nos Jours — Page 1

On the Line — 5

LETTERS FROM DELHI, 1857 (*With maps*)——*Edited by* George S. Barnes — 17

SHALL THE STATE EDUCATE?——GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. — 37

THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT——CARLYON BELLAIRS — 50

THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD—II——Right Hon. Sir EDWARD FRY — 68

THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND JOHN THE APOSTLE——A. N. JANNARIS, Ph.D. — 84

THE MAGIC KINGDOMS——FIONA MACLEOD — 99

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—VI (*Illustrated*)——ARTHUR MORRISON — 113

DANNY—LXXVIII–LXXXVII——ALFRED OLLIVANT — 138

A BALLAD OF THE YOUNG RUTHVEN——ANDREW LANG — 166

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE — 170

No. 28. X. 1.—Jan. 1903.

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (DECEMBER).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES :

The Coming of Downy V. Green

On the Line

THE FRENCH PRELATES ON THE POLITICO-RELIGIOUS CRISIS—*Edited by* M. A. GEROTHWOHL

THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD AND THE PACE OF ORGANIC CHANGE: I—RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD FRY

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER—ROBERT E. DELL

CANADA AND IMPERIAL IGNORANCE—W. BEACH THOMAS

THE MUSIC OF RICHARD STRAUSS—ARTHUR SYMONS

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN: V (*Illustrated*)—ARTHUR MORRISON

ADAM'S CURSE—W. B. YEATS

SONGS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE—A. E. KEETON

JAMES SUTHERLAND LIMITED—E. F. BENSON

A NEW LIGHT—FILSON YOUNG

THE DRONE—LADY CURRIE ("VIOLET FANE")

DANNY, LXXII–LXXVII—ALFRED OLLIVANT

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London W.*

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LE BYRON DE NOS JOURS

OR

THE ENGLISH BAR AND CROSS REVIEWERS

STILL must I hear?—while Austin prints his verse
And Satan's sorrows fill Corelli's purse,
Must I not write lest haply some K.C.
To flatter Tennyson should sneer at me?
Or must the Angels of the Darker Ink
No longer tell the public what to think—
Must lectures and reviewing all be stayed
Until they're licensed by the Board of Trade!
Prepare for rhyme—I'll risk it—bite or bark
I'll stop the press for neither Gosse nor Clarke.

O sport most noble, when two cocks engage
With equal blindness and with equal rage!
When each, intent to pick the other's eye,
Sees not the feathers from himself that fly,
And, fired to scorch his rival's every bone,
Ignores the inward heat that grills his own;
Until self-plucked, self-spitted and self-roast,
Each to the other serves himself on toast.

But stay, but stay, you've pitched the key, my Muse,
A semi-tone too low for great Reviews;

Google

Such penny whistling suits the cockpit's hum,
But here's a scene deserves the biggest drum.

Behold where high above the clamorous town
The vast Cathedral-towers in peace look down:
Hark to the entering crowd's incessant tread—
They bring their homage to the mighty dead.
Who in silk gown and fullest-bottomed wig
Approaches yonder, with emotion big?
Room for Sir Edward! now we shall be told
Which shrines are tin, which silver and which gold.
'Tis done! and now by life-long habit bound
He turns to prosecute the crowd around;
Indicts and pleads, sums up the *pro* and *con*,
The verdict finds and puts the black cap on.

"Prisoners, attend! of Queen Victoria's day
I am the Glory, you are the Decay.
You cannot think like Tennyson deceased,
You do not sing like Browning in the least.
Of Tennyson I sanction every word,
Browning I cut to something like one third:
Though, mind you this, immoral he is not,
Still quite two thirds I hope will be forgot.
He was to poetry a Tom Carlyle—
And that reminds me, Thomas too was vile.
He wrote a life or two, but parts, I'm sure,
Compared with other parts are very poor.
Now Dickens—most extraordinary—dealt
In fiction with what people really felt.
That proves his genius. Thackeray again
Is so unequal as to cause me pain.
And last of all, with History to conclude,
I've read Macaulay and I've heard of Froude.

Google

That list, with all deductions, Gentlemen,
Will show that 'now' is not the same as 'then':
If you believe the plaintiff you'll declare
That English writers are not what they were."

Down sits Sir Edward with a glowing breast,
And some applause is instantly suppressed.

Now up the nave of that majestic church
A quick uncertain step is heard to lurch.
Who is it? no one knows: but by his mien
He's the head verger if he's not the Dean.

"What fellow's this that dares to treat us so?
This is no place for lawyers, out you go!
He is a brawler, Sir, who here presumes
To move our laurels and arrange our tombs.
Suppose that Meredith or Stephen said
(Or do you think those gentlemen are dead?)
This age has borne no advocates of rank,
Would not your face in turn be rather blank?
Come now, I beg you, go without a fuss,
And leave these high and heavenly things to us;
You may perhaps be some one, at the Bar,
But you are not in Orders, and we are."

Sir Edward turns to go, but as he wends
One swift irrelevant retort he sends.
"Your logic and your taste I both disdain,
You've quoted wrong from Jonson and Montaigne."
The shaft goes home, and somewhere in the rear
Birrell in smallest print is heard to cheer.

And yet—and yet—conviction's not complete:

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There was a time when Milton walked the street,
And Shakespeare singing in a tavern dark
Would not have much impressed Sir Edward Clarke.
To be alive—ay! there's the damning thing,
For who will buy a bird that's on the wing?
Catch, kill and stuff the creature, once for all,
And he may yet adorn Sir Edward's hall;
But while he's free to go his own wild way
He's not so safe as birds of yesterday.

In fine, if I must choose—although I see
That both are wrong—Great Gosse! I'd rather be
A critic suckled in an age outworn
Than a blind horse that starves knee-deep in corn.

Google

ON THE LINE

Mallet du Pan and the French Revolution. By Bernard Mallet. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.*) Mallet du Pan's male descendants became naturalised Englishmen, and some have been well known in English official life. This excellent memoir has been drawn up with filial piety by a great-grandson, and confirms the justice of Carlyle's appreciation, that "of all writers on the Royalist side—indeed, I may say, on any side—Mallet seems to me to have taken incomparably the truest views of the enormous phenomena he was in the midst of." Sainte Beuve and Taine formed the same estimate. The book is full of interesting side-lights on the period, and its judgments are strikingly careful and moderate. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the French Revolution.

Mallet du Pan found himself at the age of forty a journalist in Paris when the Revolution began. For five years previously he had been editing the enlightened *Mercure de Paris*, and had contrived, in spite of a strict censorship, to introduce a liberal treatment of political affairs into his paper. In a private journal which he kept during this time, he correctly gauged the rotten state of the finances and the worthlessness of the Ministers. Thus, in 1789, his knowledge of Paris and France and his high and independent character and training fitted him eminently well for the part of a keen and discriminating judge of the great events which were to ensue.

By birth he was a Genevese Protestant of Huguenot descent, and this circumstance no doubt determined his point of view to a large extent. But his outlook was no narrow

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one. A thorough student and professor of history, international law and political economy, he was a bold and original thinker on these subjects. He had been a frequent guest at Ferney during Voltaire's last years, and as a young man he had taken part in Genevan politics on the democratic side, in opposition to his own family. He had travelled much, and had made a special study of the political state of England at the critical period of the close of the American War of Independence.

As a republican by origin and a believer in representative Government, he looked with sympathy on the opening doings of the States-General and the constituent Assembly. But when brought face to face with the revolutionary fever in its terrible aspects, and when he finally witnessed what seemed to him the triumph of ignorance, fanaticism and tyranny, he conceived an undying horror of the Revolution and its methods, and devoted his life henceforth to what he believed to be the holy cause of counteracting it. He stayed on in Paris, courageously editing his paper and upholding single-handed to the eminent risk of his life and safety the cause of Constitutional Royalism, till May 1792, when he left for Frankfort, entrusted with a mission of the utmost delicacy and importance to the Allies. The remaining eight years of his life were devoted to a vain endeavour to promote a counter-revolution. To this end he wrote and toiled at Brussels, in Switzerland, and finally in England. Here he died in 1800, his heart sick with hope long deferred and disappointment. The despair of a fine soul over a hopeless cause appears in the portrait prefixed to this volume. It is a countenance full of benignity and sweet reasonableness that suggests the philosopher pursuing abstract truth, rather than the publicist who took a courageous part in stormy times.

Edward Bowen: A Memoir. By the Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.) Harrovians will be grateful to Mr. W. E. Bowen for telling them or reminding

Google

them in this book of many things concerning the remarkable man who was so impressive a figure in their school-life. We cannot share the author's hope that the book will attract those who are not interested in Harrow, or specially in education, and we do not believe that Edward Bowen would have wished it so. He made his choice, and gave to Harrow the whole of powers which might have made him eminent in the great world; and the seeming barrenness of so gifted a nature in things beyond the circle of the school is the measure of his devotion to his purpose. The memoir, which occupies the first 260 pages of the volume, varies remarkably in interest, according as it presents Bowen, the man, the master, and the friend, or records dead controversies, in which he doubtless took a distinguished part. We should have preferred less of educational reform, which after all is dull, though important, and more of table talk and school talk, and we venture to say that the picture would be the truer for it. Somewhere, surely, there must exist great store of Bowen's sayings and sudden curious questionings of his form. "Who broke what to whom and what was he for it when?" was always ascribed to him, the answer being that Sigismund broke his word to John Huss (at the Council of Constance) and was sorry for it afterwards. Or, again, "What did he sit on?" referring to a certain august wineglass, *collected* by Sir Walter Scott, and too soon tragically lost. But perhaps Mr. Bowen was afraid of being flippant; his introduction is certainly of prodigious gravity, and worthy of the double piety of a nephew and a pupil.

> He had striking power of discipline and government, as striking as that of Vaughan. As a source of moral inspiration he was scarcely second to Arnold, while as a teacher he was much superior to Arnold. He had the vigour, the energy, the manly hardihood of Thring. He had all the classical scholarship and the literary delicacy and grace of the present Dr. H. M. Butler. *Such a combination of characteristics would by itself have produced a very impressive personality.*

This is Ercles' vein; and surely almost enough to deter the astonished reader from further venture. Yet for all that the

Google

book is worth study for the light it throws on a very singular and noble character.

But why is the school badge printed upside down on the back of it?

Side-lights on the Georgian Period. By George Paston. (Methuen.) "Women," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "have an entertaining tattle, sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one who had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for twenty-four hours together . . . they love mightily to be dabbling in business which they always spoil, and being distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks to them seriously and seems to consult them." This quotation, cited by Mr. Paston in his essay on "The Ideal Woman" (one of the many pleasant essays that make up his pleasant volume), is in itself a side-light on the Georgian Period, possibly also on other periods in feminine history. The average woman of the eighteenth century, was, so our author comments, kept far from responsibility and from any chance of self-development, yet "the men who were wholly responsible for this state of things . . . censured their feminine contemporaries for their folly and childishness every whit as severely as the modern man censures the modern woman for ambition and strenuousness." Here we have another side-light—this time upon the masculine race. But Mr. Paston does not always deal with the unwise virgins. He has loitered to purpose in the by-paths of Memoirs—those grassy alleys of history—and has revived forgotten figures. Who among us remembers Eliza Fletcher? Yet, in her heyday (and she lived from 1770 to 1852), Edinburgh resounded with the fame of her intellectual Salon. She was the staunch champion of Liberty in every form, and loved causes almost as much as she loved people. Heroes, and still more heroines, are seldom blessed with humour, and Mrs. Fletcher was fonder of Sir Samuel Romilly (on principle) than

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

she was of Sir Walter Scott. Her husband admired "Ossian's Poems" and tossed off a glass to Greek Independence on his deathbed, and between them both they helped forward every progressive movement that enlightened their generation. All the same, "An English Madame Roland" (the title of Mr. Paston's sketch) seems rather a big name for this impetuous but secure lady, who, doubtless, often lost her head, but not by the guillotine. Miss Lætitia Matilda Hawkins (the subject of another study, "A Spinster's Recollections") is a very different person. Her novel "The Countess and Gertrude," was almost as famous in its time as the books of her contemporary, Miss Burney; her father, like Miss Burney's, wrote a history of music; and she, too, lived in the neat Olympus of the day, where couplets were mistaken for poetry and handed round in pedantic ecstacy, while ladies had only to emit a few moral platitudes to be accounted worthy of the best company. But Miss Hawkins is a disagreeable Minerva—a kind of eighteenth-century Miss Martineau, with a disagreeable word for everybody. As a child she hated Dr. Johnson and remembers her father saying one day, when she had been naughty—"'Miss (which was my designation of disgrace) I shall take you to Dr. Johnson's this evening.'" "I certainly had no idea (she adds) that the same Dr. Johnson, whom I thought rather a disgraceful visitor to our house, and who was never mentioned by ladies but with a smile, was to be one day an honour, not only to us, but to his country." How angry would Miss Hawkins be with Time, who has buried her and left us Dr. Johnson! The correspondence of her rival, Miss Burney, with Mrs. Delany's great-niece has already been enjoyed by the readers of the *Monthly Review*. Not so the rest of these papers, hitherto unpublished. Very amusing, among others, are the accounts of "An American in England" (a certain Ticknor) and also of the Angelos, the family of fashionable fencers, far more thought of as artists in their generation than their great Italian namesake. The nature of George Paston's volume, which consists of a variety of miscellaneous essays cover-

Google

ing a long period, is bound to produce a rather disjointed impression, and some of the studies are almost too unsubstantial. The more serious ones are the best, and "The Felon" gives us interesting information about the prisons of a century and more ago. But if this article proves, as it certainly does, that many things have changed for the better, "London through French Eye-glasses" shows that one thing, at least, remains the same. M. Grosley came over from France to England in 1765. While he was in London he visited Ranelagh and Vauxhall. "The pleasure-seekers," said he, "looked as grave as at the bank or at church, and each seemed to be mentally asking the question which is said to have been put by a young English nobleman to his tutor at some place of amusement, *Am I as joyous as I ought to be?*" We have only to go to a London theatre to corroborate M. Grosley's statement.

Mr. Paston has given us froth, but it is the froth of wine —by which we mean knowledge: a good light wine made for dessert-time. Such froth is not to be despised.

May History have yet a chance against Fiction? If readers can be found to turn away for a little while from the triumphs and the perils of imaginary heroes to the development of a real historical character of world-wide importance, they will certainly enjoy the life of **the Emperor Charles V.**, by Edward Armstrong. We have here the result of many years of study, presented in a compact and readable form. The chief interest of the book lies in its presentation of the difficulties which surrounded the path of a much-hampered, though apparently almost omnipotent ruler, and its description of the character which was slowly evolved from this embarrassing environment.

In his description of the celebrated scene of Luther's appearance before the Diet of Worms, Mr. Armstrong shows that courage and heroism were not monopolised by the great Reformer, that his young and inexperienced judge had also a difficult part to play, and that he played it with firmness and dignity.

Google

Should the book reach, as it certainly ought to do, a second and many future editions, we would advise Mr. Armstrong to give his readers a short, a very short, preliminary chapter explaining how Charles came to unite in his own person the rights of three great houses, Burgundy, Spain and Austria, and giving a slight sketch of those strangely contrasted ancestors, Charles the Bold, Ferdinand and Isabella, and Maximilian. We would also plead for the insertion of marginal dates, that we may always know what are our chronological bearings. This help to the reader is the more necessary because Mr. Armstrong (wisely as we think) follows the order of subject rather than of time, giving us, for instance, the story of one of the great wars with Francis in one chapter, and then turning back to discuss the affairs of Germany and the progress of the Reformation in another.

As a specimen of Mr. Armstrong's style we give, not one of the well-known, often described scenes, such as the abdication, but the account of the Emperor's march northwards from Rome in 1536:—

> The Emperor, however, must hurry northwards. He passed to the Imperial city of Siena. . . . . At Siena he was at his very best. On entering the Sienese territory he had cried, "We are now at home, let every one march as he likes." Up to this point his force had advanced with all the discipline usual on foreign soil, as though surprise might be expected at every turn. The sudden change was a pretty, friendly touch, well calculated to warm the hearts of the impressionable Sienese. As he rode up to the city from the South he was met by processions of its clergy, its children, and its gentry. He would not take the keys from the magistrates at the gate, saying that they were in good keeping with magistrates most faithful to the Holy Roman Empire. Charles on entering was radiant with smiles; he would rein in his horse, and joke now with one citizen and now another. Spying a little Piccolomini, a very pretty child, carried in a servant's arms, he called him up, looked earnestly in the child's face and kissed him. The entrance to Siena is none too wide for festal purposes, for the city was more used to guarding against its exiles. Charles would not let the troopers of his escort move until the children had made their bows, for fear that the horses might kick them. He fully earned the genuine cries of "Welcome, Welcome, Emperor Charles!" The Emperor saw all Siena's sights. . . . . His visit was only too short, although there was an

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

aftermath of pleasure in the arrival of two dromedaries, fresh from Tunis, which had failed to catch him up. There are few sadder contrasts in history than that between this momentary joyous friendship of the Emperor with his Italian town, and the loss of liberty and permanent material ruin which, in his enforced absence from Italy, his unsympathetic Spanish agents were to inflict—the very last tragedy of his reign.

The Oxford History of Music. Vol. III. The Music of the 17th Century. By Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart. (Clarendon Press. 15*s.* net.) The Oxford History of Music is fast approaching completion, if a body may be said to be complete without part of its head. We gave an account in *The Monthly Review* for January last, of Professor H. E. Wooldridge's first volume, which dealt with the music of the mediæval Church so far as the period of Descant. The second, in which is to be traced the course of modal counterpoint up to and including the work of Palestrina and his immediate successors, has yet to appear. In the third volume, Sir Hubert Parry follows the early monastic movement from its origin in Josquin and Arcadelt, to its culmination in Purcell; while in the fourth, which is just hot from the press, and of which a notice will appear hereafter, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland brings matters down to the comparatively modern day of Bach and Handel. Thus, as we have said—volume II. being still more or less on the knees of the gods, so far as the public is concerned—the main body lacks something of its head.

For an account of the music of the 17th century it would have been difficult to find a brighter writer than Sir Hubert Parry. To the outsider the wonder is that so busy a man could find the time to express his views to the extent of nearly 500 pages, for the point is not so much the superficial area, so to speak, of the book, as the enormous amount of research necessary to its production. It would be absurd, as well as untrue, to say that there are not signs here and there of imperfect research, but in view of the magnificent splendour of the general scheme much may be forgiven. Far be it from us to suggest for a moment that Sir Hubert Parry is careless. The

Google

fact of his undertaking so heavy a task at all is proof to the contrary. But we must be allowed to point out that "Nuove Musiche," an expression he uses over and over again, as if, it seems to us, it were synonymous with Schumann's "Neue Bahnen," or the pseudo-Wagnerish "Musik der Zukunft," does not mean "new music," but new musical pieces. Again, on the subject of Monteverde, Sir Hubert Parry falls constantly into error, apparently from having either ignored or overlooked the latest discoveries on the subject. As the date of Monteverde's birth is inaccurately given as 1568 instead of 1567, it is perhaps not unnatural that other dates in his career should also differ from those now accepted as correct. Thus his first publication was the "Madrigali Spirituali," published at Brescia in 1583, and the exact date of his appointment as maestro di capella to the Duke of Mantua, though not known certainly, was more than probably 1602. Moreover, Monteverde succeeded in this office Benedetto Pallavicino, not "his old master, Ingegneri," who, as a matter of historical fact, never held that office. We notice too with no little regret that Sir Hubert Parry has revived the ancient and entirely erroneous title of "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book" for the famous Fitzwilliam Collection; surely the superb edition of the "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book," which masqueraded unwittingly so long under the above title, published only a few years ago by Messrs. Barclay Squire and J. A. Fuller Maitland, is not already entirely forgotten?

On the subject of "Initiatives" Sir Hubert Parry has much to say that is not only interesting but of considerable historical value, notably his account of the Venetian opera and opera-houses; but he is not strictly accurate in assigning Monteverde's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" and "La Nozze di Enea con Lavonia" to the opera-house of St. Mark's, for the former was produced at the San Cassiano, and the latter at the San Giovanni e Paolo, both in 1641.[1] Of quite uncommon interest too (though it contains nothing new) is the chapter on English

[1] "Boschetti Boschetto" (p. 60) is an inversion of the usual order, and Dandi an obvious misprint for Landi, as is S'Alessis for S. Alessis.

Google

music after the Commonwealth, in which there is much warm appreciation and just judgment of Purcell. But we confess our inability to understand this sentence on p. 284: "Besides these he [Purcell] had to write odes for Queens' and other royal people's birthdays, odes styled vaguely 'for the King,' *à propos* of nothing in particular, and a funeral anthem for the death of Queen Mary." One would like to know more of these odes, and also where the "great many odes for different yearly celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day" have disappeared to, it being a matter of general belief among musicians that only four exist. Again, we cannot but think that the correct dates of production of Purcell's operas, *Epsom Wells*, *Aurengzebe* and *The Libertine*, which the author here states were produced in 1676, were 1692–8, though we know that in this we differ from some of the authorities.

Want of space alone prevents our going into detail of the chapters concerning the signs of change in England from the old polyphonic choral methods to the secular style, the diffusion of new principles, or the beginnings of German music with its admirable examination of Heinrich Schütz, Kaspar Kerl, the early Bachs and old Buxtehude. Sir Hubert Parry has been true to his intention to refrain from "burdening the mind or overweighting an argument with a multitude of concrete facts which cannot be made to have a living meaning." He writes with a breezy freshness and a freedom from prejudice that are all too rare among makers of musical literature, but we have not thought it worth while to quote him *verbatim*, since surely all who are seriously and intelligently interested in the Art of which he is so conspicuous an ornament are already acquainted with his refreshing style, as exemplified in his delightful "Studies of the Great Composers," and his really monumental volume on "The Evolution of the Art of Music." Nevertheless, in the sacred cause of historic accuracy we have thought it necessary to point out the existence of a number of errors; but these and others are easy of correction, and could very well be put right in the second edition, to the publication

Google

of which we look forward with hopeful anticipation, for certainly we have here the most lucid account that has yet appeared of music in the seventeenth century.

Of the three stories in **Moth and Rust** (Murray. 6*s.*), two have appeared before. The remarkable study of character that gives its name to the book is of that quality which "seizes" the public. Miss Cholmondeley's warmest, most exacting admirers cannot fail to be delighted with such a vivid piece of drama as this. She takes us captive, she hurries us along, out of breath, panting with eagerness, even when we are fain to linger over the many touches of excellent social comedy that adorn it. Captious critics may object that Cuckoo talks at great length and with marvellous clearness for a person who had broken her back. What do we care, we who are trembling for Janet on the ruined staircase, or sick with pity for the odious Monkey Brand? They may say, if they like, that Mr. Vanbrunt's failure is unique; that to fail when you are not only able to meet all your liabilities but to start clear with half a million, is hardly failure in the usual sense of the word. What does that matter to us, who know that Lady Anne could never have accepted him when he was vulgar enough to be much better off than she was? Never were two women more brilliantly contrasted than Lady Anne, whose fascination is her charm, and poor, stupid Janet, whose only charm is beauty; and it was a master-stroke of design to make them friends, not enemies. No novelist has ever yet said the last word on that hard problem, the lie to save another, though it has been a favourite subject since the days of Scott. To the great lying heroines (alas! it is only the heroine who ever finds it difficult to lie! there is no instance, so far as we can recollect, of a famous hero who had scruples on the point) to the magnificent list that includes Elspeth of the Craigbairnfoot, the nun in "Les Misérables,"[1] and Mrs. Gaskell's Margaret, Janet must now be

[1] The Bishop in the same work is an exception rather apparent than real.

Google

added. Her single lie, her faithful, foolish, dog-like persistence in it, command the irritated admiration that constancy misplaced must always ensure. Beside the wonderful women of the story (Mrs. Trefusis is just as fine, though there is not much of her), the men are a little indistinct. George, Fred, and the delightful Duke of Quorn stand out well; but the artist is not so much an artist as the Duke is a Duke, and the millionaire, grateful as we are to him for not being Mr. Rhodes in disguise, is—half a millionaire. Fire plays a handsome part in fiction, and any connoisseur of the fires of romance will rank Miss Cholmondeley's very high, the more so that we never see it, that we see only the place where it has been. She can set the water flowing too, and she does it in the delicate scene of George, Janet and the rose, and Lady Anne's despair. "Has any outcast from happiness sought rest by running water, and found it not?" This is, for her, a curiously suggestive passage; for it is her custom to state rather than to suggest. Her humour always rings true—her sentiment not always. In "Moth and Rust" they work together far more harmoniously than when she wrote her earlier works.

There is great art also in the management of the plot. The length or shortness of a book has more to do with success than would be readily acknowledged by those who depend upon isolated scenes and touches instead of on the symmetrical effect resulting from the construction of a whole. "Moth and Rust" is of that most difficult of all lengths, the right length—a fact proven doubly by the wish so often expressed when the last page has been turned, "If it were only longer!" We have said this about all books that are just of the right length. We have said it about a tale of Stevenson's—and there are those who have said it about "The Faery Queene." A story of the proper length is not of any length at all. It is a circle, a serpent with its tail in its mouth, ending where it began. And such a perfect circle Miss Cholmondeley has described.

Bishops, Miss Cholmondeley took care to show us in "Red Pottage," are really women

Google

LETTERS FROM DELHI, 1857

DELHI has always been the centre alike of the tragedies and of the splendour of the East. It has felt the cruelties of Afghan invaders, and has seen the magnificence of the Mogul Court. But through its long and chequered history it is difficult to find a sharper contrast than that presented by the dark days of 1857 and the brilliant pageant which is to celebrate the Coronation of the King. On the famous "Ridge," where our soldiers during the hot weather of the year of the Mutiny suffered so much, the Viceroy's camp is now pitched. In front of the Cashmere Gate, near the spot where John Nicholson lies buried, is an exhibition of the arts and crafts of India, and outside the Moree Gate on the plain over which our guns pounded the walls immediately before the final assault, a town of tents has sprung up in which visitors to the Durbar are housed. Inside Delhi a ball is to be given in the Fort-Palace of the Mogul Emperors and of the King of Delhi, and a light railway has been made to convey the guests from their tents to the ball!

The letters which appear below bring us into close touch with all the sad events of 1857. They were written during the siege to George Carnac Barnes, one of the Commissioners of the Punjab, John Lawrence being, as all England knows, Chief Commissioner. Barnes' division was known as the Cis-Sutlej States, and included that part of the Punjab which lies between the Sutlej and Jumna rivers—a province of special

Google

importance and of peculiar difficulty in the events connected with the siege of Delhi. This division "acted as a kind of breakwater; beyond was the raging sea, inside was comparative calm." In the division was Umballa, the headquarters of the army in India. Through it ran the last section in the Punjab of the Grand Trunk Road which stretched from Peshawur to the Cabul and Lahore Gates of Delhi, down which alone the reinforcements from the Punjab could have passed, and on the security of which the lives of our soldiers at Delhi depended. Lastly, and perhaps not least, the division contained within its borders the territories of the great Sikh Chiefs, the Maharajah of Puttiala and the Rajahs of Nabha and Jheend, to whose loyalty we owed so much—a loyalty which is the more remarkable when we remember that the Sikh war against their brothers in religion had only ended some eight years before.

The flames of mutiny, which for some months past had been smouldering in the Sepoy army, actually broke out on Sunday, May 10, 1857, at the military station of Meerut. The native troops rose in a body, and after burning the station and massacring all the Europeans they could find, marched unopposed to the Imperial City, where they were joined by the Delhi regiments. The fort was seized, and the rebel standard hoisted on the palace of the Mogul. English men and women were ruthlessly murdered in the streets, and the gates of Delhi were closed. On the same fateful Sunday two Sepoy regiments at Umballa, probably by concert with their comrades at Meerut, rushed out of their lines, broke open the bells of arms, and began to form and load under the direction of their native officers,—an incipient mutiny which was happily ended by the prompt measures taken by the military authorities at Umballa.

The news of the rising at Meerut reached General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, at Umballa, on the 11th, and John Lawrence, at Rawul Pindi, on the 12th of May. Lawrence grasped the situation at once, and saw that the fate of India was trembling in the balance. He was able to look beyond the

Google

Map of the Punjab, to Illustrate "Letters from Delhi, 18[illegible]"

Google

Punjab, and, instead of risking the safety of India to save his province, was willing, if need be, to sacrifice his province to save India. A telegram was sent advising the Commander in-Chief to advance on Delhi with all possible speed. Anson, however, was at first doubtful of the wisdom of this course, and Barnes, believing that Anson intended to entrench himself at Umballa, so telegraphed to Lawrence. Lawrence immediately telegraphed back to Barnes the witty reply, "Clubs are trumps, not spades, when in doubt take the trick";—words which were calculated to have their full weight with the General, who was the author of a text-book on Whist. General Anson was persuaded, and a move forward to Delhi was decided on.

Meanwhile Barnes had seen the Sikh Chiefs and had persuaded them to throw in their lot with us, by sending their troops to guard the Grand Trunk Road at Kurnal, at Thanesur, and at Loodiana,—a result, to some extent at least, due to the influence of personal friendship.[1]

When Anson had decided on a forward movement, it was discovered that the army had no transport. The duty of providing transport was thrown consequently on the civil authorities, and in less than a week Barnes and Douglas Forsyth (the Deputy Commissioner of Umballa) managed to gather together 2000 camels, 2000 bearers and 500 carts. On May 25, General Anson left Umballa, having sent detachments of his small force on before him a few days previously. On the 26th he was lying at Kurnal dying of cholera. Sir Henry Barnard, the next officer in seniority, was hastily sent for from Umballa, and arrived on the 27th in time to hear Anson murmur before he died,—"Barnard, I leave you the command, may success attend you! Good-bye." On June 7, Barnard was joined by a small body of troops from Meerut under Brigadier-General Wilson, and on the next day was fought the battle of Budlee-ke-Serai, which resulted in the rout

[1] General Wilson, writing to Lawrence on Sept. 28, after the fall of Delhi, says: "to his (Barnes') influence with the Independent Chiefs I am mainly indebted for the valuable aid of the Puttiala and Jheend contingents."

Digitized by Google

of the mutineers and the capture of the Ridge, "which for fourteen long weeks to come was never to be abandoned until the city which it threatened,—or, to speak more accurately, which threatened it,—was in our hands."

Meanwhile John Lawrence had organised "the Punjab Movable Column" with Nevi le Chamberlain in command, but after the death on June 8 at the battle of Budlee-ke-Serai of Colonel Chester the Adjutant-General, he sent Neville Chamberlain to be Chief of the Staff of the besieging force before Delhi, and the command of the Movable Column was given to John Nicholson. On June 11 a report was made to Barnard urging the advisability of an immediate assault on the Cabul and Lahore Gates. The report was signed by four subaltern officers, Wilberforce Greathed, Maunsell and Chesney of the Engineers, and Hodson of the Intelligence Department—at a later period known as "Hodson of Hodson's Horse." The scheme was warmly supported by Hervey Greathed, who had formerly been the Commissioner of Meerut, and was now the Political Adviser to the Field Force. After much hesitation the scheme was accepted by Barnard. The assault was to take place under cover of darkness during the night of the 12th, but when the appointed hour came an important part of the force selected for the enterprise was missing. Brigadier Graves had misunderstood his orders and was not in his place with the 300 men under his command. The column thus weakened was not strong enough for the work, so orders were reluctantly given for the return of the storming-party to their quarters.

This brings us down to the date of the first of Sir Henry Barnard's letters.

CAMP ABOVE DELHI,
June 14, /57.

MY DEAR BARNES,—Here I am still looking at Delhi, hoping every hour our guns can silence those from the ramparts to enable me with any reasonable hope of success to approach nearer and carry the place, but they beat me in weight of

Google

metal; so that in fact I have, I fear, nothing left for it but an attempt at *coup de main*, not easy on these bright nights. I can only man six guns, and these all served by raw hands. The brutes come out almost every day and on two occasions I have been able to send them back considerably minus; but I lose men myself and knock them up. In fact ever since the 8th we have had a continued skirmish; they estimate their loss since the 8th at upwards of 2000; this, I doubt not, includes the missing.

What you all could mean when you spoke disparagingly of the walls of Delhi, I cannot imagine; 24-pounders mounted throughout their bastions with about 7000 men behind them is not so easily walked into, and, as my engineers say they cannot make regular approaches, and my artillery that they cannot work the guns I have, I have only one alternative and that must be tried. If it fails, I have no reserve, it will be annihilation. Which would be least pernicious to India—to lose time in waiting for reinforcement or the risk of failure? They are making ready for another visit, so I must conclude. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Barnes.

Yours sincerely,

H. H. BARNARD.

June 17th, 1857.

My dear Barnes,—Some uncommonly unfeeling individual has bagged my only waterproof coat; in our bungalow there are two boxes, common deal and tinned inside; in the smallest there is a large regimental grey great coat; if you would kindly open the box and send me the coat you would do me a great kindness. At present we are still before, or as some one has just facetiously remarked, behind Delhi. The walls that were to tumble down before field-pieces stand up remarkably strong before 18-pounders. We have been, and are going on shelling the Palace which will make E. I. Regiment's stay there mighty unpleasant. A man of the Rifles shot a Sepoy and bagged 84 gold

Google

Mohurs off him. I hope the grapes are ripening properly. They did not attack us yesterday, so I suppose they will to-day and take another licking. Hodson[1] has a bad cold and slight inflammation, but is better to-day. Young Greathed[2] also a slight go of fever; he is also better. Young Murray,[3] who was one of the musketry school, is put into the Guides. One of the Mahouts kindly took the finest Commissariat elephant into Delhi a present for the King yesterday. Curzon[4] sends you his regards and says the people have not yet come to worship us. General Reed is better, so will be up to his journey back again.

Yours very truly,

H. BARNARD.

June 18th, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I have just seen a letter of yours which gave me some satisfaction, as by it you appear to disapprove of the hazardous experiment of entering Delhi with my small force, leaving my camp, hospitals, supplies, treasury, in fact all the material of the army, insufficiently protected. I confess that urged on by the Political Adviser[5] acting with me, I had consented to a plan of a *coup-de-main* which would have entailed all the above considerations; accident alone prevented it; it may be the interposition of Providence, for, from what I hear, and from the opinion of others whom it became my duty to consult, I am convinced that success would have been as fatal as failure. A force under 2000 bayonets spread over a city of the magnitude of Delhi, would have been lost as a military body, and with the treachery that surrounds us, what would have become of my material? Since that I have been guided by military rule, and though it required moral courage to face

[1] Lieut. W. S. R. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse.

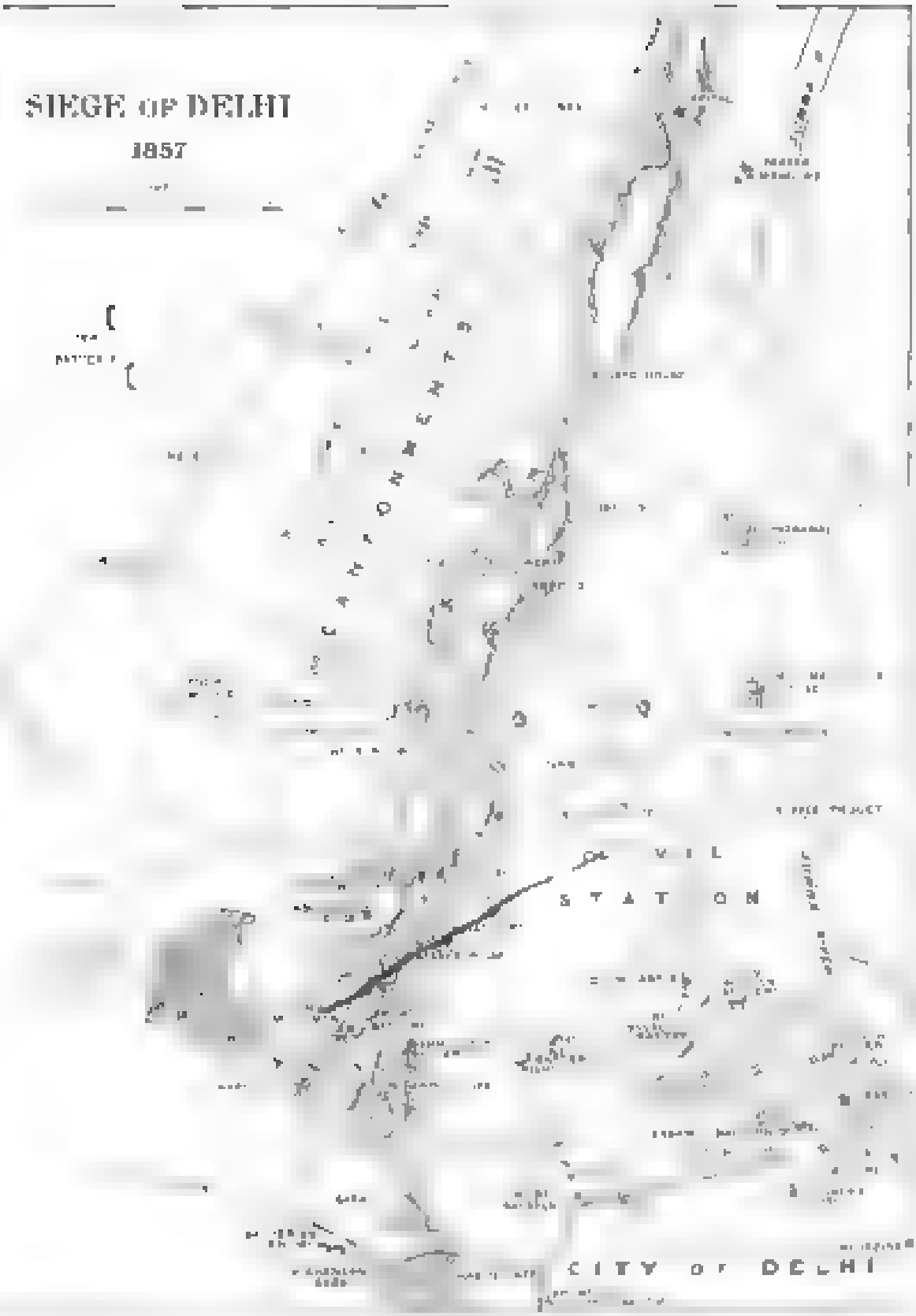
[2] Lieut. Wilberforce Greathed, R.E.

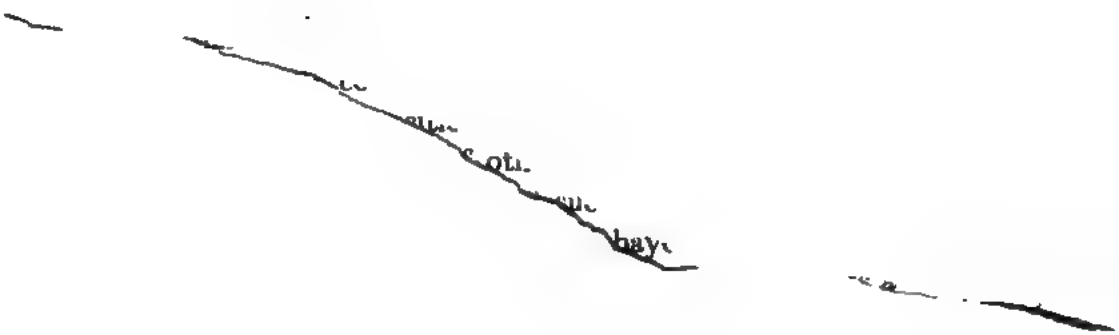
[3] Lieut. A. W. Murray, 42nd N.I.I., killed at the assault of Delhi, Sept. 14, 1857.

[4] Hon. R. Curzon, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, afterwards Earl Howe.

[5] Hervey Greathed.

Google


SIEGE OF DELHI
1857
CITY OF DELHI



Digitized by Google

the cry that will be raised against our inactivity before Delhi, I can but act for the best and carefully wait any favourable opportunity of striking the blow. The great point raised by Mr. Greathed was the securing of the Doab and the desirability of sending troops to Alighur from Delhi. But were I in the City now I could not do this, the Castle and Selimghur yet remain before me, and to hold the City and to attack these with a force under 2000 would prevent my detaching a man.

The fact is Delhi, bristling with cannon, and garrisoned by men who, however contemptible in the open, have sagacity behind stone walls and some knowledge of the use of heavy ordnance—for Saturday they beat us in the precision of their fire—was not to be taken "by the force from Umballa and 2 troops of 6 Pounders," and its present strength has been greatly under-estimated.

We have fought one action at Budlee-ke-Serai, where so long as their guns remained to them they opposed formidable resistance. We have been subject to frequent attacks ever since, each made with some spirit but repulsed with heavy loss, and having now the position taken up from which we must eventually reduce the place, it strikes me the best Policy is to view it in its true light, as a difficult task, and not to be accomplished without sufficient force.

Once in the town, and the game is ours if we can hold it, and immediately a force will be available for any purpose Mr. Colvin[1] requires. Delay is vexatious, and losing men daily in these attacks, heart-breaking. I am well but much harassed, but I do assure you the more I think of it the more I rejoice in the haphazard experiment failing, and it is some comfort to see you agree. I only hope others will now see that I had more to do than to walk into Delhi. I will not lose an opportunity rest assured, Ever yours sincerely,

H. H. BARNARD.

[1] The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.

Google

P.S.—We gave them a great beating yesterday with heavy loss. They had attempted to take up a position and erect batteries on Kishen-Gunje, Trevelyan-Gunje, and Paharunpoor. With two small columns under Major Tombs, H.A., Major Reid, Nusseree Battalion, we not only dislodged them, but cleared them out of the Serai above, and in fact drove all before us on this side of the town. It has had a very chilling effect, we hear, and their spirits are much disturbed, but their fire from the walls is as true as ever and as hot, and until we approach ours we shall do no good; and such is the state of the service that with all the bother of getting the siege train my Commanding Artillery Officer can only man 6 guns, and my Engineer has not a sand-bag. It is really too distressing. I never contemplated making regular approaches but I did expect my guns to silence those brought against me. But to do this they must be got nearer. Delay concentrates the insurgents and makes the blow the more telling, but it has fatal effects, I admit, but I do not conscientiously think that when it was allowed them to shut the gates of Delhi more could have been done than has been. Had the Meerut force rushed at once into Delhi all would have been safe, but it was too late ere that collected at Umballa reached the place. The largest magazine and ordnance Depot was already turned against me. My men are well, and wounded recovering satisfactorily, but all tired at this work.

Ever yours,

H. H. B.[1]

The following letter is from Hervey Greathed, who had escaped from the massacre at Meerut through the fidelity of a native servant, and who was at this time acting as Political Adviser to the force before Delhi:

[1] Extracts from this letter are quoted in Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War*, and are there erroneously stated to be taken from a letter from Barnard to John Lawrence. Probably a copy was sent to Lawrence, and came eventually into Kaye's hands without any note as to its original recipient.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CAMP NEAR DELHI,
June 19th, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I should be glad to place the Rajah of Jheend in charge of Rohtuck, but his force cannot be spared by Sir H. Barnard, and without it, it would be useless for him to attempt the charge. If Puttiala has the force to spare, and you don't hear of troops moving down from the Punjab on Hissar, I would gladly assent to that District being made over to his temporary care. It would be a mercy to the inhabitants who petition for succour both from Hansee and Hissar. I should be glad if you acted upon this, and if the arrangement is made I will write a *Khareetah*[1] to the Maharajah. The Nawab of Jhujjur has, I think, irretrievably compromised himself, but his territory is on the other side of Delhi, and we must bide our time. The Nawab of Bahadoorghur has been forced to fly, and the descendant of some former race of rulers has been placed on the *Guddee*.[2] The other Chiefs are doing their best to preserve a neutrality.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

On June 24 the hopes of those who were in favour of a bolder and more hazardous course of action were raised by the arrival of Neville Chamberlain to take up the post of Adjutant-General to the Army. An immediate assault had often been urged upon Barnard since the collapse of the plans for June 12, and at last the assault was fixed for July 3. But the General was ill, and the orders were recalled. Two days later, on July 5, Barnard died of cholera, and the command was taken up by General Reed. Only a few months before, Barnard had written to Lord Canning: "Cannot you find some tough job for me?" The tough job had come to him, and a month of it had sufficed to lay him in his grave.

[1] A formal letter. [2] Throne.

Google

CAMP BEFORE DELHI,
12th July, 1857.
1 P.M.

My DEAR BARNES,—Now that Kurnal is becoming a Depot for our reserve ammunition and stores we ought to have a detachment of Infantry there, and, as not a man can be spared from this Camp, we must *as usual* look to the Punjab to supply the men. Please place yourself in communication with Lahore on the subject, and if no other men be procurable endeavour to get us 4 Companies of the Sikh Sepoys taken from tried corps. Our rear must be kept open and quiet, and to leave our reserve stores insufficiently protected would be a very grave error. This is the first time I have ever asked for more troops, and I would not do so now but that we cannot spare a man. On the 9th we lost 270 soldiers *hors-de-combat* including killed, wounded and sick; and as I write this we are all ready to turn out, an attack on all four sides being threatened. I recommended the selection of Kurnal for it is within sufficiently easy communication of our camp and too far off the city to be open to a surprise. It is also on our line of communication with Meerut, Saharunpore and Mozuffurnuggur, and the Nawab being friendly there is less likelihood of local disturbance. At this season of the year too the Marcunda[1] is not to be trusted between us and our gunpowder and reserve stores.

We hear that some of the mutineers are using sporting gun caps. Immediate steps should be taken for depriving shopkeepers and others of all denominations who deal in such articles from retaining possession of anything in the shape of detonating powder. All should be taken possession of by Government and a receipt given. You will have seen that the 4th Lancers are to be disarmed and that the 10th L.C. are not to come on. As long as you keep the country quiet in our rear, and furnish us with provisions, we ought to prosper, or at

[1] A river between Kurnal and Umballa.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

all events last out long enough to bring in the day when others shall be ready to supply our places.

Yours truly,

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

On July 14 Chamberlain was severely wounded, and Lieut. (now Sir Henry) Norman, who had been appointed Acting Adjutant-General after the death of Col. Chester on June 8, was again appointed to that post. Norman continued in that capacity until Delhi was taken.

CAMP BEFORE DELHI,
19 *July*, /57.

MY DEAR MR. BARNES,—Chamberlain has handed to me your letter of the 17th to reply to one or two points.

For charge of ordnance stores at Kurnal Capt. Knatchbull was intended. He has remained at Umballa sick, so I have to-day telegraphed for a Deputy Assistant Commissary of Ordnance or a permanent conductor to be sent for the duty from Ferozepore. If Capt. Knatchbull recovers, of course the original order (which was sent by Mr. Le Bas to communicate) will hold good.

All officers on private leave were ordered down from Simla on 14 May, and the order was repeated shortly, and Capt. Becher of our Department reported it had been obeyed. I knew of no officer who had disobeyed it, though several obtained sick certificates. There seems to be now an ample force at Kurnal. There is no objection to your asking Brigadier Hartley to send down two officers of the 5th to duty at Kurnal, if they are wanted there, but if none are available, one (junior to Lieut. Chester) might with advantage be sent to do duty with the Nusseree Battalion at Saharunpore. We drove the enemy out of Subzee Mundee yesterday afternoon without much difficulty, our loss 18 killed and 69 wounded. The casualties amongst officers yesterday were Lieut. Crozier 75th killed—Ensign Walter 45 N.I., doing duty 2nd Fusiliers,

Google

killed by *coup-de-soleil*—Lieut. Jones, Engineers, leg amputated — Lieut. Pattoun 61st severely wounded — Lieut. Chichester, Artillery, slightly.

Do not send down any more Pathans. This is Chamberlain's wish, for which there is reason. Of course they must be sent if a corps comes which contains any, but the fewer that come the better.

Yours very sincerely,

H. W. NORMAN.

On July 19 General Reed, broken down by illness, resigned the command, having held it only a fortnight, and appointed General Wilson in his place. The circumstances which confronted Wilson were far from cheering. "Two commanders had been struck down by death and a third had been driven from the camp by its approaches. The Chiefs of the Staff—the Adjutant-General and the Quarter Master-General lay wounded in their tents." Lawrence, seeing the gravity of the position, ordered the Punjab Movable Column to Delhi, where Nicholson arrived with it on August 8.

CAMP DELHI,
29th July, 1857.

MY DEAR FORSYTH,[1]—The whole romance of the Siege of Delhi is comprised in the person of the Old Lady who accompanies this letter. She had begun to preach a crusade against us in the city, and had excited the minds of all true believers amazingly by her exhortations. At length, disgusted with their want of success, she took the field in person, and arrayed in Green, mounted on a horse, and wielding a gun and sword, headed a party of horsemen and actually led them against the 75th Foot! The men declare she was worse than five Sepoys to deal with, and say she shot several of their comrades At length she was herself wounded and captured. The General wished at first to let her go free, but I begged him not to do so, as

[1] The Deputy Commissioner of Umballa.

Google Original fr... UNIVERSITY OF M... SAN

she would go into the city triumphant and make much fanatical capital out of her escape from our hands—which she would have represented, of course, as a miraculous interference of Providence—and have become a sort of Joan of Arc! I obtained permission to send her to you to be kept in safety in your jail, or wherever you think best until the business here is over. Will you kindly see to her safe conduct? Strange to say the Old Hag had really obtained great influence.

Yours very sincerely,

W. S. R. HODSON.

CAMP BEFORE DELHI,

Aug. 15, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—The condition of the camp has improved considerably; we are well off in all respects, and as yet have to be thankful for the health of the troops, and the enemy have failed at all points and in every form of tactics. There is no use in deciding upon any course of active operations until the siege train comes up and by that time it will be known whether General Havelock ought to be waited for. As yet everything promises a speedy dissolution of the rebel force in Oudh. I hear from Agra that 2500 Nepal troops were to join Havelock at Lucknow. Drummond suffered for the misdeeds of the native officials at Agra; he trusted them and they were foremost in the destruction of the Station. Rs.3,22,000 of revenue have been collected in Paniput and the Meerut people have replenished their coffers. Hodson has gone out with the Guides and to look after the detachment of rebels who have gone to Rohtuck. It was their intention to send several such detachments out to raise the country, but some one said it was a device of the Hakeem's to weaken the force inside Delhi and to betray it into our hands.

I believe you have not carried out the plan of occupying

Google

parts of Rohtuck with Jheend troops; you doubtless have good reasons for not doing so.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

CAMP, *Aug*^{t}. *30*, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I cannot believe there is anything to fear for Lucknow. Havelock is clearing his rear and flank by routing out the rebels at Bithoor and Sheragpoor, and I do not suppose he would occupy himself in that way if the salvation of the Lucknow garrison called for an attack at the City at all risks. A detachment from the Agra Garrison have had a good affair near Alighur; they beat some 3000 Rebels, put them to flight and 300 to 400 were left on the ground. Cocks is named among the Nabha Cavalry as distinguished. Major Tandy, Ensign Marsh, and three privates were killed. A naval Brigade,[1] under Captain Peel, R.N., is coming up country. A Brigade of Madras Infantry has arrived in Calcutta. Madras troops have occupied Jubbulpoor and Panjur.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

In the early morning of September 4 siege guns arrived at the Camp, and forthwith the work of erecting batteries was begun by the Engineers, under the vigorous direction of Baird Smith and Alexander Taylor. The front to be assailed contained the Moree, the Cashmere, and the Water Bastions, with their connecting Curtains.

CAMP, *Sept. 9th*, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—If you see the Daily Telegraphic Despatch, my news will be stale. Koodseea Bagh and Ludlow Castle were occupied on the night of the 7th without loss, and

[1] The crews of H.M.'s ships *Pearl* and *Shannon* under Capt. William Peel.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

at the same time a 10 gun Battery was established 650 yds. from the Moree. It opened with 4 guns in the morning and all 10 were playing by evening. There was a hot fire upon it at first; the posts at Koodseea and Ludlow were also attacked, but our loss was altogether small. Lieut. Hildebrand, Artillery, and Lieut. Bannerman, Beloochees, were killed, and Lieut. Budd, Artillery, wounded, and about thirty men killed and wounded. Since last evening there have been only three men wounded, at least up to 10 A.M. The practice on the Moree and Cashmeree has been excellent; 22 mortars were got into position last night and another heavy gun Battery is nearly ready; when all are complete there will be a tremendous fire. My brother Wilby is in charge of the left attack. I have just got a cheery note from him. He names the day after to-morrow for the opening of the grand Artillery attack. At the rate Brind has been working his 10 guns there will be little left of the Moree by that time.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

We have Cawnpoor news to the 30th. Lucknow is looked upon as safe and there will be shortly 2500 Europeans at Cawnpoor with 18 Guns.

CAMP, *Sept.* 15*th*, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—At the present moment the Moree Bastion is unfit to hold heavy guns, but light pieces are occasionally fired from it in a dodging way. The Cashmere Bastion is effectually silenced and a heap of ruins, and the mortar shells prevent any one from living in it. The breach in the Curtain on the proper right of the Bastion is made to a considerable extent and our salvos are continually widening it. The left breaching Battery erected in the Custom House compound at a distance of only 180 yards from the wall was only opened yesterday afternoon. The construction of this Battery has

Google

been attended with much difficulty and has delayed the operations. It was first intended to erect it in the Koodseea Bagh where it could have been made securely and rapidly. But obstacles were found to intervene between it and the wall which are not down in any map and fresh ground had to be taken up in front at a distance which laid the working parties open to much fire. It could not be got ready till yesterday afternoon and is now doing its work against the Water Bastion and the Curtain; but it is a tough business and hot work. Every one regrets the loss of Capt. Fagan of the Artillery who was shot through the head soon after the Battery opened. He was brave to rashness and could not be prevented from exposing himself and was standing with half his body above the breastwork taking the line of fire when he was shot. The dangers and difficulties that have been surmounted are tremendous. The Artillery Officers have no relief and have been night and day in the Batteries since they were opened. The direct fire from the City has been in a great measure subdued but the enemy are clever in mounting fresh guns on unexpected points and they keep up a formidable enfilading fire from guns in the plain on our right and from two guns on the other side the River. Selimghur also can throw shot and shell into all our left Batteries. Despite all these difficulties operations progress and I believe the assault will take place to-morrow or the next day. Commanding Officers got their instructions yesterday. The defence is well directed on all points except sorties which they cannot manage. I have not heard any authentic accounts of desertions among the garrison. The siege is no child's play, but nothing resists the steady valour of our troops, and our losses, all things considered, are not regarded as heavy. Besides the Officers I have already named the following casualties have occurred. Wounded: Major Campbell, Lieuts. Earle and Gillespie, Artillery; Chancellor, 75th; Randall, 59th N.I.; Lockhart, Eaton, 60th Rifles. I cannot remember any others. We shall be short of Officers in the Nor' West. Mr. Colvin[1]

[1] Mr. Colvin had died on the 9th of September.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

is suffering from dysentery, he has quite made up his mind to go away whenever opportunity offers.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

The assault took place on September 14, but it was not until the 20th that Delhi was completely in our hands.

DELHI, *Sept.* 16.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I witnessed the assault from the top of Ludlow Castle. I do not think one could stand long the anxiety of the minutes that elapsed between the disappearance of the head of the Column and their crowning the Breach. The fire from the walls on the party directed against the Water Bastion Breach was so heavy that only two ladders reached the ditch. My brother Wilby was wounded on his way from the battery to this breach; the bullet broke the radius of his right fore-arm and cut him across the chest. The other[1] brother surmounted and survived all the dangers of the attack, and is still, thank God, full of life and vigour. The escalade of the Cashmere breach and the blowing in of the Gate were very successful. All this took place in broad daylight. Nicholson's column swept round the Ramparts and reached the Lahore Bastion. He was wounded, ammunition failed, and they fell back on the Cabul Gate. Colonel Campbell's Column, piloted by Metcalfe, who behaved most gallantly, made their way brilliantly to the Jumma Musjid. Their Engineer officer had been shot down and the Powder Bags remained behind. More were sent up under Tandy and Brownlow, of the Engineers. The former was killed and the other wounded. No support came from the Lahore Gate direction, and Campbell had to retire first on the Begum's Bagh, which he held for an hour, and then on the Church Square. That was a critical moment;

[1] Lieut.-Col. Edward Greathed—afterwards in command of the Column of Pursuit.

Google

our men were very much done, a great many officers had been disabled, and there was much confusion, and it was known that Reid's column had failed in taking Kishen Gunje. Guns were brought up and pointed down the leading streets, and Pandy's[1] last chance was lost.

It is a pity the Jummoo troops ever left their mountain homes; they failed, and allowed four of their guns to be taken by the Pandies in Kishen Gunje, and exposed Reid's flanks. If report is true, the Dewan was the first to bolt. The Jheend Infantry did very well. To-day our position is much improved. The Magazine has been taken and our occupation extended from the Cabul Gate down the Canal to the outposts of the force in possession of the Magazine. All this portion of the town has been evacuated by the inhabitants, and will be cleaned out. A considerable number of Pandies have been killed, and few males, I fancy, escape, but no woman has been intentionally hurt.

The safety of the camp was much compromised by the failure in Kishen Gunje. It has been threatened but not molested. Batteries are now opening on Selimghur and the Palace. I feel that complete success is made safe. The total loss, killed and wounded, on our side will not be found less than 800. Great fears for Nicholson.—His loss is not to be repaired. Colonel Campbell, 52nd, too, is disabled. The full Colonels left are Longfield, 8th; Jones, 61st; Dennis, 52nd. General Wilson is much knocked up.

Mr. Colvin died on the 9th.

Mr. Reade, as senior Civilian, has issued a Government Gazette Extraordinary, announcing that he has assumed the government of the North-West Provinces. Barataria has an Empire in comparison to his dominions.

Yours,

H. H. GREATHED.

[1] A nickname for mutineer Sepoys, Pandy being a common surname in Hindostanee regiments.

Google

Nicholson's wound was probably hopeless from the first, and he died on September 28, but he outlived Hervey Greathed, who died of cholera on September 19, five days after the assault which he had described.

It is hardly too much to say that if our arms had not been victorious before Delhi, we should have had to reconquer India. The successive Commanders on the Ridge freely acknowledged their indebtedness to John Lawrence and the Civil Service of the Punjab; and General Wilson, in a generous letter written on September 28, expressed his view that the Civil officers, though not present in the field, had contributed greatly to the successful issue of the siege.

The following letter, written by John Lawrence shortly after the fall of Delhi, is characteristic of the man, who has with justice been called the saviour of India—characteristic too of his methods of dealing with those who served him.

LAHORE,
11th October, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—We are now beginning to breathe after the storm, and when I look back I only wonder we are all alive. It is only by God's mercy we have escaped. Assuredly it was more than we could hope that all the Punjab Regiments should have remained staunch. I am not comfortable about Huzara. We were very near having a serious affair at Murree, and matters have not settled down as I had hoped. I am now pushing on another corps to Pindee, and have to take away that which has been lately raised at Loodiana. Gogaira has been mismanaged and the jungle is dense, and gives an asylum to the Insurgents. —— ——— who commanded the Troops is a goose, and could not hit when he had the rascals in his power. He has now got fever and must come away, so that I hope all will go right. What has been done with the 2 Companies of Sikhs which Ricketts[1] had collected? I hope he has not kept them.

[1] G. H. M. Ricketts, C.B., then Deputy Commissioner of Loodiana.

Google

I am not given, as you know, to overpraise men. It seems to me a mistake. But what I say I mean, and I think you have done well to keep your Division right and help the Army, you had a difficult post.

Run over in your mind the rewards we should propose for Puttiala, Nabha and Jheend. They should certainly be rewarded. Where should we have been but for their fidelity.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

The three Sikh chiefs mentioned in the last paragraph of the above letter, who had stood by us in the hour of our need, and who had been "faithful among the faithless," were not without their reward. The confiscated lands of the Nawab of Jhujjur and of the Dadree Chief, who were both convicted of rebellion, were divided between them. This material increase of territory and of revenue, together with honours liberally bestowed, showed them that their services were not forgotten, and that it had not been to their disadvantage to be loyal to the British Raj.

G. S. BARNES.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SHALL THE STATE EDUCATE?

LIVING in a country in which the State system of public schools is completely established, the writer has accepted it as a fixed institution, and acted under it to the best of his ability when called upon. Nor is he attacking it now. But in England the question is not yet settled, and it appears to be in some danger of suffering from two influences alien to the interest of education.

One of these influences is that of the conflict between the Clergy of the State Church and the Nonconformists, which is largely political and social. We cannot wonder at the bitter feeling of the Nonconformists if we remember how they have been treated by the Clergy and the partisans of the State Church. Few things in history are more disgraceful than the conduct of the State Clergy, who, having courted the Nonconformist alliance when their own privileges and endowments were attacked by James II., afterwards turned round and made persecuting laws against their late allies under the leadership of the infidel Bolingbroke. Long and arduous was the struggle of the Dissenters against Anglican tyranny for the common rights of citizens. The middle of the last century had passed before they were admitted to the national universities; while during their exclusion they were despised and sometimes insulted for their lack of culture. Even now they are treated by the Clergy of the Establishment and by the Anglican

Digitized by Google

Churchman rather as schismatic and ungenteel. Nor are their injured feelings greatly soothed by somewhat condescending offers of admission to the Establishment on the understanding that they will add to it as people reclaimed from error and admit the invalidity of their Orders. But the proper remedy for all this surely is not the hasty adoption of a particular system of national education, it is disestablishment. So long as the Anglican Church is established, the case for secular and unsectarian education seems to be hardly clear. In establishing a Church, the State proclaims the creed of that Church to be the true religion, and ordains that in that religious mould the character of the nation shall be formed. Consequently it would appear that the Established Clergy are not only entitled but bound to lay claim to a special influence over the training of the young. An Anglican clergyman who insists on this may surely plead that he is simply doing his prescribed duty to the State and earning his pay. It is illogical to rail against clerical influence and at the same time to support or acquiesce in a national institution of which clerical influence is the law. If, as we are told, disestablishment has dropped out of the class of practical questions, so it may be said by parity of reasoning has unsectarian education. It must be allowed, however, that the present measure is in itself manifestly unfair to Nonconformists, while it is the work of a Parliament which, having been elected on the sole issue of the war, as those who called it avow, is hardly entitled to deal with any great domestic question.

The other disturbing influence to be noticed is commercial panic. Commerce has suddenly developed into a sort of international war, each nation seeming to think that its prosperity can be securely founded only on the depression of other nations. Vast organisations under Napoleons of capital are being formed for the prosecution of the conflict. England, moreover, seems not yet to have quite got rid of the impression that the position, naval and commercial, which she happened to occupy at the close of the great French war is her natural and permanent

Digitized by Google

position. Because she was then left paramount as a naval power, the Russian navy, the only one which had not been shattered, being friendly and remote, she continues to strain herself to the point of bursting in her effort to remain sole mistress of the sea. Because she was then the only great manufacturing nation, the continental industries having been thrown back by the raids of Napoleon, she fancies herself to be declining and in danger of imminent disaster when she sees other nations, Germany especially, their industries having been revived, overhauling her in that line; though it does not really appear that she has lost energy or skill, if her plant and some of her methods are rather out of date. The consequence is a panic cry for popular education as the sole means, it is supposed, of industrial and commercial salvation. Hence there is some danger, it would seem, of deciding the question of national education with reference to the necessity, real or supposed, of a particular economical crisis, not to the permanent and general interests, moral and intellectual, of the nation.

In the case of the United States, the public school system does a very special and almost indispensable work. The public school is the hopper into which a vast and miscellaneous volume of foreign elements is cast to be ground into Americans. This purpose it has fulfilled with marvellous success, albeit there are, perhaps, still in existence more patches of foreign element unassimilated than is commonly supposed. But this necessity is peculiar to the United States; at least, it is not shared to any considerable extent by Great Britain.

It may sometimes be necessary for a special object or in a pressing emergency to over-ride the principles of natural justice; but we can never afford wholly to lose sight of them as the normal basis of institutions. It is the natural duty of every man to provide education as well as food and clothing for the children brought by his own act into the world. No man has a natural right to throw off any part of these duties upon his neighbours or the community. If one man is prudent and puts off marriage till he is able to support a family, while

Google

another, marrying recklessly, has half a dozen children before he has the means of supporting one, it is not in accordance with natural justice that the responsibility of the improvident should be cast upon the provident. It appears that there are some good people who would supply the children of the class which they somewhat arbitrarily mark off as "the poor," not only with education, but with meals at the schools. Why not with clothes in which to come to school also? The result of such a policy surely would be wide-spread improvidence, and the creation of a class, something like the Roman proletariat, subsisting on public doles; though in this case there would be no subject provinces to relieve the imperial taxpayer of the cost.

We are always told that to provide all children with education is one of the duties of the State. The State is either an abstraction which can have no duties, or it is the Government; and the duties of the Government are those which the community assigns to it. At bottom, in cases like the present, the State is the taxpayer, and if the taxpayer is to be called upon to provide education for the children of other people he may reasonably ask to be shown that in some way he is getting his money's worth. He will be getting his full money's worth if a general improvement, in which he shares, can be shown to be the result.

The man who casts the burden of educating his children on the community is at all events entitled to no more than a plain education for them, to the three "R's" in effect, with plain work for the girls and perhaps singing, which is conducive to the happiness of the national character, and is a healthy exercise at the same time. Nor does it appear that the community has any substantial interest in affording more.

Charity is, of course, a totally different thing from taxation. So long as it is controlled by judgment, there can be no limit to its exercise in the line of education any more than in other lines. Nor can it be exercised more graciously or with greater advantage to the community than by affording to genuine

Google

promise in the young the means and opportunity of fulfilment.

The special warrant of State policy usually pleaded for over-riding natural right in the matter of payment for education and making one man bear the cost of educating another's children, is the necessity, under Democratic institutions, of an educated vote. "We must teach our masters to read," said Robert Lowe, when the barrier of the £10 franchise had been forced, and further extensions of the suffrage were evidently in prospect. The same end, so far as the mere exercise of the franchise is concerned, might be gained in another way by an educational test. Nor is it likely that such an amount of instruction as can be given in the public day schools will go very far towards enabling the class of voters who commonly use those schools to form an enlightened opinion on political or diplomatic questions. It is something, no doubt, that they can read the newspapers. The best light after all by which people who can never study such questions or reflect on them can be guided probably is personal confidence in public men, which the juvenile day-school can do little to form or guide.

Under the public school system teaching ceases to be an open profession, and becomes a Government or municipal service. Consequently it can hold out few professional rewards. Special aptitude or energy will not be able to command its worth. Salaries will be generally on a dead level, and public economy will keep that level low. The consequence is that men in general either shun the calling or take it up, not as a life-long occupation, but as a temporary makeshift, remaining in it too short a time to acquire experience, and giving but half a heart to it while they remain. Popular education is falling more and more into the hands of women, who, whatever pleasant things may be said about their gentle influence, are hardly fitted to control big boys or to form the male character. The boys show the lack of discipline in their manners. A clergyman, the other day, and one whose words are weighty, said that we were bringing up a race of little devils, and if the

Google

phrase was not widely echoed, the sentiment was. The other day the papers told us that three hundred pupils of a public school at Chicago had been on a strike for five days because their favourite teacher had been suspended by the Board of Trustees, and were about to march in a body to present a petition to the mayor. The young strikers, it is said, had their union labels, their pickets, their committees and delegations, their crowd of hooters armed with sticks and stones, and the principals of the school had to be escorted to the school by policemen. Now and then there are assaults by pupils upon the teachers. We have too frequently cases of juvenile crime which are set down to the reading of pernicious novels, but are probably more due to the want of masculine discipline in the schools.

The union of the sexes in the public schools is pronounced by good judges to be doubtful in its effects, at least after the age of ten or eleven. I have myself known an instance of the removal of an English girl from an American public school because her parents thought that her manners were suffering from contact with the boys.

The parents at the same time are apt to cast the whole responsibility of forming the child's character as well as of instruction on the school, which, when the school is large, it can hardly begin to undertake, except in so far as mechanical regularity, punctuality, and general decency of deportment are concerned. The parent does not choose the school. He must use the school of his district. He has no voice in the appointment of the master or mistress; nor does he pay them out of his own purse. Consequently he is apt to take little interest in their work. Instead of supporting the teacher against the child, he is inclined to support the child against the teacher; and the teacher who corrects an unruly child is in some danger of finding himself in a court of law.

In educating the whole population on an ambitious scale and for skilled industries, you may be educating them out of manual labour and domestic service. In the United States

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

neither manual labour of the unskilled kind nor domestic service is supplied from the public schools. Both are for the most part imported from abroad. You will not find the boys of public schools at work in the mine or in the railway digging. Nor will you find the girls in domestic service, on which the American woman generally looks down. In this last respect there may be some difference between the cities and the country, where the farmer's daughter must do the housework.

Mechanical invention, if that is the special object, does not seem to depend so much as we might naturally suppose on universal education. Watt, Arkwright, Hargreaves, Crompton, Roberts and their compeers, as well as Brindley, were examples of individual inventiveness called into play by its prizes and owing little to the general education of the class to which the inventors belonged, which in fact was very low in those days.

Any State system has an inherent tendency to bureaucracy; and while bureaucracy is unavoidable in matters of mere administration, its predominance is not to be desired in that which is so little a matter of mere administration as the bringing up, moral and intellectual, of children. With bureaucracy is apt to go Procrusteanism, though not perhaps to the extravagant extent indicated by the reputed saying of the French Minister that when he rang a bell the same lesson began in all the schools of France. Industrial and other circumstances may call for a certain amount of adaptation. Variety is not necessarily chaos. A bureaucratic model generally regulates any State system, while a Voluntary system is rather regulated by the demands of actual need.

There is a class whose standard of education, instead of being raised, is probably lowered by the institution of public schools. It is the class which could afford to give its children a really high education, but uses the public schools from economy. There is some reason to fear that there is a loss on the part of this class in tone as well as in standard of instruction. This is a partial set-off against the benefits of a fusion of classes in the schools, the sight of which made a great

Google

impression upon the writer when he first visited the United States. Social advantages can hardly fail to result from the fusion; yet they are not so great, or at all events not so perceptible, as might have been expected.

The English Catechism makes the child say that "it is his duty to learn and labour truly to get his own living and to do his duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call him." The future tense is used in the designation of the calling, so that the Presidency of the United States, if the child is called to it, will be included. But the sentiment inspired is that of contentment with the child's lot, and belief that an honest living, though earned in a lowly path of duty, is happiness. The spirit of the public school system is the reverse of this. The system tacitly infuses the idea that rising in life should be the great aim, and that to remain in the station to which you have been born is failure if not disgrace. Individual ambition is no doubt a motive power of common progress, and the United States have felt in commercial activity and mechanical invention the benefits of a system which awakens it in the breast of childhood. But its attendant shadow is discontent, and we cannot all climb over each other's heads.

It is difficult to see as things are how spiritual influence can reach the children otherwise than in the shape of religion; or how religion can reach them otherwise than in its present organised forms. We certainly do not want education to be sectarian; we do not want to be sectarian ourselves. Yet we do not wish to exclude from the character of a child while it is in the course of formation anything that we deem essential to our own. The admission of the clergyman to the schools at certain hours for the purpose of administering a sort of hypodermic injection of religion is futile. His position is that of an interloper, and this the children will see. The old common schools of New England, presumably those of Scotland also, were certainly religious and probably not unparental, members of the little community generally taking an active interest in the schools.

by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

We are apt to hope that in consigning the government of education to a municipal or local board, we are putting it into the hands of men who are interested in the subject and who will be elected for their special qualifications. Municipalities and localities will of course differ in this respect. The difference will probably be considerable between countries like England, in which there is a leisure class, able and willing to devote itself to the public service, and countries in which there is no such class. But from what has fallen under the writer's own notice, he would say that the tendency of municipal Boards generally is to become rungs in the ladder of municipal ambition, sought rather by those who wish to come into public notice, than by those who feel special taste or aptitude for the particular business. The writer could mention one instance at all events of a person who has himself a rather special interest in anything connected with education, yet has lived for thirty years in a city with an elective School Board without having more than once or twice known enough about any one of the candidates to warrant him in marking his ballot. In the city in question there appear to be hardly any symptoms of general interest in the election. If it did not take place at the same time with the election of the Council, it would probably call out only a very slender vote. The upshot in fact is rather the exclusion from the management of the schools of those who are best qualified for it, and who, supposing them willing to do their social duty, would take the leading part.

In Toronto there has shown itself of late an inclination in favour of private and voluntary schools as parental, religious, and moral, and in the case of girls as the best for manners. The tendency is the more significant as those who show it are paying for their neighbours under the other system. They are indeed paying pretty dear; for there is a natural tendency on the part of those who use the public schools to get as much as possible at the public cost. Hence the burden of the School Tax begins to be severely felt, and is alarming the city government.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is a man whose opinion we all value. He is evidently a firm believer in the public school system, and only desires a larger expenditure as the remedy for its shortcomings. But his estimate of the present result is this :—

It is indisputable that we have experienced a profound disappointment in the results thus far obtained from a widely diffused popular education. We ought to spend more public money on schools, because the present expenditures do not produce all the good results which were expected, and may reasonably be aimed at. I proceed to the unwelcome task of enumerating some of our disappointments with popular education.

For more than two generations of men we have been struggling with the barbarous vice of drunkenness, but have not yet discovered a successful method of dealing with it. The legislation of most of the States has been variable and in moral significance uncertain. In some of the States of the Union we have been depending on prohibitory legislation, but the intelligence of the people has been insufficient either to enforce such legislation or to substitute better. This is an accusation not against the moral disposition of the majority of the people, but against their reasoning power; and it is precisely that reasoning power which good schools ought to train. The persistence of gambling in the United States is another disappointing thing to the advocates of popular education; for gambling is an extraordinarily unintelligent form of pleasurable excitement. Next, we have discovered from actual observation that universal suffrage often produces bad government, especially in large cities. It is a reproach to popular education that the gravest crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the United States, in the older States as well as in the newer, by individuals and by mobs, and with a large measure of impunity. Again, the nature of the daily reading matter supplied to the American public affords much ground for discouragement in regard to the results thus far obtained by the common schools. A similar unfavourable inference concerning popular education may be drawn from the quality of the popular theatres of to-day. Americans are curiously subject to medical delusions; because they easily fall victims to that commonest of fallacies—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. They are the greatest consumers of patent medicines in the known world, and the most credulous patrons of all sorts of "medicine men" and women, and of novel healing arts.

The President goes on to point to other prevalent evils, such as the frequency of strikes, the "spoils" or patronage system, and the ineffectiveness of the police. Further on he says, "It is impossible for a day-school to replace family culture or to make

Google

good the lack of a sound intellectual and spiritual influence at home." It is, however, the apparent tendency of these day-schools to diminish the sense of responsibility of parents and to weaken the salutary influences of home. The writer has heard an American say that his children were guests in his house.

A few years ago Dr. J. M. Rice made a tour of inspection through a number of American schools, and published the results, first in the Forum and afterwards in a collected form. There is considerable variation in his reports; perhaps nearly as much as there would be likely to be in reports on the same number of voluntary schools. The schools at all events are far from presenting that aspect of uniform excellence which it is supposed that the State system, rightly organised, would present. Dr. Rice found great defects in the schools of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and St. Louis. He by no means found uniform excellence even at Boston, though the appropriations for schools there were exceptionally high. Some instances he gives of ludicrous inefficiency. These are chiefly produced by attempts to teach the fancy subjects. There is little danger of absurdity and nonsense in teaching the three R's, plain work, or singing. Dr. Rice speaks strongly of the indifference and apathy of parents. "As to the attitude of the public towards the schools," he tells us, "it must unfortunately be said that in the large majority of instances the people take absolutely no interest in their schools." "It is indeed incomprehensible," he says, "that so many loving mothers whose greatest care appears to be the welfare of their children are willing, without hesitation, to resign the fate of their little ones to the tender mercies of ward politicians, who, in many instances, have no scruples in placing the children in class-rooms the atmosphere of which is not fit for human beings to breathe, and in charge of teachers who treat them with a degree of severity that borders on barbarism." "In regard to the public," Dr. Rice says, "the mere fact that things are muddled as they are proves that the citizens take no active

Google

interest in the schools. As for the parents in particular, the fact that they send their children to unsanitary schools—indeed, so unsanitary as to be unfit for the habitation of human beings—is of itself sufficient to prove they are in no way concerned with what the schools do with their children. This does not apply alone to the more ignorant classes, some of the most unhealthful schools in the city being attended by children from the best of homes." Dr. Rice is also emphatic in his denunciation of the political influences which find their way into the appointment of teachers and the management of the schools. "The office of teacher," he says, "in the average American school is perhaps the only one in the world that can be retained indefinitely in spite of the grossest negligence and incompetency, this result being due to the mischievous influence of politics." This influence, as Dr. Rice elsewhere shows, it is possible to exclude by wise regulations. But it is difficult to exclude all personal influences in the appointment and dismissal of teachers when municipal patronage prevails.

It is perhaps a necessary consequence of the system which makes every great measure the result of a struggle between parties, that little or no use is made in politics of cautious experiment. Great systems are established for the whole nation without trial and past recall. There is apparently no reason why in this case the whole country should be at once and irrevocably settled on the same plan. One or two counties might be permitted to try the Voluntary System, with licences for the opening of schools, Government inspection, examination by the Inspectors on secular subjects, and a moderate *per capita* allowance for the pupils who passed it. Little harm could be done by such an experiment; little good would be postponed; and a useful comparison might be made.

The object, however, of this short paper is rather to deprecate the intrusion of alien influences, political or social, into the educational question and a hasty solution of it under those influences, than to offer a positive solution.

The weaknesses of the Voluntary System which have led to

Google

the adoption of the State System are obvious. Like everything else which is voluntary, it depends on duty, parental and social, and duty is unfortunately far from being always performed; though its fruits, when it is performed, are probably the best.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Google

THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

> Although the continuance of such a Department will entail a certain increase of expenditure, there is no outlay connected with the Naval Votes which the nation or the Navy could less afford to dispense with than that which will enable the full strength of our naval resources to be put forth in as short a time as possible, and will give prompt and efficient co-operation to all the component parts of a Navy stationed in the necessary performance of its duty in all quarters of the world.—The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY'S "Statement, Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1887–88."

FEW things connected with the literature of war are more wearisome than its truisms. And yet the history of our blunders in South Africa warns us that principles, however obvious, must be reiterated until the recognition accorded to them is something more than academic. It is unfortunately the case in English history, that the truth which possesses an unchallenged supremacy in public opinion is the one most constantly violated in practice. The reason is probably to be sought in the fact that clever men, capable of appreciating the details of a subject, are to be found everywhere, both within and without the fighting professions; whereas those who have a statesman's grasp of policy which enables a man to subordinate ephemeral details to the principles of war, are few and far between. Unless its direction lies in the hands of a St. Vincent

Google

or a Möltke, the largest Intelligence Department in the world may spend its time in furrowing the ocean or even worse; for such is the fascination of details to the average man that millions can be diverted to the minor issues of war before it is recognised that the larger ones have been lost sight of. Even in the actual operations of war this futility of effort can constantly be seen at work. With what object did the Italian Admiral Persano busy himself with bombarding forts, while the Austrian fleet, under Tegithoff, was unwatched? Why was the fastest scout in the American Navy groping for submarine cables of no material importance? and why were extraordinary precautions taken for the protection of the Atlantic coast, while Cervera's squadron lay unwatched in calm seas, where coaling could easily be carried out? Why were the American battleships parading off sundry Spanish ports in the West Indies—trying futile conclusions with the forts and then hastening back hundreds of miles to coal—while Guantanamo, which Vernon had used as a base in 1741, and which lay undefended in the most central position of the Caribbean, could be taken with ease?[1] Hundreds of such incidents, where knowledge is not the cheaply won wisdom after the event, but simply a sense of proportion, warn us that an Intelligence Department is not merely an office for the work of paste and scissors, dull classification and the chronicling of details. It is in a higher degree a school of command, where men learn to subordinate the sectional work in which they have been trained, to the vast scheme that forms the whole. The War Course at Greenwich, where history, strategy, tactics, and great national interests are closely scrutinised and discussed, should form the recruiting-ground for the Naval Intelligence Department. To it selected officers from the Staff of the Army should resort, a not very difficult arrangement, since Woolwich, Greenwich, and London are so close together. The

[1] Admiral Schley started back from this neighbourhood to go over 700 miles to Key West to coal, and with a collier having 3000 tons of coal in company.

Google

Army should use its utmost endeavours to obtain the services of naval officers as lecturers, so as to get thoroughly into touch with the sea profession. Until this is done, and the work of the highest officials in the Admiralty and War Office—who are members of the Defence Committee—is very closely identified with the work of their respective Intelligence Departments, we cannot hope to see their policies reconciled in the interests of the nation.

We have yet to make the two professions the real complements of each other, instead of each one being an *imperium in imperio*. By the present arrangements the Army throughout the Empire secures considerably over £50,000,000 sterling of the £85,000,000 spent on Imperial defence.[1] And yet we are informed on the highest authority that the basis of our policy is the maintenance of sea supremacy.

Take this clear statement that the maintenance of sea supremacy is the basis of Imperial Defence against attack over the sea, and is the determining factor in fixing the whole defensive policy of the Empire.[2] How often have we not seen Governments violating the principle in practice? The Palmerston Commission on the fortification of our dockyards, and the Carnarvon Commission on coaling-stations in 1881, had the position of the Navy expressly excluded from their terms of reference. "The determining factor" was therefore the one absent consideration in the Reports of two influential Committees which have laid the basis of the whole system of fortification of ports along the 43,000 miles of coast line of the British Empire. The sea can only tolerate one master where two contend for supremacy, so, if sea supremacy is excluded, there is no end to the demands which can be made on the public purse. The heresy will not rest content with leading to much senseless expenditure on forts, but spreads to garrisons; and as in the Stanhope Memorandum of the First

[1] Sir Charles Dilke.

[2] The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Cabinet Committee of Defence, at the Guildhall, Dec. 8, 1896.

Google

of June 1891, the whole organisation of the Army is based on the idea of a non-existent Navy, though the Stanhope Memorandum disclaims such intention. The author of this Memorandum had not the breadth of mind to see that he was conjuring up an imaginative picture to usurp the place of reason. When the South African crisis broke out, the immobile army, organised to resist invasion, was unable to take the field until valuable weeks had elapsed, though service abroad has ever been the mission of armies in the pay of the British Crown against external foes. And yet what a number of warnings were given of the necessity of a thinking department to work out during peace, in the light of history, what are the defensive requirements of the British Empire. "Before the military authorities," said Lord Wolseley, "are called upon to provide an Army they ought to be informed clearly and distinctly what kind of an Army the country wants." "We do not know," said Sir Redvers Buller, "what are supposed to be the potentialities of the British Army, and, until that is laid down, it is impossible to know what an adequate reserve is; we do not know what we are keeping a reserve for." No less emphatic were the warnings of the naval officers before the Hartington Commission in 1888. "It was not his duty," said the principal naval adviser of the Cabinet, the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, "to form an opinion as to the requirements of the country. . . . A certain sum of money was put by every year for repairs, and a certain sum for building. No complete scheme was ever laid before the Board by an expert, showing the whole requirements of the country." This then was the position of the British Empire with complex interests on every ocean and continent, while a few hours' journey from England existed a nation which reduced exact thinking to a science, and now employs over 400 officers on the Generalstab of the Army and 28 on the Admiralstab[1] of

[1] The "Admiralstab" employs one vice-admiral, four captains, six commanders, thirteen lieutenants, one captain (retired), one commande (retired), one lieutenant (retired), and one chief engineer.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]

the Navy, to watch over its far less complex interests, so that nothing may be lost in war through want of forethought during peace. Our own arrangements were officially acknowledged in the debate instituted by Lord Charles Beresford in the House of Commons, June 21, 1902, to be far from perfect.

> He was not at all sanguine (said the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty) that they could improvise in a month, or a year, or in five years, or in ten years, an organisation which would enable them to do all they ought to do, and all they desired to do, in this direction; but he had a great deal of sympathy and agreement with the views that had been put forward.

The Naval Intelligence Department of sixteen officers has not yet been put to the test of war. The sister department of the War Office—which, like the Remount Department of "a fourth floor flat" fame, is not at the War Office but at Queen Anne's Gate—has been put to the test. The historian of the test is shocked.[1] Do we profit by the test? Mr. Brodrick blandly informed the House of Commons on June 19, 1902, that he has allowed his own opinion and that of the Commander-in-Chief to be over-ridden by the Treasury on the question of strengthening the Military Intelligence Department. The answer, however, did not go deep enough. To be fair to the Treasury we must know whether they are willing to allow savings in other directions to be expended for the benefit of the Military Intelligence Department. This would seem to be the case generally from the correspondence published in the Reports of the Public Accounts Committee. Indeed, Mr. Macartney, after experience as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, directly affirmed this practice to be in existence.

[1] The Military Intelligence was starved in men and money to an extent that seems hardly credible. Whereas the German general staff employed over 800 officers [over 400 officers?] and spent altogether £270,000 a year, the Intelligence and Mobilisation Divisions of the British Army employed some seventeen officers at a cost of £11,000. Two officers of the Intelligence Division were supposed to look after France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all America from Texas to Cape Horn.—*The Times*. "History of the War in South Africa."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]GA

He entirely denied (he said in the House of Commons, March 22, 1901), that the Treasury in any way impeded the proper exercise of the responsibility of the Admiralty in expenditure. Moreover, the Treasury *invariably* permitted the Admiralty, if they showed proper reasons, to apply any unexpended surplus which might accrue to the necessities of the Navy. Should any emergency arise, or should the Lords of the Admiralty consider it expedient, from the point of view of public necessity or the interests of the Admiralty, to incur an expenditure for which they had not Parliamentary sanction, and if the Lords of the Admiralty assumed the responsibility of saying that this expenditure was necessary in the public interest and could not be deferred without detriment to the public service, the Treasury invariably gave way. Over and over again in the last five years the Admiralty had received the sanction of the Treasury, unhesitatingly given, for the expenditure of public money for which the Admiralty had obtained no previous Parliamentary sanction; but the First Lord must take upon himself the responsibility of justifying to the Treasury and the country the necessity for the exceptional demand which he made.

So far the method appears eminently reasonable, though capable of improvement. Until careful thought is given by Intelligence Departments to our requirements for war, waste is likely to be the result, and Prime Ministers may be expected to write to their Chancellors of Exchequer, like Peel did in 1841, "Pray consider the following suggestion. Let us employ in downright earnest the services we have a right to command from the British Treasury." With the increasing necessity for economy this is far more likely to be the cry of the coming Premiers than Lord Salisbury's declaration, in 1900, that the influence of the Treasury in governing other departments is not for the public benefit. Let us see how this might work out. Supposing the First Lord of the Admiralty asked for £30,000 per annum additional expenditure for the Naval Intelligence Department,[1] the Chancellor of the Exchequer might retort, "If this is a vital requirement you must be prepared to sacrifice some non-vital requirement, such as the saving of a million in the expenditure

[1] Lord Selborne might take a leaf out of the book of President Kruger. The Transvaal Government spent on Intelligence alone £191,000 in 1896, £53,000 in 1897, and £42,000 in 1898.

Google

at Gibraltar or elsewhere, for I must call your attention to the fact that one of your predecessors, in 1895, thought 8¾ millions sterling would cover all requirements in bricks and mortar for the Navy; whereas you, in 1901, have obtained sanction for 27¾ millions expenditure, and in the Works Bill which the Treasury are now discussing you propose a further increase. One of your best fighting admirals, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, told us that an *adequate* Intelligence Department would 'conduce more to the strength of the Navy than a reinforcement of ships.' How much more so than adding to bricks and mortar. Save your million and I will give you £30,000 per annum. I am most anxious to give it, for your Intelligence Department did a remarkably fine piece of work in preparing the case by which we have got increased naval contributions from the Colonies, and I feel sure that an adequate Intelligence Department would lead to a more efficient and economical concentration of our expenditure."

Instead of making some arrangement similar to the above, successive First Lords of the Admiralty have preferred to throw dust in the eyes of Parliament, or, as Sir John Briggs wrote, after his prolonged service at the Admiralty, they prefer to mislead and to keep matters secret, so that "the country never gets really accurate information, the House of Commons very seldom, and it is doubtful if the Prime Minister himself is honestly furnished with what he requires. . . . We do not tell the truth to the English people." Lord George Hamilton spent several months in correspondence with the Treasury, in 1887, over the question whether the vote for the Intelligence Department should or should not be reduced by £950! It almost defies comprehension how the business of Imperial Defence can be conducted when one department of the Government carries on a prolonged correspondence with another over such a sum. Lord Selborne, in his speech, November 23, 1901, described the position to-day:

> They were perpetually adjured by critics of the Admiralty to import into the Admiralty what were called business men. He was the last to depreciate

Google

the great value of business men, but it had to be remembered that business men could not conduct business in what they considered "business-like manner" if they did not find themselves in a business environment. If a business man had to run a business of which the managing directors were liable to be turned out of office at any moment by vote of the House of Commons, and where the managers, the heads of the different departments, had to go back to the sea at the end of every three years, and that under an infinite variety of sub-heads, they had, fifteen months beforehand, to state what they were going to spend fifteen months hence, and that they could not, in the course of business, transfer sixpence from one sub-head to the other without the consent of a totally different firm.

Lord George Hamilton surrendered, in spite of the following strong statement in his Memorandum, dated February 28, 1887, which we quote in full, as it states with ability the causes which were bound to lead to the development of the Intelligence Department:

Although many of the component and complementary parts of the Navy are in themselves satisfactory, it has long been felt by naval men of experience and foresight that in the event of war, unless an improved system of co-operation and preparation were devised, the nation would not obtain, in the earlier stages of such a contest, the full advantage of its great naval resources. This opinion was confirmed by the experience of 1885. Confidential reports of what then occurred proved that our power of naval mobilisation was most defective. A rapid concentration of strength, and an immediate and effective use of the force thus brought together, have in recent years decided within a few weeks of the outbreak of war the ultimate issue of that war.

Important as it may be for a great military nation to be thoroughly prepared for possible contingencies, the necessity for thorough preparation is even more incumbent upon a Power that is supreme at sea.

A mobilisation of land forces is local and territorial in its operation; the mobilisation of naval resources must be concentrated at the few naval arsenals capable of fitting out and commissioning the ships of which they are the complement. A great Naval Power has no frontier; the limits of its operations are confined by the ocean alone, and the plan of campaign or of operations which it may have to carry out would differ in every quarter of the globe, according to the strength and geographical position of the enemy against which it was contending. On land, the plan of campaign or strategy to be adopted is regulated by the physical conditions of the country, which do not change, and by the fighting strength of a population, which does not shift. All well-organised Military Powers have derived infinite advantages from a

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

properly constituted Intelligence Department; but the need, as I have shown, for such an organisation, is greater for naval than military purposes. This country has the largest fleet afloat, yet hitherto it had no central organisation by which that fleet could be thoroughly utilised in emergency.

The annual expenditure on the Intelligence Department from its formation as the Foreign Intelligence Committee of 1884, can be seen in the diagram. In order to be able to show the expenditure at all, we have been obliged to plot it on a scale a thousand times as great as the one used for the Navy Estimates. For comparative purposes the growth of the *personnel* of the Navy and our shipping interests are also shown in addition to roughly drawn average curves. In tabular form the expenditure on the Department was as follows:

Year.	Expenditure. £	Year.	Expenditure. £
1884–5	500	1894–5	8076
1885–6	774	1895–6	7644
1886–7	1322	1896–7	7694
1887–8	5483	1897–8	7908
1888–9	6703	1898–9	8064
1889–90	6703	1889–1900	8293
1890–1	6880	1900–01	9244
1891–2	7371	1901–02	10,869
1892–3	7404	1902–03	10,926
1893–4	8030		

This table certainly does not show any signs of growth in proportion to responsibilities.

The table and diagram might be considered favourably in spite of the fact that the Intelligence Department has not grown with its responsibilities, if it were not the case that the most abundant evidence is forthcoming as to the congestion of work at the Admiralty, defects of mobilisation, and want of information generally. When a casual student is able to turn over the Navy Estimates and find marine artillery distributed where there are no guns; boys, who ought to be training for the sea in sea-going ships, sent to stationary hulks after they have completed their preliminary training; and Engine-Room

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

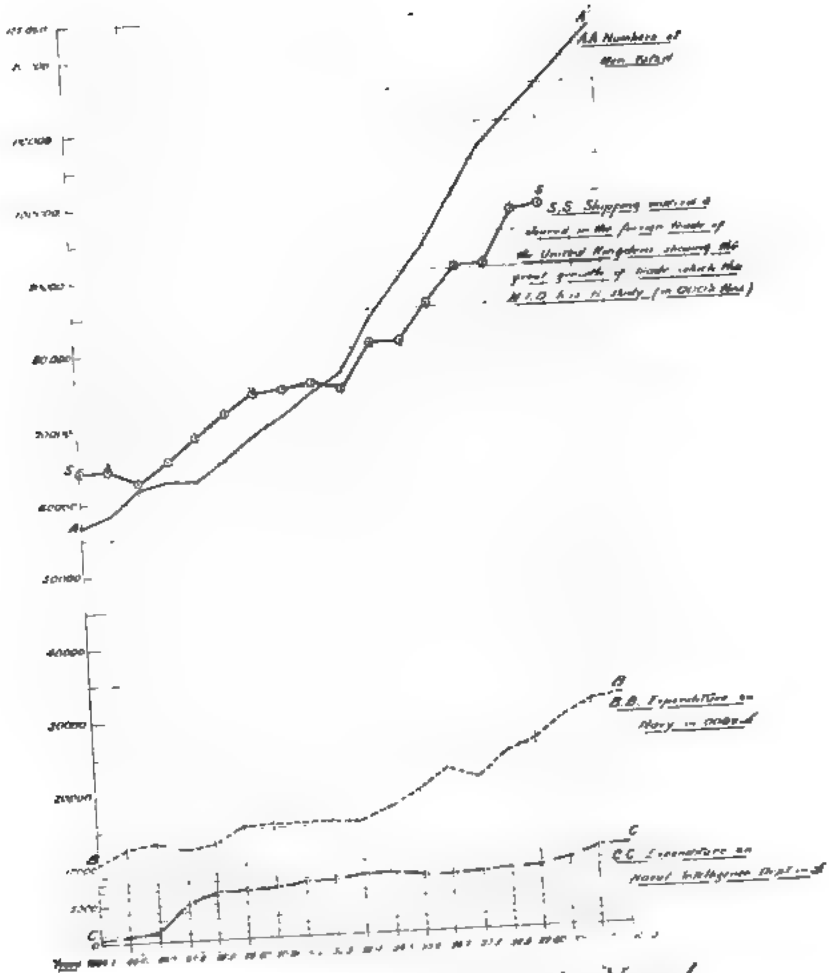


Diagram showing expenditure on Naval Intelligence Department and the growth of the Navy.

Google

Google
Original from

Artificers who are boiler-makers, instead of Engine-Room Artificers who are *fitters*, sent to the new submarine boats which have no boilers, we cannot say that the mobilisation system is perfect. It is some consolation to know that matters are improving, and we do not now keep, as we did a couple of years ago, signalmen in the depots doing nothing else but attending telephones. Bad as was the work of the Admiralty under Lord Goschen, it seems hardly credible that they should have issued regulations in June 1899, such as the following, which continued in force in the succeeding years, and which captains and those under their command were enjoined to "pay the most strict attendance and obedience thereto."

EXTRACTS FROM INSTRUCTIONS TO THE GUNNER.

He is on no account to go into the magazine without being specially ordered.

On going into action, he will see that the leaden floorings of the handing rooms are covered with water, that the aprons and pockets are let down, and that the lids of the powder-cases are loosened, and the screens hung round the magazine hatchways.

He is to see that the measures, scales, and weights supplied for weighing powder are kept in good condition in their proper place, and that they are not used for any other purpose.

When the match is burning, it is always to be kept over water in tubs, and in charge of a responsible person.

Of course, no one can possibly obey regulations which apply to the wooden ships of the past, but still regulations would not be issued to-day which make us the laughing-stock of the world except by an Admiralty overweighted with work so that there is no time for intelligent direction. Instead of recognising that this was the case, Mr. Goschen preferred to throw dust in the eyes of Parliament. On February 26, 1900, he said:

The Intelligence Department has been strengthened from year to year. It now contains eight naval and five marine officers so that there are thirteen men, all picked men. We are anxious to get as much brain power as possible into the Department, and we have been very successful in doing so. We have divided this Department into three—mobilisation, foreign information, and strategy, and each has at its head an Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence,

Google

all being under the Director General of Intelligence [the correct title should be "the Director of Naval Intelligence"]. I may fairly state that we receive intelligence from all portions of our dominions. Our plans are carefully worked out so that we know every trade route and can tell off at once all the ships that are to be posted in different parts of the world for the protection of our coasts and our commerce.

It is necessary to make these long quotations in order the more clearly to show how the optimistic farce is played, even to assuring the world and a few thousand naval officers that when thirteen have been selected, the Department has been very successful in obtaining as much brain power as possible. As a matter of fact the number was the same as in 1898, when the newspapers contained information as to a supplementary Russian naval programme which, on May 3, Mr. Goschen discounted by assuring the House of Commons that:

The Russians propose one, orat the most two, battleships, according to the last precise information which I have received, but since that there may be more.

It must be confessed that the Admiralty assurances that their programmes are based on a careful consideration of the navies of the six great maritime powers, received a rude shock when Mr. Goschen the following day acknowledged that the Admiralty had been without information, and that the newspaper reports were correct. To this day we accredit the same naval *attaché* to Russia and Italy, while we have the even greater absurdity of a naval *attaché* at Washington near the Atlantic sea-board accredited to Japan as well. It is, however, no use increasing the naval *attachés* unless we add to the trained intelligence which deals with their reports at headquarters. Lord Selborne in his "Statement, Explanatory of the Navy Estimates" this year, is entirely at fault in claiming that an addition of one naval *attaché* in Austria represents an increase of the Naval Intelligence Department. Since that statement was made the Intelligence Department has undergone a real increase of one captain, so that there are now two able officers

Google

dealing with the ramifications of our shipping and commerce, coal and food supplies. Mr. Goschen, throughout his tenure of office, suffered through the want of intelligent supervision of his speeches and answers to questions, some of which remind us of the argument of a First Lord of the Admiralty, who wishing to argue in favour of large dimensions for ships, said that it should be remembered that the French ships are really bigger than appeared to be the case, for the French metric ton is *larger* than the English ton! Thus Mr. Goschen informed the House that:

> Owing to our having a "recruited navy," the cost of that navy of course naturally is very largely in excess, in proportion, of that of any other country.

Such a statement ignores the United States and the responsibility resting on our long-service system for a large proportion of the cost. Indeed, Mr. Goschen assumed in this speech that there was no alternative but to go on increasing the *personnel* by 4000 per annum. This would indeed be a counsel of despair if it were true, for it would involve a heavy drain on the financial resources of the nation. In the same speech on the Navy Estimates for 1900, Mr. Goschen compared the cost of the *personnel* of the French and English navies, but omitted to mention that over half a million sterling went to the French marines, who were then under the Minister of Marine, and who were in no sense part of the *personnel* of the fleet. This is a pitfall, however, into which many students of naval statistics have fallen. When Mr. Goschen made his speech, in 1900, about the Intelligence Department, the so-called mapping out of our trade was done by a single officer, temporarily employed at the Admiralty, and it was of such a futile nature that it was impossible to glean anything from it worth knowing about trade in war. A few pretty coloured maps showing the peace value of the trade in different directions in the year 1896, and that was all. Years out of date, in aggregate values at the prices for 1896, with practically no information as to quantities

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of food, coal, shipping, or as to the vital element of foreign trade and the accommodation of ports, the Admiralty and the navy were practically in the dark on some important issues of war. Great as is their ability, it is simply dallying with the problem to employ two officers on this stupendous task to-day. How ignorant we can be of even permanent works on our own shore is shown by the following paragraph which appeared in the *Naval and Military Record*, October 30, 1902, concerning the cruise of the Home Squadron:

> Orders were given to have lyddite shell ready for firing by one P.M., the *Melampus* being sent ahead to visit the Hysken rocks to see if they were inhabited. She reported that a lighthouse was being built on this rock so the firing was "postponed" until the next day when the *Melampus* was sent to investigate the Yesker Rocks.

It is only recently that a vessel has been endeavouring to collect information as to the tides round the Channel Islands, and the naval manœuvres were carried out in this vicinity with charts which were relics of the first-half of the last century. The business of an Intelligence Department is fully to interpret in practice, and to carry to its military conclusions the remark of the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Croker:

> All my life I have been trying to guess what lay on the other side of the hill. . . . All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavour to find out what you don't know by what you do.

This habit is but a development of the instinct of the savage in the struggle for existence. It is imperative that the savage should know the country for miles around and its nature at different seasons so that "as the very existence of individuals and of whole families and tribes depends upon the completeness of this knowledge, all the acute perceptive faculties of the adult savage are directed to acquiring and perfecting it."[1] To checkmate an adversary we must know not only what he is doing but also what he is capable of attempting against the resources at our disposal. This is what Sir Geoffrey Hornby

[1] Wallace on Instinct in Man and Animals.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

probably meant when he said that the two things which would most trouble an admiral in war were coal and information, or, in other words, resources and intelligence. We provide scouts for war, and accumulate and plan what we can during peace by the Intelligence Department and the information it receives from our five naval *attachés*, the general body of officers, private sources and history. Now, apart from our familiar experience of the War Office in the South African campaign, of its failure fully to utilise information as to the probable nature of the war, the maps of the country, and how rapidly, efficiently and economically to augment our resources in transport by sea and land, we have abundance of experience of other departments showing ignorance of matters on which even private traders could have given them a great deal of information. When we sent gunboats up the Niger a few years ago, the authorities were quite unable to supply the officers with any information in advance. Yet troops were employed up the Niger, and even in their case the very necessary huts which could have been sent from England at any time, were taken out at a period of the year when the river was too low to allow of their being forwarded. The attempt to send them through the low-lying malarial river only met with predestined failure, damage to the gunboats, and loss of life. It is not contended that other nations have fared better than our own in history, for its pages are strewn with examples such as when Massena was unprepared to find his line of march interrupted by mountains. Even in the present day the Italian General Ellena stated, of the campaign in Abyssinia, that "the officers had no maps of the country, which was quite unknown, and no steps had been taken to provide for any emergencies." In the Spanish-American War, Admiral Dewey had been at anchor for weeks in Hong Kong awaiting hostilities, yet when orders arrived to proceed to the Philippines two days were wasted while waiting for the American Consul from Manila in order to obtain particulars about the harbours and resources of the enemy. One is forcibly reminded, in studying some of the

Google : Digitized from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

events of that war, of the remark made by St. Vincent to Mr. Tucker, "Ah, Mr. Tucker," he said, "had Captain Jervis surveyed Brest in 1774, in 1800 Lord St. Vincent would not have been in want of his information." The Cabinet were then considering a descent on Brest, and it was discovered that we did not possess any charts or information as to the approaches.

In 1870 the sudden collapse of the French was chiefly due to the want of a thinking department to co-ordinate information and to arrange the best concentration of resources. The offensive campaign across the Rhine was abandoned because the horses for the pontoon trains had been forgotten, and Intelligence officers were without railway maps such as a Bradshaw would supply. Wholly ignorant of the transport facilities of the country round about, the most absurd rumours as to the movements of the German troops gained credence. On the other side we know from the Introduction to the official German "History of the War of 1870–1," that one of the chief duties of the General Staff was to work out in every detail the place for the concentration and transport of troops and stores so as to meet all the probable situations which might arise on the outbreak of war. These situations were geographical and political as well as military, and the instructions to the General Staff laid emphasis on the fact that a mistake through want of forethought in the original concentration could hardly ever be rectified in the whole of a campaign. The advantages possessed by the Germans in the war of 1870–71 were simply those which are directly traceable to the duties performed by an efficient Intelligence Department. In England we attach so little importance to these duties that we constantly detach officers from their work at the Intelligence Department to serve on committees. Both in the case of the War Office and the Admiralty, committee work has frequently been thrust on the heads of the Intelligence Departments. Prince Louis of Battenberg, when principal Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence, was made to do the duties of secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty for a long time while the

Google

appointed Secretary was ill. All these proceedings took place then, as they take place now, while there were a number of officers on half-pay, doing nothing except deteriorate as naval officers, and only too anxious to get work to do as the Sea Lords, whom they bothered for employment, knew only too well.

In conclusion, we can only express our belief that the comparative paucity of information which flows in from naval officers to the Intelligence Department and *vice versâ* is due to the undermanning of that department. Admiral Sir John Hopkins has told the country, after experience as a Lord of the Admiralty and Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, that the authorities do not get a tithe of the information that ought to be expected from the sea service. An undermanned Intelligence Department would naturally discourage any attempt to add to its work by increasing the flow of information coming in or going out. The naval manœuvres; past wars; the latest information concerning foreign navies, coasts, shipping and trade; the manning question; our latest knowledge about oil fuel and its probable influence on strategy and mobilisation; all these things are described to the British naval officer on such an inadequate scale that they turn to private effort to supply them. The result is that there is not nearly enough discussion on board the ships, such as might tend to broaden the minds of officers beyond a mere ship environment and fit them for higher command. We have no official records issued to officers generally giving descriptions of the modern fights. Yet there is hardly any aspect of those battles, even in their barest details, which does not shed a suggestive light on modern war. In the China-Japanese war one 11·8 inch shell killed thirty men and wounded seventy, and another killed fourteen and wounded twenty-seven. How interesting alike to medical and executive officers is this fact when they reflect that the sick bay of the flagship *Majestic* of the Channel Squadron holds but seven cots and ten hammocks. At Santiago, would the orders have been issued to the American

Google

Squadron to use common shell only if the possibilities of the six-inch armour of the *Colon* had been closely considered? Then as for the manœuvres, what lessons are we to deduce in connection with the distribution of our squadrons from the fact that the concentrated cruisers and squadrons have overwhelmed, as they have ever done in history, those which were dispersed?

With Lord Brassey it was the writer's privilege in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to survey the progress of the navies of the great Powers during the past thirty years. Nothing struck one more forcibly than the numerous mistakes, confined to no single country, which indicated lack of foresight. There appeared to be wanting on many occasions the breadth of view essential to administrative work, which enables a man to free himself of the narrowing influences of environment and sects, and leads him to use his reason concerning the probabilities of war rather than yield to his memory of precedent or imaginary pictures of the possibilities of war. On the other hand there have been a few admirable philosophers who saw so far ahead that they tended to legislate with economy and efficiency for a future date while exposing their country to the risk of being defeated before safety was reached. There is no system equal to the one in vogue in the British navy, where there is a constant interchange of officers between the Admiralty and sea service, for reducing this latter danger to a minimum. It is in the other direction that the British navy fails, and to the best of our ability we have diagnosed the disease as one of overstrain at the Admiralty. The Intelligence Department is undermanned. The Sea Lords need to be understudied by other officers and relieved of much of their routine work. There does not at present emanate from them that active interest in the sea service which lies beyond the mere work of administration. They should be able to aim, as Moltke ever did, and as Sir John Fisher used to do in the Mediterranean, at drawing out all the best that lies in the officers, broadening their minds beyond the ship-life by the fructifying influence

Google

of a stream of information flowing from a real Intelligence Department. In this respect the new scheme for entry, training and distribution of officers is a notable achievement, and it is no secret that while we owe the scheme to the determination and characteristic abilities of a great naval administration, it took shape only after hundreds of junior officers had been consulted as to the details in their relation to the whole scheme. It is characteristic of a new spirit that it should be intended to submit the scheme to public criticism. The Admiralty have little to fear from intelligent criticism, for no one can doubt that the present organisation of the Navy is a peace organisation, and that a real Intelligence Department would have disclosed that fact at least twelve years ago when the increase of the Navy took place.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

Google

THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD AND THE PACE OF ORGANIC CHANGE

II

IN my last paper I dwelt chiefly on the remarkable phenomenon of pelorism and what can be learned from it as to the pace of organic change. I now propose to illustrate my argument by reference to some other cases of sudden change in organisms.

Discontinuous and Inheritable Variation.—Of all cases of this kind of variation, none is probably so familiarly known as that of the nectarine from the peach. The phenomenon is one continually recurring year by year in our gardens, and it seems to be established beyond dispute that "the nectarine is a variety of the peach, which may be produced either by bud variation or from seed."[1]

Another very well known and very remarkable instance of the sudden appearance and transmissibility of a new organic form has occurred in the case of the common peacock.

In five distinct flocks in England birds of a character essentially different from the parent birds, and known as the "japanned" or "black-shouldered" peacock, have suddenly

[1] Darwin's An. and Pl., p. 342.

Google

appeared, and that without any suspicion of interbreeding with other forms. The japanned birds differ conspicuously from the common peacock in the colour of certain feathers and of the thighs; the females are much paler and the young differ. Mr. Sclater considers the bird to form a distinct and natural species, to which he has given the name of Pavo nigripennis. Furthermore, these birds are not only propagated perfectly true, but in two cases have increased "to the extinction of the previously existing breed." "Better evidence," says Mr. Darwin,[1] "of the first appearance of a new variety could hardly be desired." Most true; but it is the appearance not of a new organism by the slow accumulation of small varieties, but by a sudden change from the one form to the other, a proceeding *per saltum* which Nature is supposed to abhor.

This case of the peacocks is like that of the nectarine and the toad-flax in several very important respects. They all agree in this, that the production of the new form is not an isolated event, but a repeated event happening in various places at various times, and in various stocks or families of the organisms, and therefore seems to be indicative of a latent and wide-spread tendency in the older form to change into the new form.

If we compare the impression made on the mind by these and kindred facts with Mr. Wallace's account of the variability on which alone he relies, we shall see how widely they are discrepant. These variations are not small in amount; they are in one direction and not in every direction; they do not fluctuate about a mean condition; they do not advance by force of selection. This comparison makes one doubt whether variation is equal in every direction, whether it has not an inner law of its own. And if there be such an inner law, who shall say how much it may have done to expedite in point of time the course of organic evolution?

Recent observations have brought to light in the ferns of the British Islands many abnormal forms arising in the natural

[1] Darwin's, An. and Pl., pp. 290-291.

Google

state—as many, it is said, "as have been produced by the combined efforts of all the horticulturists." And of these abnormal forms a large number "reproduce themselves absolutely true, generation after generation." In some cases these variations have a wide range, which would lead us to infer that the new form is often produced sporadically like the peloric *Linaria;* in other cases the new form is found in colonies of varying size.[1] It is a curious fact in reference to these very numerous new forms of ferns that the British Islands seem especially favourable to their production, and that the species which are here prolific in such new varieties appear to produce them rarely on the continent of Europe, a hint, perhaps, that even a slight diversity of environment may affect the variability or the family of an organic form.

The investigations of Professor De Vries on the descendants of a species of evening primrose are highly remarkable. In the second part of his volume on the Theory of Mutation he has given a most full and detailed account of his investigations. For many years the plants of the genus *Œnothera*, which came under the notice of the Professor in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, impressed him with the persistence and steadiness of their forms in successive generations;[2] but, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, he lighted upon a plant which has shown itself to possess an extraordinary tendency to mutations.

The plant in question was the *Œnothera lamarckiana*—an American species which was growing wild in a potato-field as an escape from some garden, and which exhibited not only a luxuriant growth, but a general tendency to vary in all parts of the organism. In 1887, in two distinct parts of the field, appeared two new forms in manifold individuals, each group gathered together as if each set of plants came from the seed of some one parent. These forms were apparently new species, and De Vries gives them respectively the specific names of

[1] "The Protean Offspring of Ferns," by R. L. Praeger. "Knowledge," vol. xxv. p. 161, July 1902.

[2] "Mutationstheorie," p. 357.

Google

brevistylis and *lævifolia*. The Professor next proceeded to try the effects of cultivation and isolation, and raised three groups of plants—the first, by transplanting young plants of the parent form to the garden, the second by seedlings from *Œ. lævifolia*, and the last from the seeds of a third form which he named *Œnothera lata*; and the history of these three groups and their descendants is written full as in a book of Chronicles in many pages of the Professor's work. One definite result of his observations is, that in the course of a few years he obtained, as spontaneous products from the first of these groups, that is to say, from the single parent form, no less than seven new forms which he regards as specific; each of which appears to be so constant that the fifth or sixth generation is essentially like the first generation of the new species.

It would be obviously impossible for me to give the details of these most laborious investigations of the Amsterdam botanist. But I may shortly refer, in the first place, to the results of his investigations in reference to the first of the three groups to which I have referred, viz., the group which originated with young plants of the normal parent form. The observations of them extended over seven generations, and over 50,000 individuals; of this 50,000 there were found to be normal 49,200, leaving 800 which were abnormal, including plants of seven forms which were selected for their constancy. Of these seven forms, one, named *Œ. gigas*, appeared once in this group, but also appeared twice in the other two groups;[1] and though thus comparatively rare in appearance, it showed great heritable constancy, and was stronger, larger and more firmly built than the parent plant.[2] It arose without the appearance of any intermediate form,[3] and the 450 seedlings of the first generation raised from it remained true, except that one showed some tendency to go back to the form *Œ. lamarckiana*; in the second generation, all were true

[1] So the Professor states at p. 159; but I am not able to trace the other appearances in his table.

[2] P. 225. [3] P. 159.

Google

Œ. gigas, and the same occurred in the three following generations—extending from 1898-1901.[1] This is a case in which, as the learned writer observes, a new form has arisen from the parent stock suddenly, without visible preparations and without intermediate gradations, and endowed at once with all its peculiar characters,[2] and has proved absolutely constant from the first moment of its appearance.[3]

I shall not follow out in detail the history of the other new forms which arose from the three primary groups of young plants with which the experiments began. Professor De Vries has stated the results in five tables, each table dealing with a particular group; and these tables add to the seven new species produced by the normal parent stock no less than five more new forms, which De Vries regards as specific. Of these new forms or species,

3	appeared in	4	separate	groups,
4	„	3	„	„
3	„	2	„	„
2	„	1	„	„

so that many of the new forms were found to arise independently in the descendants of the three original groups; a fact which strongly suggests the existence of tendencies to vary along given lines, or, in other words, of lines of least resistance against variation.

No doubt the results arrived at by Professor De Vries will be subjected to careful scrutiny by other botanists.[4] They seem to have been arrived at and chronicled with most scrupulous care, and they present a more impressive instance even than that of the yellow toad-flax of the sudden uprising of new specific forms, and of the descent of such new forms through successive generations.

Another series of investigations on the same lines as those of Professor De Vries, but upon cultivated plants, have been

[1] "Mutationstheorie," p. 160. [2] *Ibid.* p. 362. [3] *Ibid.* p. 175.

[4] See some observations upon them by Mr. Bateson and Miss Saunders in their Report to the Evolution Committee of the Royal Society, p. 152, n

Google

carried on by the Russian Korschinsky, who has given his result to the public in a Russian treatise, the general results of which have been stated,[1] to be that new varieties spring up suddenly from the normal form as single individuals, differentiated from that form by one or more typical marks, and possessing the power of reproduction in varying degrees.

One other change in vegetables, which appears to be sudden and inheritable, may be added, as it presents different characters from those already referred to. *Gomphia oleæfolia* is a shrub belonging to the Rue family, and in accordance with the character of that family has a single pistil and a single ovary, with several chambers. On a single bush of this plant M. Aug. St. Hilaire found normal flowers and others with several styles, each with its separate ovary and each ovary with a single chamber,[2] so that on a single branch of this shrub there were found, side by side, flowers that brought the plant within the order *Rutaceæ*, and others which excluded it from that order, and both flowers apparently capable of performing the function of reproduction. This presence of two distinct forms of blossom on one plant recalls those cases of pelorism which De Vries calls hemipeloria, and is possibly a step towards the complete separation of the flowers on distinct plants.

Inheritable Changes in Response to Change of Environment.—Rapid changes in apparent response to change of environment are certainly known both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in many cases appear to be transmissible to succeeding generations; but, so far as the evidence goes, only so long as the new environment continues. Sometimes these changes would appear to have a specific value—*i.e.*, are sufficient to indicate the creation of a new species; sometimes they fall short of this, but even then there seems to be no reason why natural selection should not operate upon the changed organism abiding in its new environment.

I will first adduce two striking illustrations, the one from

[1] "Botanische Zeitung" for January 1, 1901

[2] Wallace, "Darwinism," p. 791.

Google

the writings of Mr. Darwin, the other from those of Mr. Wallace. Metzger obtained seeds of maize from various parts of America, and cultivated several kinds in Germany. One kind of strong growth (*Zea altissima*) showed some signs of change in the first year, but more in the second and third years, so that "in the third generation nearly all resemblance to the original and very distinct American parent-form was lost." . . . "Analogous results were obtained by the cultivation of another American race, the 'white tooth corn,' in which the tooth nearly disappeared, even in the second generation." "These facts," Mr. Darwin remarks, "afford the most remarkable instance known to me of the direct and prompt action of climate on a plant."[1]

Another very striking instance of change of form accompanying change of environment is found in the case of three small crustaceans, not unlike shrimps in general appearance. One, *Artemia salina*, lives in brackish waters; the second, *Artemia milhausenii*, in salt water; and the third, *Brachipus stagnatis*, in fresh water. The two former animals were held to be different species of one genus, and the latter to differ from them not only specifically but generically, and yet they have been found to be all interchangeable forms according to the saltness of the water; the changes were effected in a few generations, and the change of form was, whilst the conditions remained the same, inherited.[2]

A great amount of recent work has been done, both in observation and experiment, on the subject of the response to change of environment. Dr. Packard, in his book on "Lamarck,"[3] and Prince Kropotkin, in one of his late papers on "Recent Science,"[4] have given references to much of this work. These observations have been made upon bacteria, fungi, and flowering plants, and create, to quote the words of the author, "a quite solid body of evidence to prove

[1] Darwin's Pl. and An., p. 322.

[2] Wallace, "Darwinism," p. 427. [3] Cap. 20.

[4] "Nineteenth Century Review," Sept. 1901, p. 425, *et seq.*

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that in plants adaptive forms *are* created by the direct physical action of environment."[1] The rapidity with which these changes are effected (as, for instance, in the case of Alpine plants transferred to lower ground, or *vice versâ*) seems to preclude the notion that natural selection on small variations can have had any part in the work.

But the rapid response to change of environment is not confined to instances where the whole organism is affected; it is seen in cases of the change of environment of a part of the organism. When the water crowfoot throws a branch out of its ordinary environment of water into the air, that branch undergoes, as every one knows, a marked change and develops leaves adapted to aerial life. It seems impossible to treat this action on the part of the plant as the result of a long series of accumulated variations on the part of ancestral crowfoots: it seems as if not only the plant, but each part of the plant, carried with it a power of adaptive response to the change of circumstances.

That plants and animals under a change of circumstances undergo adaptive changes, either slow or rapid, is one of the most undisputed facts in nature; and the question between the Darwinian and Lamarckian schools of naturalists is as to the way in which these adaptive changes occur. Mr. Darwin, as we all know, insisted on the accumulation of such casual changes as are useful under the changed environment; and under this theory there lies the assumption of an innate tendency to vary in every direction. The Neolamarckian school, on the other hand, insists on the direct response of the organism to the change of environment; and under this theory there lies the assumption of an innate capacity in the organism to produce such a change in itself as shall be useful to it under this change, as if each organism carried *in petto* a particular providence and wisdom of its own.

If change of environment produce a change in the organism, there is no apparent reason why that change should be adaptive.

[1] P. 428.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

If a hare be for the first time exposed to the influence of a snow-field, and his organisation be thereby affected, there seems no reason why the affection should take the form of white hairs: if a plant be for the first time exposed to unusual heat and drought, there seems no reason why the change should produce hairs that shelter the stomata and so lessen the exhalation of moisture from the plant. But however to be accounted for, the fact of sudden and adaptive change is supported by cogent evidence, and must have something to say as to the pace of organic change in the world's history.

Difficulties in Operation of Small Variations.—There are some considerations which make it difficult, if not impossible, to accept the theory that continuous and small change is the only form of variation at work in the organic world.

The flowers of the normal and of the peloric *Linaria* are both complicated machines, but they are different machines. Their success in each case is dependent upon the due co-ordination of a large number of parts, and these co-ordinations are different: in the one, as we know, the flower is irregular, in the other regular: in one the stamens are four, in the other five: the arrangement and size of almost every part of the flower is different. Now, if you pass *per saltum* from one perfect machine to another, you can understand how life may go on. But if the normal flower began to alter first the length of one stamen and then the position of another, and then another small point, and so on through a vast series of small changes, you would spoil the one machine before you got near the other, and life could not go on. So soon as the changes had reached such a point that the old machinery would not work, the series would come to an end. The hypothesis of two workable pieces of mechanism existing at the two ends of a vast series of unworkable machines is, to say the least, a very improbable one—and one which, before it is believed, may well demand cogent evidence. "We can hardly," it has been well said, "suggest or conceive a way

Google

by which, in a concrete case, a perfect mechanism can have been compiled out of minimal changes."[1]

Let me take another instance to illustrate this point. The normal form of the blossom of the violet has, as parts of the mechanism to ensure fertilisation, a nectary in the spur, hairs on the side-petals, curved styles and stigmas prolonged into a beak, and a drooping position of the flower. In the peloric form this is all different: the flower is erect, the style is erect, the stigmas are capitate and not beaked, there are no hairs on the side-petals, and the usual nectary is absent.[2] No one can doubt that the mechanism for securing pollination in the two flowers is entirely different: and it seems to me to be inconceivable that the one piece of mechanism could have been altered into the other bit by bit, and yet have continued through all these slow changes to have answered the end which it subserves; it is still more inconceivable that, according to the theory of natural selection, the machine in its middle as well as its final stages should have answered its purpose better than the old machine from which it was altered.

No doubt there are changes which may produce an immediate beneficial result, and which may produce that result more and more as the change progresses. For instance, it is quite conceivable that a slight elongation of the neck of the ancestor of the giraffe would enlarge the area of his feeding, and that this area would increase as the neck lengthened: and here we can conceive of natural selection as the agent in the change. But, on the other hand, take such a case as that of the aye-aye (*Chiromys madagascariensis*), to which attention has recently been drawn.[3] The creature possesses on its forefeet or hands an attenuated middle finger, which looks between its fellows like the mere skeleton of a finger, and this it uses by inserting it in the small tunnels of a burrowing larva on which it feeds. "How," says Mr. Lydekker,[4] "an ancestral aye-aye

[1] Mr. and Miss Bateson, 28 Jour. Lin. Soc. Bot., 412.

[2] Masters, 220, 22.

[3] "Knowledge," vol. xxiv. p. 269, Dec. 1901. [4] P. 270.

Google

gradually reduced the size of its middle finger till it assumed the attenuated proportions of its existing representative is very hard to understand, seeing that a slight diminution in the calibre of this digit would be of little or no advantage. Some more potent cause than 'natural selection' seems necessary in this as in many other instances."

As long ago as 1871 Mr. St. George Mivart devoted a chapter of his book, "The Genesis of Species," to "the incompetency of 'natural selection' to account for the incipient stages of useful structures;" and he there adduced several instances of the difficulty I have been considering—difficulties based on the assumption that natural selection is operative only on minute variations.

The facts of mimicry present a corresponding difficulty to the notion of the omnipotence of natural selection. For many years past the attention of the scientific world has been drawn by the researches of Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace, and many other observers, to the prevalence of the imitation of one group of butterflies by another entirely distinct group; the imitating group being one which is exposed to the attacks of birds without any protection afforded by bad taste or smell; the imitated group being one which is protected by being distasteful to the birds which would otherwise devour it. The change from the one form of coloration to the other has been explained, as produced by the action of natural selection, the utility gained by its action being the deception of the birds who feed on the butterflies. Such a change of coloration involves the change of a vast number of minute points of colour; and it is not until the markings of group A have sufficiently approximated to the markings of group B to deceive the birds that anything will be gained by the change; and considering the great acuteness of sight possessed by most birds and the accuracy with which they discriminate between the objects of food, it is obvious that the useful deception will not begin to take effect until the protected form is nearly approached. Thus during the whole interval occupied in passing from the

Google

normal form of group A to near the normal form of group B, natural selection will have been entirely inoperative, and the change must have been effected through some other agency.

It may, however, be said that the very facts must be taken to show that birds are easily deceived by a slight approximation to the protected form. But this argument is worthless, for the imitation in many cases is of the most perfect description, line for line and point for point; and if deception was effected by a comparatively slight imitation, natural selection had done its work when that slight imitation was reached, and it can give no account of the whole range of change between slight and perfect imitation. Either birds are deceived by a small amount of imitation or they are not. If they are, natural selection cannot have produced perfect imitation; if they are not so deceived, then group A has passed over from its original form to something close upon the form of group B without any guidance from this principle.[1]

Variation in the Pace of Change.—The claim of the biologists for a very extended time rests, I think, not only on the assumption of the slowness of organic change, but also on the assumption of the uniformity in the rate of change. If the pace varies, the present rate may afford no safe indication of the past rate.

If a hale old man of sixty were to observe carefully the amount of change which he underwent in the course of a year, and then to observe the vast amount of change which he had undergone since his birth, and to compute the period since his birth by the rate of change between his fifty-ninth and his sixtieth birthdays, he would probably make his age something like that of Methuselah; and he would be wrong, for, though change was a constant fact in his life, the rate of change had varied. Now, may it not be that we make a like mistake if we

[1] See a Paper by the late Mr. Alfred W. Bennett read before the British Association in 1870: "Nature," vol. iii. p. 30, and the subsequent correspondence in that volume of "Nature."

Google

measure time past by the speed of change in the time that is present?

Once the earth was young; its pulses beat quickly, and its breathing was fast and strong. "If," said Mr. Wallace, "as all physicists maintain, the sun gave out perceptibly more heat in past ages than now, this alone would cause an increase in almost all the forces that have brought about geological phenomena. With greater heat there would be a more extensive aqueous atmosphere, and a greater difference between equatorial and polar temperatures; hence more violent winds, heavier rains and snows, and more powerful oceanic currents, all producing more rapid denudation. At the same time, the internal heat of the earth being greater, it would be cooling more rapidly, and thus the powers of contraction—which cause the upheaving of mountains, the eruption of volcanoes and the subsidence of extensive areas—would be more powerful, and would still further aid the process of denudation. Yet, again, the earth's rotation was certainly more rapid in very remote times, and this would cause more impetuous tides and still further add to the power of the ocean."[1] And this greater activity of the physical powers of the earth would add also to that change in the conditions of organic life which, whether slowly or rapidly, undoubtedly effects changes in organic life itself. These considerations seem to make it dangerous to assume the identity of pace in the past and the present, either as regards the geological or biological measures of time. But there is more than this—there is some biological evidence to show that such an assumption would be not only unsafe, but erroneous.

The Brachiopods are a large and important group of shell-fish still existing which have left abundant traces of their history in the strata of the earth, from the Cambrian period downward. Assuming the appearance of new forms of this great group in the successive strata to be the work of evolution—then if new forms make their appearance with an equal

[1] Wallace, "Island Life," p. 216.

Google

frequency, we shall consider that organic change has maintained a uniform pace; whereas, if the appearance of new forms is more frequent at one stage than another, we shall conclude that the pace of successful organic change has been quickened. This question has undergone a most interesting discussion at the hands of Professor Henry Shaler Williams,[1] and the results which he has arrived at are very curious and interesting. He accepts the division of the Brachiopods into two sub-classes: one the Arthropomata, and the other the Lyopomata. The Arthropomata appear first in the Cambrian rocks, their species vary at an increasing rate till they reach their maximum pace about the middle of the Silurian. Hence the pace declines through the Devonian and Carboniferous series till about the middle of the Triassic rocks; then the pace again grows faster till the middle of the Jurassic rocks, when the pace again rapidly declines and nearly reaches zero in the middle of the Tertiary rocks, whence again the pace quickens through the later Tertiaries and the Quaternary rocks.

In the Lyopomata the record is somewhat different. They too first appear in the Cambrian rocks; the pace of change quickens till it reaches its greatest height in the middle of the Ordovican age; thence it slows down to the middle of the Silurian period; then it slightly quickens till the middle of the Devonian times; whence it falls to near zero at the end of the Carboniferous age, and only rises slightly as the Tertiary period yields to the Quaternary.

In the history of both these great groups of Brachiopods it will be observed that the maximum pace of organic change is reached not long (geologically speaking) after the point of origin, or at least of appearance of the race; and the same rule appears true in most but not in all cases where the Brachiopods are examined in smaller groups than those with which I have dealt. A similar early rapid expansion of genera has been observed in the Nautiluses and Ammonites; and Mr. Hyatt, who has studied the history of these Cephalopods, holds this to

[1] "Geological Biology" (1895), p. 252, *et seq.*

Google

be only one illustration of a general law. "These facts," he says, "and the acknowledged sudden appearance of large numbers of all the distinct types of Invertebrata in the Paleozoic, and of the greater number of all existing and fossil types before the expiration of Paleozoic time, speak strongly for the quicker evolution of forms in the Paleozoic, and indicate a general law of evolution. This, we think, can be formulated as follows: Types are evolved more quickly and exhibit greater structural differences between generic groups of the same stock, while still near the point of origin, than they do subsequently."[1]

These observations seem cogent to show that there may be what De Vries has called "mutationsperiode"—times in the history of each group of organisms, when change, either only rapid or rapid but accompanied by smaller variations, is in vogue, and between these times may be long eras of persistency and immutability. The willows and the brambles, from the great variety of slightly varying forms in which they present themselves, have long been regarded as illustrations of organisms in a state of high plasticity and of unstable equilibrium within narrow limits of variation. Perhaps the yellow toad-flax and the evening primrose may be added as plants in a like condition, but within much wider limits of mutation. Then, on the other hand, the *Lingula*, which has come down to us nearly unchanged from the Silurian times, and the Crocodiles of to-day, which differ but little from those of the Older Secondary formations, may be instances of organisms which have passed through their period of mutation. Or again, the goose, with its single immutable form existing side by side with the pigeon, occurring in almost innumerable forms even of specific value, may be another illustration of the contrast between organisms in the fixed and in the plastic conditions, and may warn us that in this respect nature is not uniform, but is rich in the variety of its action.

In conclusion, I desire to state very shortly the propositions

[1] Quoted by Williams, "Geological Biology," p. 341–342.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on which I insist. I do not deny the existence of small variations or their accumulation by natural selection; but I venture to doubt the assertions that variation is equal in every direction and without defined tendencies, and that the accumulation of small and fortuitous variations is the only force available for the creation of new species. On the contrary, I think that there is evidence of lines of least resistance to change, or, otherwise stated, of tendencies to vary in particular directions; that there are cases of rapid, as well as of slow, variation arising without change of environment, in which the variation is maintained by inheritance; that there are other cases of similar change due to change of environment in which the new form persists so long as the new environment lasts; that there are many cases of variation to which the theory of slow changes is entirely inapplicable; and that there is evidence to show that variations are in some periods more rapid and more important than in other periods.

If nature always crawls, if effective variation be always small in amount, and ever fluctuating about a mean condition, if natural selection never operates but slowly and on minute variations, then the longest period suggested by geologists or biologists may, perhaps, be needful for the habitable existence of the earth; but what if nature sometimes jumps—if great and sudden variations be inheritable? if variation occurs not equally round a centre, but along lines of least resistance? if natural selection operates on great as well as on small variations? if organisms are liable to periods of rapid mutation? If these things be so, then may not the period granted by the physicists be peradventure enough?

EDWARD FRY.

Google

THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND JOHN THE APOSTLE

WHO is the author of the Fourth Gospel? Ancient tradition replies: John the Apostle, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ. This traditional belief, however, is no longer accepted by the great majority of modern critics, on the double ground that the tradition is conflicting, and that this so-called Johannine Gospel is unhistorical: it is "a *logos* romance," so unhistorical that it cannot be the work of an Apostle.

We will do justice to the Fourth Gospel if we view it as a philosophic poem with a special religious aim, [while] as a source for the history of Christ in the flesh it is almost worthless.[1]—The cardinal question, How far may the contents of this Gospel be believed? is closely bound up with the further question, was it written by the Apostle John? . . . One who is convinced that its contents are generally untrustworthy will look upon this as a decisive argument against an apostolic origin for this Gospel.[2]—By examining the Gospel itself we can judge how far it is worthy of belief, and so decide how far it is likely to be the authentic work of an Apostle. . . . A well-founded verdict of its contents must first be sought.[3]—The question

[1] A. Jülicher, Einleitung in d. N. T. 1894, pp. 258 f. Substantially to the same effect: O. Pfleiderer, Das Urchristentum, 1887, pp. 95. 695 ff. 742 ff.—O. Holtzmann, Das Johannesevangelium, 1887, pp. 97 f.—H. Holtzmann, Einleitung in d. N. T., 3rd ed. 1892, pp. 441 ff., 28. Neutestamentliche Theologie, 1897, ii. pp. 351 ff.—C. Weizsäcker, Das Apost. Zeitalter, 2nd ed. 1892, pp. 517, 520 ff.; The Apostolic Age, 1894, ii. pp. 206 ff.; 225 f. 234 ff.; and still earlier E. Reuss, Ideen, 1840, p. 7 f. and 18. So even Chastand, L'apôtre Jean, 1888, p. 306 f. "L'evangeliste ne voulait donc point écrire une nouvelle histoire de Jésus, mais, dégageant des faits la doctrine, composer une philosophie de l'histoire du Sauveur."

[2] H. H. Wendt, The Gospel according to St. John, Engl., by E. Lummis Edinburgh, 1902, p. 3.

[3] Wendt, *op. cit.* pp. 4 ff.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

whether the Fourth Gospel was written by John the Apostle . . . (although the Apostle's authorship is claimed for it only by tradition) cannot be determined apart from the question of its historicity. . . . The question of the historicity, therefore, is ultimately the more important of the two, if we bear in mind what must be the final object of all inquiry into the Gospels, namely, the elucidation of the life of Jesus.[1]

Many an earnest student will, I think, withhold assent to the above doctrine that the genuineness of a literary composition depends primarily upon its historicity, seeing that one and the same writer can very well be the author of a history and of a novel or even a fairy tale as well: witness the "Anabasis" and the "Cyropædia" which are *genuine* works of Xenophon; not to name a large number of modern writers. However, apart from the fallacy of such a premise, there is no doubt that the historicity of our Fourth Gospel is a question of vital importance to Christian interests, and so demands the earnest consideration and thought of critical students. The primary object of the present paper was to inquire into the authorship or genuineness of the Fourth Gospel apart from its historicity; but as modern criticism has subordinated its genuineness to its historicity, I feel myself bound to consider, in a general way at least, this vexed question of historicity before passing on to my main thesis on the authorship.

I.—*Historicity of the Gospel.*

The historicity of the Fourth Gospel is questioned or rather rejected on many grounds, the principal of which may be conveniently summarised under the following heads:—

(1) It is in a large measure so allegorical and mystical or metaphysical as to defy reason and history;

(2) Starting as it does by identifying Jesus with the *Logos*, strips Him of almost all human traits;

[1] P. W. Schmiedel writer of the articles: "Gospels" (this in collaboration with Dr. E. A. Abbott), and "John, son of Zebedee," in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," vol. ii. (1901) p. 2518.

Google

(3) It represents Jesus as claiming pre-existence (viii. 58, xvii. 5);

(4) It selects and arranges the events in a manner and chronological order totally different from the plan followed by the synoptic Evangelists;

(5) Contrary to the synoptic Gospels, it gives short narratives and long discourses;

(6) In the subject-matter it is at striking variance with the synoptic account, misrepresenting or ignoring not only minor points and details, but even matters of paramount importance, such as the scene of Jesus' public life, His baptism, His temptation in the wilderness, the number of His visits to Jerusalem, His transfiguration, His prayer (agony) in Gethsemane, the date of His crucifixion, &c.

Now there is no denying that such anomalies as the above, notably those formulated under (1), (2), (3) are truly too singular and startling to claim historical reality. Hence modern or rational criticism seems well justified in rejecting the genuineness of such a Gospel. It remains only to see how far and under which form the rejection is determined. On this point unanimity is of course impossible, as almost every critic has his own theory. However, speaking broadly, we may distinguish three schools, each being represented by an advanced and a moderate wing:—

I. The *negative rationalists*, who maintain that the Fourth Gospel altogether is not, and cannot be, the work of John or any other Apostle, since it is wholly unhistorical, both in point of conception and in point of fact;

II. The *moderate rationalists*, who contend that the frame or groundwork is apostolic, but in its present form the Gospel is a redaction and amplification by later hands;

III. The *rationalising conservatives*, who, while upholding the apostolic authorship of the Gospel, admit also its unhistorical character, but endeavour to account for its anomalies by arguing that the writer allows himself great freedom bordering on licence. The advanced wing of this school goes even so far

Google

as to lay at the Apostle's door extraordinary arbitrariness and even flippancy.

Mark, Matthew and Luke are all sources for the author of the Fourth Gospel, who omits, corrects, supplements, and reproduces their narrative and sayings, incorporating as much as proved suitable for his purpose along with his own original material.[1]

Regarding the second school, that of the *moderate rationalists*, it will be seen that their theory represents a sort of compromise between the negative doctrine of the first school and the beliefs of ancient tradition. According to this intermediate school, the so-called Johannine Gospel, though not necessarily the work of John the Apostle, is apostolic in its frame—a nucleus consisting of a written or unwritten apostolic source, a sort of *logia*; but at the same time it contains numerous and more or less extensive accretions and interpolations of later origin.

The (Fourth) Gospel includes precious material of apostolic tradition; but it was not composed, any more than our other three Gospels, by an apostolic eye-witness of the Gospel history. There are in it, as in the synoptic Gospels, elements of a secondary tradition lying side by side with those of the apostolic tradition.[2]

It will be seen that this theory is practically an adaptation or extension to the New Testament of the Wolfian hypothesis regarding the composition of Homer. No doubt, an attempt to bring a Gospel into a system harmonising with our modern point of view, by distinguishing in it original matter and alien later accretions, interpolations, dislocations and the like, is in itself an interesting piece of scholarship. But we must confess that such a piece of work, however suggestive, has little intrinsic and less practical value, since no earnest editor of the New Testament will ever adopt such revolutionary changes in its text without weighty MS authority.

[1] James Moffatt, "The Historical New Testament," Edinburgh, 1901, p 491.
[2] Wendt, *op. cit.* p. 254.

by Google

On the other hand, the doctrine of the first or *negative* school deserves most earnest consideration. Here we have a clear and precise verdict that the Johannine Gospel is altogether unhistorical, and therefore cannot be the work of John or any other Apostle. It must be a spurious composition of sub-apostolic times, written for doctrinal purposes by some unknown scribe, possibly by John the Presbyter (so Harnack, Bousset, and others). The reasons and arguments brought forward for this thesis have been already summarised above and need not be repeated here. It only remains for us to hear the verdict of this extremist school, as given in our "Encyclopædia Biblica."

> A book which begins by declaring Jesus to be the *logos* of God and ends by representing a cohort of Roman soldiers as falling to the ground at the majesty of His appearance (xviii. 6), and by representing 100 pounds of ointment as having been used at His embalming (xix. 39), ought by these facts alone to be spared such a misunderstanding of its true character as would be implied in supposing that it meant to be a historical work (vol. ii. p. 2542).

Now it is not my purpose here to defend the Christological principles nor the historicity of the Johannine Gospel in every point and detail. But before accepting the above crushing verdict of the negative school, I feel compelled to pause and ask: Are these summary charges really founded? Is it certain that the *logos* in the opening verse of the Gospel means Jesus as the hypostatic or personal Son of God, and not God's cosmogonic word, that creative word so well known from the opening of the Book of Genesis? Then is *the* troop of soldiers spoken of in xviii. 6 a *Roman cohors*, or does it mean the local *Jewish* temple guard? Again is it quite certain that the ointment used at Jesus' embalming consisted of 100 pounds (λίτρας ἑκατὸν) of myrrh and aloes, or did the author write λίτρας ἕκαστον, *one* pound each? I, for one, venture to question the fairness and validity of the above indictment, and confess that a long and close study of the Gospel under consideration has cleared up most of the points laid at the Evangelist's door.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Thus, in viii. 58 and xvii. 5 Jesus does not claim bodily pre-existence. Nor is it certain, as commonly contended, that this Evangelist is at striking variance with the synoptists (and that, therefore, he must err) in such cases as the scene of Jesus' public life, His baptism, the number of His visits to Jerusalem, His transfiguration, His prayer or agony in Gethsemane, the date of His crucifixion, &c. Having recognised the unsoundness or fallacy of modern criticism in such concrete points as the above, the present writer feels compelled to pause and ask himself: Are the Evangelists really to blame for all the discrepancies found in their writings, or do these alleged divergences and anomalies rest, in a large measure at least, on scribal, editorial, and exegetic errors? If so, is it fair to hold a writer responsible for what he probably neither wrote nor thought? This is a very serious matter, and should be weighed before passing such a damaging judgment as those quoted above.

Now, as regards my question whether our Evangelists might not be the victims of editorial oversight and exegetic misconception, it is obvious that such a question cannot be answered off-hand or roundly; a reply can be only given for each case apart, and that after a critical examination, thorough and unbiased, of all the evidence available. All such cases of discrepancy or anomaly must be subjected to a scholarly and conscientious scrutiny of the documentary evidence, such as the testimony of MSS, versions, and extra-canonical quotations. And this is not all. The critic must be acquainted with contemporary history, and above all he must be familiar with the language of the Evangelist under discussion, or rather with the vernacular Greek spoken at the time, as illustrated in the contemporary and subsequent private inscriptions and papyri, and as still largely surviving and spoken in modern Greek. A fresh study of the Gospels on these principles would, I feel certain, show, to our surprise or relief, that a large number of supposed incongruities among the Evangelists are, in effect, cases of editorial and exegetic misconstruction and misinter-

Google

pretation of the text. Thus, to refer to a few concrete instances, the Macchiavelian dictum grievously imputed to Luke (xvi. 9), "And I say unto you, Make unto yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness," should be read as an *interrogation*, implying *negation*: κἀγὼ λέγω ὑμῖν . . .; "Shall I also say . . .?" implying the answer, No! Again the synoptic account of Jesus' prayer, known as the "agony of Gethsemane," is not missing in the Fourth Gospel, as commonly held; it is the long valedictory prayer reported in chap. xvii. Likewise the "Transfiguration" is embedded in the Johannine Gospel, as we shall see further below. Again, in the healing of the centurion's servant (Matt. viii. 5–10; Luke vii. 1–10), that attendant (παῖς) is the official's or employé's son (υἱὸς), spoken of in John iv. 46–54. Furthermore, in John iii. 34, Jesus never says, "God giveth not the spirit by measure"; nor does He say, in iv. 42, "salvation is of the Jews"; here He speaks of "salvation or deliverance *from* the Jews"; in viii. 44 He implies not that the devil only "when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own."[1]

In view of such instances of serious misconstruction, it seems to me grievously wrong to take a copy of one of the Gospels, as currently printed or interpreted, and on the strength of such a text or version, to call to account or censure the writer for what he may have never said or implied. Of course, one may object here that even assuming the above charges to be unfounded, there still remain many other points and the whole tone and character of the Fourth Gospel which are irreconcilable with historicity. This is undoubtedly true from our point of view; but before pronouncing a general indictment against a writer, fairness bids us ascertain and consider the point of view taken by that writer. Now in the case of our Fourth Evangelist, there is no doubt whatever that he is at striking variance with the synoptists regarding the general tone and

[1] All these and numerous other instances of editorial misconception will be fully discussed in my forthcoming edition of "St. John's Gospel."

Google

character of their individual Gospels. How are we to account for this variance? This question is inseparably connected with the individual character of the several Evangelists, with their personal relation to Jesus and the consequent influence and effect experienced from His mighty personality, and above all the question is wound up with the Evangelists' individual conception and object. True, in the case of the synoptists the harmonisation or inter-assimilation of their texts by later hands renders it difficult for us to depict their individual characters and ways of thinking. Nevertheless, one broad fact stands out clear and unmistakable about them. Throughout their narrative, these three Evangelists appear distinctly as *Jews*, though Jews completely *reformed* by the direct or indirect influence of their Hero Jesus. They see in Him a divine reformer and saviour of the Jewish race from its suffering under the oppression of the foreign rule and from the evils of internal distraction and depravity. So they describe Jesus as the long-expected Messiah of David's race, constantly associating Him with the Old Testament and contemporary Jewish history. To them Jesus is a great "man"—a great and ideal *Jew*—whom they follow through all successive stages of His *human* life up to His rise to full Messiahship and divinity. In other words, the synoptists write as Jews about the great Jew or Messiah who came to rescue their nation and restore the Kingdom of Israel, and who has given proofs of His Messiahship in the "miracles" or "mighty works" of mercy (*δυνάμεις, σημεῖα*). This conception of the synoptists accounts on the one hand for the stress they lay on Christ's Jewish genealogy, birth, growth, and history, and on the other for the minor or subordinate interest they evince in His divine and spiritual nature, mission and doctrine. So the synoptists, though entirely *reformed* by Jesus' mighty influence, still feel and write as Jews about the Jewish Messiah for the enlightenment and in the interest chiefly of their fellow Jews.

The case is entirely different with the writer of the Fourth

Google

Gospel. This Evangelist appears as a man completely *transformed:* as a man moulded by and after his Hero. To him Jesus is not a mere divine reformer, not the Jewish Messiah of the synoptists; He is a divine and mighty figure, who has given miraculous *proofs* (σημεῖα) of His divine nature: yea, He is the *Son of God*, who came directly from Heaven with the mission to unfold His Father's *logos* (Gospel); who, as the *Son of God*, has not, and cannot have, a human history at all; who cannot have connection with any human stock or race, and least of all with the Jews, His malicious persecutors. This last point—the hostility of the Jews to his divine Hero—constitutes so grave a sin in the eyes of this writer that he carefully dissociates both himself and his divine Master from all friendly connection with *the* Jews.

The reason, therefore, why the synoptic and Johannine accounts of Jesus are so dissimilar, lies in their different conception of Him and in the different grounds they take. True, both sides write *a posteriori*, that is after they had convinced themselves of Jesus' Messiahship and divine Sonship through His Transformation (transfiguration) and Resurrection. But whereas the synoptists begin from His pre-Messianic state, that is from His *human birth* or stage, the Fourth Evangelist starts from His *divine birth*, from His *Incarnation*—a miraculous act which He sees in His manifestation or Transfiguration (μεταμόρφωσις, transformation), which he also emphasises, as we shall see further below. This metamorphosis, this "culminating point in Jesus' life," seems to have produced such an overpowering effect and such an indelible impression upon this Evangelist's mind—an impression even more powerful than did Paul's vision produce upon that Apostle—as to transform his inmost nature and make him from a man to a zealous proclaimer. It is only natural then that this Evangelist should take Jesus' metamorphosis as the starting-point or exordium in his Gospel of the Incarnate *logos*. So he opens with the prelude:—

Google

First of all was God's *logos* (creative Word, as in Gen. i. 1 ff.)	Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος.
(1) Now the *logos* was with God, and so was (itself) God (creator); (not God's *logos* as read in the Old Testament, but) *this logos* was at first with God.	καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν θεόν, καὶ[1] θεὸς ἦν· ὁ λόγος οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν θεόν.
(2) It created all things; yea, without it not a thing was created that was created;	πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο, καὶ[1] χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν ὃ γέγονεν·
(3) It contained life: yea, the life (*cp.* ὁ λόγος τῆς ζωῆς in 1 John i. 1);	ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ[1] ἡ ζωή·
(4) It was the light of men; yea, the Light.	ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ[1] τὸ φῶς·
(5) It shineth in the darkness (*i.e.*, in vain); yea, darkness comprehended it not;	ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ[1] ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν·
(6) It became man (was transformed to man) . . .	ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος . . .
. . . So God's *logos* became flesh (was transformed to man).	. . . καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο.

In this weighty prologue we have a clear and authoritative definition of God's *logos*, and at the same time a delineation or adumbration of its subject and purpose. It tells us: what God's *logos* means; how it was transformed or incarnated in Christ; wherefore was it transformed to man or incarnated in Christ, *i.e.*, what Christ's mission and object on earth was; or what the purport of the (Fourth) Gospel is: all these great subjects being embraced in the one momentous term *logos*. It is this great *logos* therefore, and that *after its incarnation* or metamorphosis

[1] In all these cases καὶ, like Hebrew copulative *Waw* (ו), is epexegetic, explaining and moreover emphasising the word or clause subjoined.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in Christ—that concerns the Fourth Evangelist, and this great *logos* forms the subject of his Gospel, the *logos* Gospel.

Starting then from this conception of Jesus as the Son of God and Revealer of God's *logos*, our Evangelist evinces no interest in His pre-incarnate or human life, and still less in His Jewish nationality. Holding as he does that Jesus is the *Son of God* and so cannot have an earthly father or mother, he naturally omits His genealogical and parental connection, and throws all the emphasis upon the divine side, the mission, doctrine, thought and speech of the Son of God.[1] This exalted conception accounts for the Evangelist's constant care to keep Christ high above the Old Testament, that is above Moses and all the prophets honoured by the Jews. He even goes a step farther. In his great solicitude to prove himself worthy of his lofty subject and to do justice to the Son of God, he also divests himself of his human nature, he resigns his own self. Hence the absence on his part of all personal interest in any nation, country or locality. It is this lofty attitude of the Evangelist's that affords the clue to the unique character of his Gospel. It explains the apparently inadequate and incidental presentment on his part of Jesus' "human" history. It further accounts for his general unconcern and inattention to matters of history, topography and chronological sequence. And it also seems to account for the writer's manifest awe and reluctance to figure personally in the great drama he narrates; so much so that he contents himself to figure dimly, that is, not as a *persona dramatis*, "cuius pars magna fuit," but as a spectator and narrator of the divine drama he describes.

[1] In the same way, St. Paul evinces very little interest in Jesus' *human* life; hence he preached extremely little to his congregations about the earthly life of Jesus. Compare: 2 Cor. v. 16, "Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh; even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know *him so* no more." 1 Cor. i. 23, "We (=I) preach Christ crucified" (*i.e.*, after He has been crucified); so also Gal. iii. 1.

Google

II.—*Authorship of the Gospel.*

Who wrote the Fourth Gospel? Leaving out of consideration tradition and external testimony, our internal evidence for answering this question consists of data which, rightly and intelligently examined, yield unequivocal results. First of all we are struck by the curious phenomenon that in perusing our Gospel we nowhere meet with the name of John the Apostle, although the other Apostles figure in it personally and by name. Now that there was an Apostle John, son of Zebedee, we do know from the synoptists whose Gospels repeatedly include in the number of the Apostles or disciples an Apostle John, and even represent him as playing a prominent part in the circle of Jesus' disciples. Again, while John's absence from the Fourth Gospel strikes us as singular, we are furthermore struck by another singular phenomenon, that in many a passage of this Gospel we read of an anonymous disciple who takes part in certain incidents (i. 35 ff., xiii. 28 ff., 15, xix. 35, xx. 2 ff., xxi. 2, xxviii. ff.), and who is described as "one (not *the* one) whom Jesus loved" (xiii. 23, xix. 26, xxi. 7, xx).[1] This anonymous disciple is even stated in this Gospel to be no other than the writer himself: "This is the disciple which beareth testimony of these things, and who wrote these things" (xxi. 24). Now as this anonymous disciple must be John the Apostle, we are warranted in acknowledging that our John the Apostle is the author of the Fourth Gospel. This is the internal evidence hitherto produced in favour of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel by John the Apostle; an evidence corroborated by ancient tradition.

However, in the present stage of modern criticism we cannot be well satisfied with this inferential demonstration, the more so as the above passage which identifies the anonymous disciple with the writer occurs in chap. xxi. which is generally held to be an appendix to the Gospel, possibly or probably added by a later hand. This being so, let us see whether we can adduce more cogent and positive evidence.

[1] Is this a Greek translation of *Johanan, i.e.*, "whom God [Christ] favours?"

Google

Whoever he may be, our Evangelist is criticised for having omitted or overlooked the grand scene or vision of the Transfiguration, which constitutes "the culminating-point in Jesus' life," and so is of supreme value to Christology, particularly as depicted in the Fourth Gospel. This scene of the Transfiguration is described by all three synoptists in clear and vivid terms. Thus Mark ix. 2 ff. (also Matt. xvii. 1—7, and Luke ix. 28—35) reports: "And after six (Luke "eight") days, Jesus taketh with him Peter and James and John (Mark adds "his brother"), and bringeth them up on a high mountain apart by themselves. Then He was *transformed* (μετεμορφώθη, Luke ἐγένετο τὸ εἶδος τοῦ προσώπου αὐτοῦ ἕτερον) before them. So his garments became glistening, exceeding white (στίλβοντα λευκὰ λίαν, Matt. λευκὰ ὡς τὸ φῶς, Luk λευκὸς ἐξαστράπτων) . . . Then there appeared unto them (ὤφθη αὐτοῖς, *cp.* Luke ἰδοὺ . . . οἳ ὀφθέντες ἐν δόξῃ) Elijah with Moses, and they were talking with Jesus. Then Peter taking the word, saith to Jesus: Rabbi, it is good for us to be here; and, shall we make (ποιήσωμεν, Matt. ποιήσω) three tabernacles (σκηνάς, tents), one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah? . . . Then there came a voice (φωνή, call) from the cloud, This is my beloved Son (ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἀγαπητός, Luke ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἐκλελεγμένος): listen ye unto him!'—Peter's own testimony to this scene, though incidental and brief, is also well worth quoting, as reported in 2 Pet. i. 16 f. "For we did not follow cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and appearance (τὴν δύναμιν καὶ παρουσίαν) of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were *eye-witnesses of his majesty* (ἐπόπται γενηθέντες τῆς ἐκείνου μεγαλειότητος). For he received from God the Father honour and glory (τιμὴν καὶ δόξαν), when there came such a voice (φωνή, a call) to him from the magnificent glory (μεγαλοπρεποῦς δόξης), This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Now this voice we ourselves heard coming out of heaven, when we were with him in the holy mount. And we have his prophetic word made more sure; whereunto ye are well advised in taking heed, as it shineth like a lamp in a squalid place."

Google

Let us now return to our Fourth Gospel and see whether we can detect some allusion to, or clear mention of, this grand scene or vision (ὅραμα), as Jesus Himself calls it (Matt. xvii. 9). In the very Prologue we find a verse which, when read by itself, yields no clear sense, but, when read by the side of the above synoptic account of the Transfiguration, is at once unfolded :—

Johannine Account.	*Synoptic (and Petrine) Account.*
i. 14. καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο, (so the *logos* became flesh [*i.e.*, was transformed])	Ἰησοῦς μετεμορφώθη, ἐγένετο τὸ εἶδος τοῦ προσώπου αὐτοῦ ἕτερον
καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν (and tabernacled among us),	σκηνὰς ποιήσωμεν or ποιήσω
καὶ ἐθεασάμεθα (and we beheld)	ὤφθη αὐτοῖς, εἶδον, (ὑπνοῦντες γενηθέντες)
τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ (his glory or majesty), δόξαν (a glory)	τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ, (τὴν ἐκείνου μεγαλειότητα, δόξαν)
ὡς μονογενοῦς (as of an only-begotten).[1]	ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἀγαπητός

Here we must not omit to refer also to the opening verses of the First Johannine Epistle, where the same scene of the Transfiguration is unmistakably alluded to: "That which

[1] This scene is manifestly alluded to also in v. 37 where Christ says to the Jews: "Also (moreover) the Father which sent me, he hath borne testimony of me [*i.e.*, by testifying: 'This is my beloved Son; listen ye unto Him']. Have ye [so interrogative] never heard his voice (φωνή, 'call') nor seen his figure (εἶδος, as in Luke)?" Again, when Jesus prays (xii. 28): "Father, glorify thy name," the answer received from heaven, which has been the source of many a fanciful speculation, receives a natural explanation by referring it to the same event: "I have glorified it [at the scene of the transfiguration] and will glorify it again [by recalling Thee to me]." The summary and incidental character of these references, like those relating to Baptism, the Eucharist, and the Trial, can be explained by assuming that all these and many other points have been merely mentioned or even passed over, because the writer had expounded them in his oral discourses to his readers.

Google

was from the first (*i.e.*, God's logos of life, the Gospel), that which we heard (ἀκηκόαμεν: we heard God's commanding Word: Listen ye unto Him!), that which we saw (ἑωράκαμεν: we saw His glory or majesty) with our own eyes, that which we beheld (ἐθεασάμεθα), and our hands handled (*cf.* the ἁψάμενος αὐτῶν of Matt.[1]) concerning the Word of Life (περὶ τοῦ λόγου τῆς ζωῆς), yea, the life was manifested (ἐφανερώθη, was revealed by transformation), and we saw . . .; that which we saw and heard (ὃ ἑωράκαμεν καὶ ἀκηκόαμεν), declare we unto you also," &c.

That all these references are brief or summary descriptions of one and the same event, the Transfiguration of Jesus, cannot be questioned. The close correspondence, the verbal and material agreement, among the various reporters is too striking to be mere coincidence. Moreover, Luke's statement that "Peter and those with him (*i.e.*, James and John) *saw his glory* (εἶδον τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ) reads too much like the Johannine *we beheld his glory* (ἐθεασάμεθα τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ), and so removes the last doubt as to the identity of the scene or event described.

The inference to be drawn from these parallels is obvious: the synoptists tell us that the Apostles who witnessed Jesus' Transfiguration were Peter and James and John, that is *three* of the Apostles; on the other hand, the Fourth Evangelist, after stating that God's *logos* became man (i. 5) or flesh (i. 14), tells us: *we* beheld his glory, *i.e.*, *I* am one of the three who saw the Transfiguration; who is that *I*? Is it Peter, James, or *John*? The answer is obvious; it is also authoritative, all three synoptists vouching for it.

A. N. JANNARIS.

[1] Compare also the "palpable" proofs which after His resurrection, Christ gave to His disciples at the demand of Thomas, xx. 24–29.

Google

THE MAGIC KINGDOMS

IT is not an ill thing to cross at times the marches of silence and see the phantoms of life and death in a new way. It is not an ill thing, even if one meet only the fantasies of beauty. It is well, is it not, any time, any where, to meet a spirit of wisdom and beauty? or to look on the perfected symbol that is the moment's raiment of an immortal life, or the moment's illusion of a thought that is itself the garment or dwelling of an immortal divinity? Perhaps one may meet Airil himself, the Light of Youth, of whom the island Gaels speak as *Airil nan Og*, Airil of the youthful—*Airil ail nan Og*, Beautiful Airil of the Young: in whose fellowship death may or may not be, but with whom in life youth is as a green grass that does not wither, and beauty as a wild rose that does not fade.

* * *

In speaking of the Magic Kingdoms, I use the phrase with two meanings. One is an indication of what is taken to be supernatural—*i.e.*, beyond our known realities—or phantasmal in imagination; mysterious certainly, and beyond the proof-reach of everyday thought; *magical*, a possible illusion of the dreams beyond us that are powers, or a possible illusion of the dreams that are powers within our minds, having there at once sustenance and dominion. The epithet is not less apt in its other meaning: the kingdoms of lost wisdom, the old wisdom that was once ours in great part—how great a part we do not

Google

know, and now can never know, for with every lapsing age the forgotten art and faded powers of memory grow more dim and more confused.

The Magic Kingdoms are the Mage-Kingdoms, the Knowing Kingdoms, and in a nearer and lesser sense are the mirrors where our lost communions, our lost intimacies, our remembrances, our broken dreams, our dim conjectures, are imagined. They are then the kingdom of images. But, so, they are as the fabled floating Pool of Mânan, where the son of Lîr, looking down, could see in the depths the images of the dreams and thoughts of mortals, and know these to be alone seen of men, and, turning, could see in the depths above him the images of the dreams and thoughts of uplifted spirits, gods, powers, and the inscrutable dominions: and looking to the south could see the rise and set of all the empires of the world, and the flashing of the first spears and the last: and looking to the north could see the joyous withdrawn life of the elder children of the earth, of the immortal Sidhe, of the Sidhe that are mortal, and of secret and mysterious lives.

We who are but the far-away forgetting kindred of Mânan cannot at will reach the Floating Pool, where the images of dreams acted and imagined are perhaps not less real than is our brief mortal underplay. But, at times, one here, another there, may pass over it, as the wild swans are said to pass over the forbidden lynns of blue calm at the pole; or, in the other life of sleep and vision, may pass through it, as the shadow of a flying seabird passes through a still inland water, its phantom wing brushing the very mysteries, its phantom flight secret, swift, and silent as the secret and swift and silent life it traverses but does not wake.

To what end? some will say. "Even if there be this other life, to what end, as it is not for us, or we for it? We have not time for the things of the half-light, having to hurry to climb the vanishing noon every day, and being for ever overtaken by the dark." But as well may I ask, why this ceaseless hurry to chase shadows and to evade shadow? With Emerson I would

Google

say, let us leave hurry to slaves. There is always time for the things of the spirit.

"But we can have enough of beauty in what we already know for our delight, that we can make our own: raiment, pictures, statues, all that art can give."

But beauty does not dwell in things themselves, only in that spiritual vision wherein the images of things take colour and form, images of light and shadow each after its kind.

"But to look into this other life, is it not to disarrange or to disturb our own?" Why so? Both are in the swaying deeps. If I go from one to the other I find, in each, life moving as before in its long rhythms of joy and of sorrow.

***

There are two imaginations: that which has its life in knowledge, and that which has its life in intuition. The two may become one, but each can be a thing apart.

There are two ways of approach to what is secret and for wonder, even when the things of secrecy and wonder are not absolutely hidden, and are no more strange (and from one aspect, no more remote) than is your life or mine. The one is the way of those whose minds leave the thoroughfares of thought, and follow the obscurer byways that lead to the imagined and legendary magic kingdoms, and return, and tell what they have learned, and bring what they have gathered. The other is the way of those who in the spirit—that inward life which is in part a fire fed by a flame from without, and in part a subtle breath from within, come one knows not whence, going one knows not whither—have so often from love and longing sojourned in these lost realms, that thought of them is of the nature of reminiscence, the tale of them but a windthrow of gathered memories.

Each has its authenticity. To some, who care only for these things as the hunter cares for the slot on the trail, the value of the first is all-important; that of the second, worthless; because the first are old, and have been curiously

Google

sought, and skilfully gathered; while the second are so near as to be incredible, or belong so much to to-day as to be lacking in the charm of the vague and distant. To others, the tale told to-day on the loch-water or by the red peats is of not less import than the same tale told when Oisìn's mother was a hind upon the hill. To some indeed it means more: for it means that though the clans of the Gael are broken, and the old ancestral world is fast slipping away, the Gaelic heart has still its dim loves and loyalties, the Gaelic mind its time-grey ancient faith. If I read in some old tale, recaptured from the past by Mr. Whitley Stokes or by Mr. Kuno Meyer, that a man walking by a mound in a place of faery is met by a beautiful woman, and loves her, and is led away by her through the mound to a secret country, not to return, or, if so, to come back old and grey and mazed to a world unknowing him: am I to be the more moved by this than if Seumas Macalister, let us say, whom I meet on the heather hereby or on the shore yonder, tells me that his kinsman Micheil or Ian was crossing the hill one day, and saw a young and beautiful woman milking a deer while the herd broused unheeding; and that Micheil spoke to her, and that with her eyes looking into his and her smile gripping him round his heart his will faded out of him as sunset-light out of a pool, and he became her *leannan*, and went over the brae with her, and for days and weeks after that was strange and sullen, and then sullen no more but husht and listening, till one day he took his pipes (and he the proud *piobair*) and played "Lochaber no more," with a heartbreak new note to it, and then went to his Leannan-Shee laughing, and over the brae the two of them, and never to this day word or sign of him again?

And if the retold word of a forgotten dreamer of old says that the People of the Mounds love music, is that of more value than if Elsie coming from the byres, or Ewan the Shepherd coming from the moor, says that beyond the old thorn near the green mound the one heard the *frith-cheol min nan sitheach seang*, "the soft low music of the slender people"; or

Google

the other saw for a startled moment the *luchd nan trusganan uaine*, "the tribe of the green mantles"? Or is it of greater value if the testimony of an unknown *cirionnach* quoted by O'Curry is of the other world-murmur he had himself heard, or if, perhaps, Mr. Yeats be the witness?

In the same way there are those who delight in the old tale, let us say, of the island-home of Mânan or Mananân, told perhaps by Keating; or of Deirdrê and the Sons of Usnach, told by, let us say, O'Curry; or of Diarmid and Grainne, told in, it may be, the *Silva Gadelica*—who would scorn, or at best be indifferent to, a variant told to-day, though with an authenticity neither more nor less; though it were told by an unlettered Gael, as the present writer has heard the story of Diarmid and Grainne told on the spot between Loch Tarbert and Loch Fyne where Diarmid had his death-wound from the boar, before laughing Finn; and the story of Deirdrê, told by that calm bay in Benderloch, where the Dûn of the Sons of Usna still fragmentarily stands, and on the Moss of Achnacree where she and they oftentimes crossed, and in that Clyde-washed Arran that was of old Emhain Abhlach, the Isle of Apple Trees, where she bore her two children, Gaer and Aebhgrein; and the story of the ancient Firbolg king, Lîr (he who afterwards had his name given to an unknown god, him that fathered Mânan, god of waters), a fathom-reach from the sunken *Bogha Lhir*, "the reef of Lîr," off the lonely shores of the isle of Vallay in the Outer Isles.

Shall it be said then that stories of the other life heard, gathered, or imagined to-day are worthless since they have not the "authenticity" of the unknown source and of time grown old? Who saw, and shaped, the tales of faery, but those whose thought was a creative remembering, a personal vision? Is the lore less, when, found on the wind's lips, it is spoken anew, half in fear it be not true half in wonder that it is, than when it was heard on the lips of the wind a thousand years ago? Is it of worth only when a grey wandering dust is all that is left of the teller, and time's shadow heavy on his

by Google

ancient words? Is one who stoops and listens to-day but an idle dreamer imagining a vain thing: while one who repeats what others long ago listened to is held worthy? Truly he is worthy, but is not the other also?

They are not so perished away, those of whom somewhat is written in these pages.[1] Perhaps they smile when they hear —as a bird in the forest hears the rumour of a wet wind borne along a myriad leaves, or as a fish in a flowing wave hears the far-off sound of the tide along a myriad waters, or as a child hears the murmur of a remote world in the sea-shell he has lifted to his ear—perhaps they smile when they hear that men have at last forgotten, or think of them only as distant and fading dreams.

***

"It is all illusion." Let the phrase pass, for we are in a world of illusion. It is by illusion, it is through illusions, the secret and divine powers use us nobly, and that the secret and destroying powers are swift to use us ignobly: it is through illusion they communicate with us, that they continually persuade or delude us. For the divine race has to use the mortal and changing illusions of things immortal, and the evil race the multiform and phantasmal illusions of what is mortal only. We respond through the leap of instinct, or the slow pulse of conscience, or the mind rising like a bird on the wind, or, on the other part, through another instinct and a numbed or perverted conscience and a mind like a hound held ever earthward on the trail of earthly things.

And this raiment of truth and untruth that we call illusion is dyed in many lovely hues, gathered out of love, devotion, heroism, courage, endurance, faith, honour; and out of the opposites of these: it is the raiment worn by all art, of sound, of colour, of formal rhythm, of words; and it is the raiment of dreams and visions, that primitive language.

If the divine powers use any other language than the

[1] This essay is the prologue to a volume to appear later, under the same title (formerly announced as "The Chronicles of the Sidhe"). Hence this reference.

Google

language of illusion, it is not certainly revealed to us; for the mind thinks just as the eye sees or the ear hears or the touch feels—as a fish in the sea perceives, hears, or feels, in an element of illusion that is yet its sole visible world and the sole credible reality. But because we are not made only of a little mortal clay warmed at a casual fire and lit by a brief perishing flame, the divine powers can breathe upon "the little infinite thing" we call the soul, through the flowing rectitude which is our soul's atmosphere.

And the simpler, the less subtle, the franker the method of illusion, the more illusory is the "actuality." We can all believe, because we all understand, what the old Frisic poet —the old Frisic shaper of the thought of many minds— wrote of the creation of Adam and Eve: "God created the first man from eight things: the bones from stone, the flesh from earth, the blood from water, the heart from wind, the thoughts from clouds, the sweat from dew, the hair from grass, and then breathed into the creature the holy spirit."

But no one believes that stone and earth and water, that wind and cloud, that dew and grass were thus transmuted: only that certain potential elements of life were shaped into one concrete life, and that the mystery of flesh and blood, of the heart that longs and the thought that is an eternal pilgrim, were represented by the symbol of the earth or of water, of wind or of cloud.

Not here and to-day only, but long ago when thought and language first flowered, and in the Magic Kingdoms themselves, it has ever been so: the instinct and need of the soul for illusion—the symbol for the eyes, and the mind that leans to see; and the illusion for the thought, and the mind that raises itself upon that thought, and knows "leagues upon more leagues beyond that sea."

In one of the old Celtic tales, the "Tale of the Ordeals," we read of the circlet of magic wood to be had from Ochamon the Fool on Síd Arfemin, to be used for the distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Or, in another tale, of the vessel

Google

of crystal got at the well-side by the wife of Badurn the King from two women whom she had seen pass beyond the well into the faery mound above. And what is that magic circlet or that vessel of crystal but a symbol of the illusion that we can judge between the illusions of truth and falsehood?

The evil of the world and the beauty of the world—that also had of old, as now, to be shown in symbol or revealed by illusion. There is an island-tale of one Mánus, a King of the Suderöer, who, placed on an oaken daïs by the shore (it is of another Canute, with a different burthen), bade the foam-men of the flowing tide rein in their foaming chargers, and ride back whence they had come: but when the sea, blind and deaf, covered the king with flying spray and clotted spume, Mánus cursed it, and all it held within it, and all upon it, and cried out that it was but the froth and spittle of a drunken god. And that is one way of the illusion of the world that is beyond us. Again, in the ancient Irish tale of Morann MacMain, we are told that the first words of the child-king Morann, when held against the sea till the miracle of the ninth wave gave him speech, were:

> Worship, ye of mortal race,
> God over this beautiful world.

And that is another way of the illusion of the world that is beyond us.

When, in a rhetorical survival, we speak to-day of letting loose the hounds of war or of the gathering of the eagles, we neither mean nor are taken to mean actual hounds or actual eagles. We do but employ an illusion of words that once were an illusion of association. And no doubt the saga-man who told how Daurrud of Caithness saw twelve folk riding together to a bower, and followed, and looked through a slit in the wall, and saw twelve women who had set up a loom where men's heads were the weights and men's entrails the warp and weft, and that a sword was the shuttle, and that the reels were arrows: and then saw them pluck down the woof and tear it asunder: and then how, hidden, he saw these dread foretellers

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

or weird sisters mount fierce stallions and ride six to the south and six to the north . . . no doubt this saga-man consciously used an illusion of words that had also or once had an illusion of association.

There is a Gaelic tale of a man who could not believe in the mystery of the Trinity, till one day his druid (minister or priest) told him to look at a dark cloud overhead. "There's rain in that cloud," he said, "and there is thunder in it, and there is lightning in it; but it is one cloud." And then he lit a match, and said: "Here's yellow flame, and here's red flame, and here's a heart of violet; but it's all one flame." And by these visible symbols he opened a window to that mind.

In an early Scandinavian folk-tale a king disguises himself as an old wayfarer, and at last reaches the Hall of Illusions in Asgard. He sees three thrones, one above another, and a man seated on each. He asks who these kings or jarls may be, and the Asgard man beside him says that he on the lowest throne is a king named Hâr (High), and that the next is Jafuhâr (Equally High), and that the highest of all is Thrithi (the Third), who is neither more high nor less high.

And by those crude verbal symbols he conveyed what the other had conveyed by the symbols of the match and the cloud.

And so I, or you, may take a symbol, as one takes a sword and means by that war, or takes a lily and means by that purity, or takes a dove and means by that peace: or we may use an illusion to others, even as the divine and evil powers speak through illusion to us, and say that, like King Gylfi among the Aesir folk, we think we stand steadfast in a world of realities, when we are in truth flying shadows on a whirling dome. Read in Snorri's "Edda" of how Gylfi, the king, was troubled, and wondered much how the Aesir folk were so wise that everything went as they willed: pondering often if this came of their own uplifted nature or was caused by the divine powers whom they worshipped. And of how he made a journey to Asgard, travelling thither and entering there in the guise of a very old and weary man with his death-hour on him.

Google

But, we are told, the Aesir were too wise in foreknowledge, and knew of his journey long before he came and while he was on his way, and received him with illusions. So when he entered Asgard he saw only that he was in a hall so vast that he could not see its further walls, and so high that he could not see its roof, though the part he saw was covered with gilded shields, like a roof of shingle or of great scales.

Are they lesser powers than the folk of Aesir, they who have foreknowledge of our deeds and dreams, and see our thoughts while yet a long way off, and our souls slowly following these, and, smiling in their calm, immortal wisdom, likewise receive them, and us, with illusions?

***

The Magic Kingdoms have many names. The most beloved is Tir na'n Og, the Land of Youth; for youth is the shape of the heart's desire and the colour of its immortal dream. I-Bréasil, or Hy-Brásil, an island west of the sunset; Tir-na-thonn, the Land of the Wave; Tir-fo-thuinn, the Land under the Waves, are natural to those who dwell on isles or by the shores of that lonely West which kneels in grey cliffs at the feet of the sea. The Avalon of the Bretons and the Cymry is the Land of the Apple Orchards, natural to races blown about by continual wars, and generation by generation driven from old homelands by fierce herdsmen of yellow-haired hosts; and the Alban Gaels had also their Emain Abhlach, or Isle of Apple Trees—a haven to dream of against the Pictish arrow, or the spear of Firbolg, or the sudden galleys of the men of Lochlann.

"The Country of Music" is natural to a people who love a music born of the hill-wind, and the sough of pines, and the sighing wave, as "The Country of the Sidhe" is natural to a people who love beauty best when it is crowned with mystery.

When the old Alban Gaels spoke of the spiritual kingdom of their longing, it was as natural to them, sons and daughters of the unsleeping sword, to call it Flaitheamhnos, now Flathanas or Flathas, the Place of Heroes, as it was for them to call

Google

the kingdom of their fear and hate, Ifurin—the Isle of Eternal Cold; for what hell could more be dreaded by the Gaels of the North than a place wetter and colder than their own desolate north in the months of dark and gloom? A man whose father had been "taken away" in his youth, but restored after three days, told me that his father, who was dazed to the hour of his death, always spoke of the kingdom he had gone to as a Place of Laughter, and would keep on asking with eagerness, and in a voice unlike his own, *co shinneas an fhideag airgid*, as much as to say, "who will now be playing the silver flute?" And that, too, was natural. And have not all the poets of the Gael, in Ireland and Scotland, loved to speak of the Land of Heart's Desire? And some have named it the Isle of Sleep, and some the Land of Peace, and some the Hills of Silence. Perhaps no name is nearer Tir-nan-Og, the Land of the Young, than that mentioned in the ancient tale of the faery love of Connla, the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, which the curious will find in one or other of the translations of the *Leabhar na H'Uidhre*. The love that Connla had was for a woman of the other world, but none knew this, till, by the king's will, a druid asked her whence she was come, and when she answered that it was from the land of those who live a beautiful and deathless life, he knows that she is a woman of the *Sidhe*. So he chants a spell of mortality, and she goes away because of the smell of death.[1]

Later she comes again, and now none seeing her save Connla only, she having given him the dew, I suppose. Conn the king, however, hears her saying to Connla in her chanting voice, that it is no such lofty place he holds "amid short-lived mortals awaiting fearful death," that he need dread to leave it, "the more as the ever-living ones invite thee to be the ruler over Tethra . . . the Kingdom of Joy."

But the name that is commonest of all in the tales of old is The Land of Promise. That is the refrain of half the broken

[1] This sentence is not in the old story, but is a phrase of one who told it to me—a phrase of which I have something to say hereafter.

Google

chants that have floated down the grey tides of time. It is the burden of the song that drew Cuchulain to Fand, and that Liban sang to wandering Mananan of the waters, and that drew Connla across the red wave, and that led Oisin after Niamh by the spell of lovely words, and of the songs and tales of a hundred others whose memories are green yet in our love.

In that day, as later, it was the enchantment of youth that was the spell. For all the joys of the Land of Promise are the joys of youth. Moy Mell, the Plain of Honey, the poets call it often.

And there are other kingdoms of Faery of which I will not say anything now, but later. Of some none can now speak, for their secret is long ago dust upon the wandering winds. Of such is that wild land of mountainous cliff and climbing surge, where was seen of Cailte the mysterious Battle of the Destroying Birds, with their beaks of bone and breaths of fire, and a wind as cold as a spring-wind issuing from beneath their wings: and where all slew each other with their beaks of bone and breaths of fire. And there is the kingdom guarded by the ramparts of fire, a circle of flame lit every night by three men, who have gifts of wonder: for one can heal all, and another can obtain all, and the third can bring to the hand the secret desire of the heart. These are the three men of the Tuatha Dé Danann who gave their names to Finn, in the Tale of the Oak-grove of the Conspiracy. But the tale has surely a deeper significance: and the first of the men, who says "I am called Dark," is perhaps a personification of Night, and it may be of Sleep or Oblivion; and the second, who says "I am called Strife," is perhaps a personification not only of war, but of adventure and conquest, and the energy that has the lordship of the earth; and the third, who says "I am called the Eagle," is perhaps a personification of the soaring mind and of the imagination—for is it not added in the tale that he had also another gift, a reed of music, that could soothe all the weariness of men and put sleep and dreams upon them, however great their ill?

And if in these lost lands strange and terrible figures appear

Google

at times . . . as the Red Swineherd, and the three Blood-Red Horsemen, and women with hawks' heads, or these dread creatures who are the evil opposites of the Healer and the Maker and the Soother by the Ramparts of Fire, of whom I have just spoken, who, in the story of The Little Rath of the Incantation, appear to Finn and the three battalions of the Fianna, with three spears dropping venom, and venom on all their weapons, on their dress, on their hands and feet, and dropping like sweat from the fells of the three red hounds that go before them . . . there are others and more, with whom meeting is gladness. And there are some noble and beautiful among the most noble and beautiful of all the children of earth: as Etain Fairhair, daughter of Aed Whitebreast, King of the Elf-Mound of Ben Étair, and wife of Oscar the son of Oisin, the story of whose death by the body of her husband and friend and first love is as full of noble beauty as the story of the death of Emer by the body of Cuchulain, when upon each queen *tainic glaisi 's duibe* . . . had "come greenness and darkness"—the same Etain Foltfind who gave so queenly an answer to Finn when the king asked the maiden, "Well, Etain Fairhair, what condition dost *thou* ask from the son of the son of the king-champion, even Oscar?" . . . (Said the damsel) "Never to leave me until my own evil deeds come against me." Or, again, as Cáilte, that true hero, who, when Patrick the Shaven asked him what had so maintained him and his Pagan folk in their heathen life, answered "Righteousness in our hearts, and strength in our arms, and fulfilment in our tongues."

And if one may meet the dread Morrigan, or Maeve that dark queen, one may meet Fand, that white star of love, or Niamh of the tresses, or Findabair that white flower. And there are others, of whom one must not speak overmuch: the Amadan Dhu, the dark Fool of the Secret People; and Bé-mannair, daughter of that very Ainceol of the Tuatha Dé Danann who with his companions appeared before Finn and the Fianna dropping venom . . . herself the she-messenger of the Tuatha Dé Danann, "and 'tis she," as the old Gaelic poet

Google

says, "that shifts into the shape of a *spegduban* and a whale, and forms herself into the semblance of a fly, and of a true lover, both man and woman, so that all leave their secret with her"; or as Aillenn the Multiform, daughter of Bove the Red, the Dagda's son.

And that reminds me that it is only the later poets and story-tellers who confuse the Tuath Dé Danann and the peoples of the Sidhe. For this very Aillenn the Multiform, when she was challenged before Aed, King of Connaught, and his host, answered aright, "I am not an Elfwoman, but one of the *Thuaith Dé Danann*, with my own body about me."

But of these Hidden Kingdoms, and the dwellers in their many realms, and of the peoples of the Sidhe, and the greater and the less, I must say no more now. There is a saying of the Sidhe . . . "the grey feet of the wind go before you!" . . . and that is said when they pass a Cairn of Rest; and that, now, is where I stand.

FIONA MACLEOD.

Google

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

VI

THE later part of the eighteenth and the earlier of the nineteenth centuries witnessed many rebellions from the prescriptions of the classical schools of painting in Japan. There can be no disputing the fact that the older conventions were growing somewhat outworn, and that under the weight of the traditions bequeathed by the great masters from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, the work of the Tosa and Kano schools had fallen too far into pattern and formula. The schools had become much too "official," every court appointment being made from their ranks as a matter of course, the Emperor's painters and keepers of pictures being men of the Tosa school, and those of the Shogun, at his court in Yedo, being all of the Kano school; while a painter who ventured to bring something of himself into his art, to express his own ideas, and to make his own precedents, stood little chance of recognition. Such a state of affairs, as the whole history of art (and of official academies) teaches, may be, and commonly is, bad for the men of courage who stand without the official pale, but it is death, sooner or later, to the art of them that sit safely within. And so, while the painters of the Tosa and Kano schools waxed prosperous, and while their painting multiplied exceedingly, their art died and died by small degrees, and its light dulled away into darkness ere the nineteenth century was well in its teens. There were flickers of bright-

Google

ness, as with Tosa Mitsuyoshi and his son Mitsusada, who died in 1806. And in the Kano school there was still ability, great in Yeisen-in (or Michinobu), and in his son Korenobu, less in Makino Baisen, Isen-in and his son Seisen-in. Seisen-in, also called Yoshin, was the last of the Kano painters in whom any spark of the old fire survived, and he died, undisputed chief of a still numerous school, in 1846, at the age of fifty. The British Museum has a number of very good pictures by this artist, whom Dr. Anderson calls Kano Osanobu, a name unrecognisable by any Japanese, and one which seems to have come into being by reason of a misreading of the characters of the name Yoshin.

But this period of weakness in the Tosa and Kano schools was nevertheless a period of high achievement in Japanese painting, by reason of the performance of the rebels against prescription and recipe, among whom are to be numbered a few of the greatest of the painters of the country. Perhaps it is not strictly accurate to call them all rebels, though that is what they must have been considered at the time; some of them were simply eclectics, who took what seemed best in the old methods, no matter of what school, wherewith to present their own ideas. Among these Tani Buncho may be mentioned first.

"Buncho" was the painter's *go* or professional name, his actual family and personal names being Tani Bungoro. He was born in 1763, his father being a poet and amateur artist, Tani Bunjuro, known publicly as Rokkoku. The boy's first master was a nobleman of high rank, Kato Iyo-no-Kami Bunrei, Daimio of Osu, in whose household the lad would seem to have been placed, as was the manner in feudal times in England. Kato Bunrei was an amateur painter of high ability, a pupil of the Kano school, and when he perceived his page's aptitude for drawing he encouraged it in every way, himself giving the young artist his first lessons. The daimio, however, died in 1782, and Buncho, then nineteen years of age, attached himself to Kitayama Kangen, a painter of Chinese descent, and under him studied the works of the early Chinese masters, and

Google

Magpie on branch, *from a kakemono by Ōtsu Hanabi (Hunter's Collection)*

Google

by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

practised the Chinese style. Later, his studies ranged over the whole field of Sinico-Japanese painting, and his work was greatly influenced by the examples of Mokkei, Sesshiu, and Tanyu. His individual style showed signs of his study of all the old schools, including the Tosa, but it was nearer allied to that of the Chinese school than any other, and for that reason, where Buncho is not classed as a wholly independent artist, founder of a new school, he is placed at the head of his own section of the Chinese school. Without doubt Buncho remains one of the greatest of the Japanese painters, and his work has the nobility of conception that characterised the monochrome masters of the fifteenth century. He made a much freer use of colour, however, than did the older masters, and his colour, indeed, is very beautiful. The power of his brush-stroke is great, his pictorial sense of the highest, and nothing in the whole range of Japanese art is finer than a good landscape by Tani Buncho. But he was not a landscape painter merely; his versatility was extraordinary. Figures (these are rare), flowers, birds, beasts, and fish he drew with equal mastery, and some of his animal studies showed that he was not above receiving a hint from the masters of the recently formed Maruyama and Shijo schools. In Japan Buncho is held in the highest esteem, and I suppose there is not another painter whose work is so extensively imitated and forged, with the single exception of Okio. In the British Museum collection there are sixteen items carrying Buncho's name, and three of them are genuine, in addition to the copy of Sesshiu's *Jurojin*, alluded to in an earlier article. One of the three (No. 822) is very good indeed, and is probably a copy of an ancient Chinese picture. The others are numbered 830 and 836, the one being a landscape and the other a group of sparrows; neither is a first-rate specimen, though, of course, they are good pictures—the landscape the better of the two. The cleverest of the imitations is the landscape numbered 824, and the worst (though this is difficult to say) is probably the *Ghost* numbered 835.

Academy influence prevented the appointment of Buncho

Google

as court painter to the Shogun, a position he was anxious to secure, since it would the better enable him to put new life into the classic schools of painting. But he never lacked for high patronage, and he was made painter to Prince Tokugawa Tayasu, heir-presumptive to the Shogunate, a great amateur of art, and Buncho's most ardent admirer.

Buncho died on the fourteenth day of the second month of the twelfth year of Tempo (which is 1841 in our calendar), at the age of 78. His influence on contemporary painters was great, and he left a number of able pupils, chief among them being Kita Takekiyo. An equally important pupil who predeceased him was Watanabe Kwazan, while Sataké Yeikai, one of the last, died as late as 1874. There were many others, mostly of considerable talent, such as his son Bunji, two of his younger sisters, his daughter Kitsu-ji, Bunkai, Bunki, Untan, Bunyo and Hozen.

Notwithstanding the decadence of the Tosa and the Kano schools in the time of Buncho, another of the classic schools, the Chinese, showed much vigour. Little work was done in monochrome, with the exception of that of Iké Taigado, and some by Noro Kaiseki, but the more brilliantly coloured style of the Ming period was adopted, after the examples of Riurikyo and Chinnanpin. Hara Zaichiu was a notable painter in this manner, as also was his son Zaisho. Both of these subsequently allied themselves to the Maruyama school. Tanomura Chikuden, Onishi Keisai, Okada Kanrin, Tsurukawa Shogi, and Haruki Nammei are but a few of the names of many men who each separately deserve greater notice than space permits me to accord to all of them together. Nammei died in December 1878, at the age of eighty-four.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, and all through the nineteenth, there was constant interchange of influence between the schools, so that it grows difficult to separate them clearly; and many independent artists arose, working on principles of eclecticism. But one school, and that the most characteristically Japanese—I mean the school of Korin—saw

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a most notable revival, and kept its principles unchanged. The revival was due to the example of Sakai Hoitsu, a painter of noble birth, son of the daimio Sakai Uta no Kami. Hoitsu became chief priest of the temple Nishi Hongwanji at Kioto, and as a painter he studied all the schools in turn—a practice that was then, it would seem, growing greatly among students who were able to place themselves under more than one master. He studied the Kano style with Kano Yusen, the Tosa with Tosa Mitsusada, and the new naturalistic school with Nangaku; but he was more attracted by Tani Buncho than by any other contemporary painter. Finally, he decided to revive the style of Korin, which had fallen into disuse soon after the decease of that great painter's immediate pupils.

Hoitsu put his design into practice with results of great splendour. Indeed, I find it hard to disagree with those amateurs who place the work of this chief of his followers on a level with that of Korin himself. There is always a difference, for Hoitsu was no mere imitator. Sometimes he may seem to sacrifice some shade of the amazing force of Korin to secure a sweetness and delicacy of his own; but a glance at his *Crow and Persimmons* in the British Museum collection (numbered 2108) will show that he remains one of the most powerful painters of Japan. This is, indeed, a splendid example of his genius, and it more than atones for the few imitations which accompany it—for, in fact, it is the only genuine Hoitsu in the collection, with the exception of the copy of an old Buddhist picture, numbered 6. The revision of the catalogue, indeed, will occasion some considerable disentangling of the pictures attributed to Hoitsu, which Dr. Anderson's total misunderstanding of the work of the Korin school has put into odd confusion. I have already alluded, in an earlier paper, to his description of the one genuine Korin in the national collection (and a very fine picture) as a "fair example of the worst style of the artist," which he compares unfavourably with the preceding picture in the catalogue—a forgery. Next in the list comes Hoitsu's *Crow and Persimmons*, which passes without

Google

remark. No. 2104 is a figure-piece, bearing the name of Hoitsu, and the pair that follow are pictures of fowls. Dr. Anderson characterises these last as "masterpieces" by Hoitsu, and goes on to say that it is difficult to believe that they came from the same hand as the figure-piece. And so it is, for in truth they did not. The fowls are by Bun-itsu, a pupil of Buncho, are signed with his name, and are not in the Korin style in the least, but should have been catalogued with the Chinese school; while the figure-piece is the work of some unknown forger or copyist. What has attracted Dr. Anderson's eye has been the "naturalism" of the fowls—a quality Hoitsu never aimed at, nor any man of the Korin school. In their own kind the pictures are very good indeed, though one would not give Hoitsu's *Crow and Persimmons* for a waggon-load like them.

So great a part of the beauty of Hoitsu's painting lies in its astonishingly beautiful colour, that I have not illustrated it with a photograph. The singular purity of his tones he attained with the extremest care, and he ensured them at some cost; for though his colours were jealously protected from dust by covers, even while he worked, he would never use a single brushful that was not fresh-mixed for the moment. Many of the old pigments were extremely valuable, and very few painters, even of the first rank, could afford any such expensive care.

Hoitsu published, in the form of woodcuts collected in books, very careful copies of many designs by Korin, as well as a number of very beautiful drawings of his own. He also gathered about him a fair number of pupils, some of whom became artists of high distinction. Perhaps Ki-itsu was the chief, and Ki-itsu's son Shiu-itsu, Ikeda Koson, Ko-itsu and Oho were honourably prominent. Another follower of great merit was Ho-ni; though it is not probable that he was ever a personal pupil of the master, since the latter died in Ho-ni's fourteenth year. But Ho-ni carried his devotion so far that almost the whole of his seals were designed in close imitation of those of Hoitsu, usually differing only in the addition to the

Google

characters of an almost imperceptible short stroke or tick, a thing likely to cause trouble to the European whose knowledge of seals is incomplete. Hoitsu died in 1828, Ho-ni as late as 1884.

It will now be necessary to go back to a time slightly earlier than that of Buncho and Hoitsu, to consider the beginnings of the naturalistic schools to which I have had occasion more than once to allude. In the first of these papers I explained, shortly, the aim of the painters in the classic styles, which was, so far as the representative function of their work was concerned, to present the nature, character, and spirit of the subjects, rather than a mere copy of their external appearances; and in the beginning of the present paper I said that in the eighteenth century the conventions by which these aims had been achieved were grown somewhat outworn. By this, of course, I meant, not that the conventions were any less serviceable or worthy than they had been in all the long history of the art, but that after all those centuries of high achievement, the inevitable period of decline and exhaustion brought with it, as it has always done in the history of all art the world over, the effort to substitute formula for inspiration; so that the conventions, the mere material body in which the soul of the art was made manifest to the world, were offered in the place of the soul itself. Now it is a very wonderful thing that for fifteen hundred years at least, probably for a longer period, the sense of art has never died among the Japanese; never has art in any particular form or manner shown signs of exhaustion or decline, but straightway new men were ready, new forms and methods were devised, and a new period of glorious activity was begun. We have seen how Buncho and Hoitsu found in the languishing traditions of the classic schools all the material for their spirited and successful revivals. It was a little before their time that another great painter made an effort that resulted in the foundation of a new school of painting: indeed, of more than one school. This was Maruyama Okio.

Google

Okio was born in 1733, in the province of Tamba. He began his education as a painter in the studio of Ishida Yutei at Kioto. Yutei was not a bad painter, as has been supposed by many—possibly because of ignorance begotten of the rarity of his surviving works. He was by no means of the first rank, but nevertheless he was a painter of much ability. He was of the Kano school, having been a fellow pupil with Tachibana Morikuni in the studio of Tsuruzawa Tanzan, himself a pupil of Tanyu. But Okio was restless from the beginning, and, having shown much independence of thought even as a student, as a finished painter he made his first important change by adopting the Chinese method. For many years he worked in the older styles, and, indeed, it was in these styles that he produced many pictures which the Japanese place among his most important works. Finally he developed the manner with which his name is chiefly associated in the mind of the European amateur. He professed to cast away most of the older conventions, and go more directly to nature for his lessons; in other words, to paint with a greater regard to exact representation of the appearance of objects to the ordinary eye than was paid by his contemporaries. In this matter he was not a discoverer, nor altogether so radical an innovator as has often been supposed. From the beginning it had been a commonplace of the schools and of the critics that "the art of painting may be pursued according to either of two systems: the one in which the spirit of nature is expressed, and the other in which its outward forms are copied." The first of these systems was favoured by the classic painters as being the nobler; it was pictorial poetry, as contrasted with pictorial reporting. "It must be remembered," says one Japanese writer, "that an over-exact imitation of nature's externals is to be avoided." And the famous scholar and critic, Moto-ori, writes: "There are cases in which a precise reproduction of a thing as it is in nature produces a bad picture, unlike the object delineated. This is the origin of the conventions of the schools, and of the neglect by the masters, in certain cases, of the facts of nature. Hence, too, the value

Google

Early winter Maple branch, from a landscape by Mengqiu (Mo Li Qingfeng's Collection)

Google
Original from

of these conventions, and the perils attending their non-observance." It is perhaps difficult to make the matter clear to anybody but an artist, who well understands that it is not the business of art to effect a transcription of nature, but a translation into its own terms. For the task of nature is function, while that of art is expression purely; so that an artist will draw a horse with the design of expressing, motionless, on a flat surface, the grace, strength, and fleetness of the animal; but nature designs the creature not to express, but to exercise, those qualities, and not on a surface, but moving in the three dimensions of space. In another art, that of literature, I know, by the teaching of experience, that often—even commonly—the artist can best attain the effect of reality by disregarding literal fact. But we in Europe have been so blinded by the needless competition of many painters with the photographer's camera that we find it difficult to understand that anything can be more expressive than a report of external fact. [1]

So that it cannot be too plainly repeated that the classic painters of China and Japan abstained from materialism—or "naturalism" as it is called—not because they could not employ the method, but because they would not. Their reasons will be clear enough to those with the sense of art, and to the rest the reflection may at least be offered that when men of the intellectual calibre of the early masters follow a rule, it is certain that they *have* reasons.

Okio, then, found that the conventions which had served the great painters were now become the masters of the little painters, and when he tore himself from tradition and "went to nature," he made a willing exchange of much of the finer significance of the early artists for the nearer approach to outward nature which he desired. He did not fling overboard all

[1] The competition I speak of is not only needless and the cause of error, but pathetically futile. For, as a certain accomplished painter, a friend of my own, is never tired of repeating, in any attempt to rival the camera on its own ground *the machine must win*.

Google

the old conventions in a bundle, and this has been made a matter of reproach to him by some European critics. He has been said to have failed of the courage of his opinions in retaining certain "useless" conventions. But, in view of his history, to accuse Okio of a lack of courage is to take a rash responsibility, and to me it seems quite plain that Okio used such conventions as he retained because he judged them good. For indeed they were not useless in themselves, but had become useless in the hands of uninspired painters—the bow of Ulysses was useless in the hands of the feebler suitors.

Okio's varied and adaptable manner is not the least of his merits, and it will commonly be noticed that it is in the accessories of his pictures that he used old methods, when he used them at all, with the notable exception of the draperies in figures, wherein he continued to follow the Chinese practice, with certain modifications, to the end of his life. He could use a fine pencil with the microscopic precision of Mitsuoki himself, and he could wield the wide brush with the confidence and effect of the old Kano masters, though scarcely with the same elegant and measured dignity. In his new style he discarded body colour and used transparent natural tints and delicate washes; but in his austere exclusion of unessentials from his pictures he was as strict as the older painters. He was not a great painter because of his new style—indeed I have heard it said that he was great in spite of it: a thing I would not say myself, for the style was as good in its own way as the others in theirs. He was a great painter from the beginning, whether he worked in the old style or the new. Indeed I have a picture of his, dated three years before his death—the original from which No. 2258 in the British Museum collection has been copied—which shows that to the end of his life he was quite willing to revert to the older methods when the subject seemed to demand it. The subject in this case is one of ancient Japanese history, and the painter, therefore, employs enough of the old Yamato methods to leave a picture in a curiously easy blend of the earlier Tosa manner and his own.

Google

Spring and Autumn, *two screens by Mori Sosen (Winter's Collection)*

Google
Original from

I am indebted to Mr. William Gowland for the use of the admirable picture photographed as an illustration, which lent itself to reproduction more readily than anything of my own. It is a very fine exemplar of the firmness, grace, and lightness of Okio's hand, as well as of his poetic conception—the quality which he held in common with the older masters, and the quality which made him their peer, wholly apart from difference of manner.

The forgeries of Okio's work must outnumber those of any other dozen of Japanese painters put together, if we except Buncho and Sosen; and the spurious Buncho and Sosen together cannot equal the number of false Okio. Not only are they pre-eminent in number, but in cleverness, and it is a fact that of the seventeen or eighteen items numbered under Okio's name in the present edition of the British Museum catalogue, not one is genuine.

Okio painted all subjects, though it was with his flowers, birds and fish that he produced his most distinctive compositions. He died in 1795, but his influence remains to-day, and it is in his style, or some modification of it, that almost all the Japanese painters work now.

By Europeans Okio is usually classed, with all his followers, in the Shijo school, and the arrangement is clear and convenient, though incorrect. The actual founder of the Shijo school was Matsumura Goshun or Gekkei, Okio's junior. He was a famous painter in the Chinese manner, and especially esteemed as a teacher. He became, however, so deeply impressed by Okio's work that he changed his style, and it was in his studio in the Shijo (or Fourth Street) in Kioto that the majority of the naturalistic painters of the next generation were taught. He survived Okio by sixteen years. For most practical purposes the Maruyama and the Shijo schools may be considered one, though it is a fact that there were slight differences of manner in the earlier years, and Japanese critics take some trouble to separate the two.

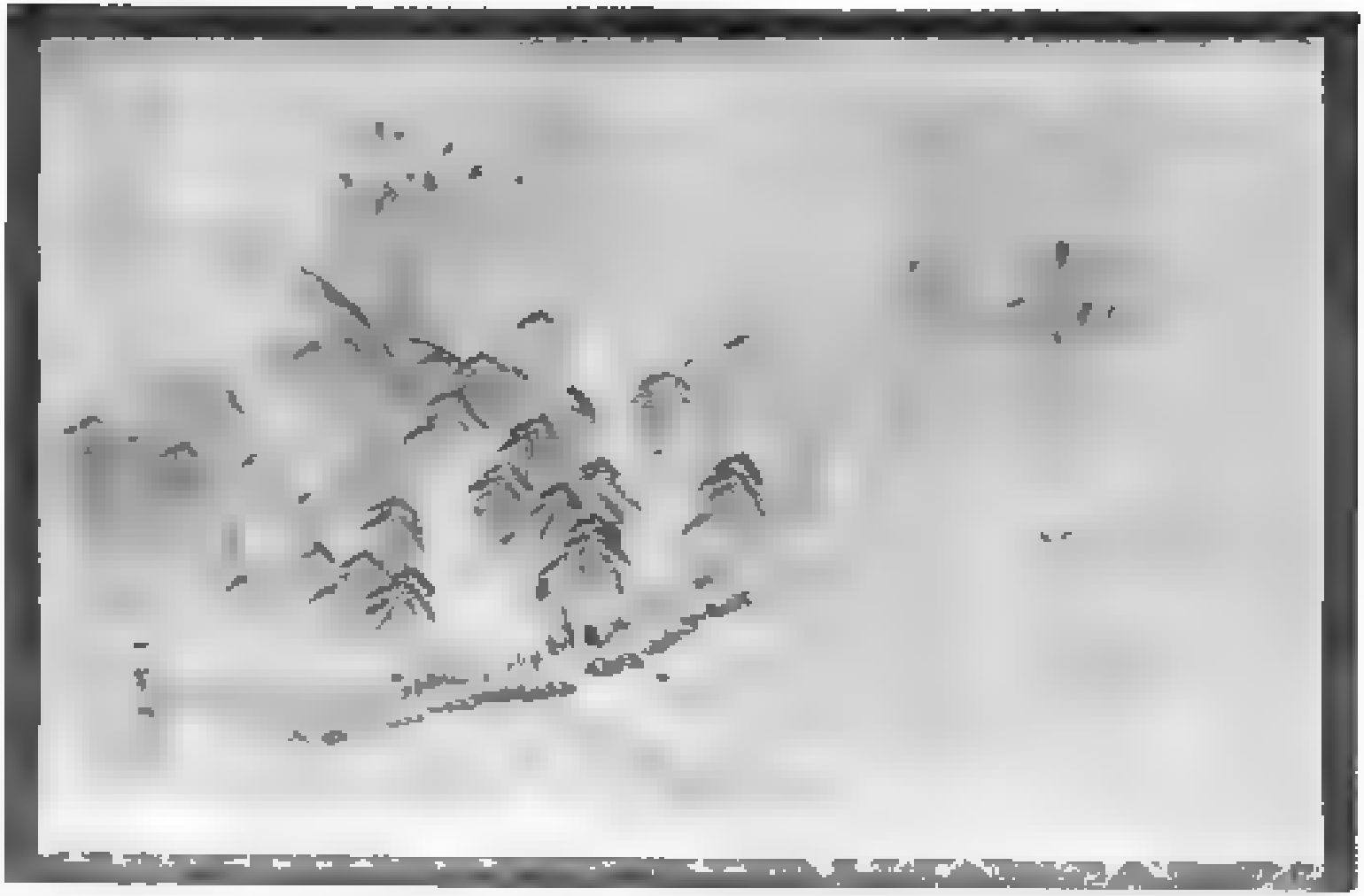
Perhaps Mori Sosen should be considered to belong to the

Google

Maruyama school, since he was influenced by the example of Okio, though he was taught neither by that painter nor by Goshun. He was a native of Nagasaki, who settled in Osaka, and, like Okio, he was taught in the Kano methods. His master was Yamamoto Michitoshi, himself a pupil of Yeisen-in Michinobu. Sosen was speedily attracted by the new style, and he practised it so well as to become the greatest animal painter of the naturalistic school. Sosen "specialised," as people say, in the painting of monkeys, but he was equally able with other animal subjects. He was Okio's superior in the painting of quadrupeds, and I think he was his equal as a painter of birds. In landscape, figures and flowers he never attempted to rival the founder of his school, though he painted flowers and foliage admirably as accessories to his animal subjects. In a painting now in the collection of Kurokawa Shinzaburo, Sosen has brought together in a wonderful group twelve animals — the twelve of the Japanese zodiac. They are the tiger, the ox, the hare, the sheep, the monkey, the snake, the horse, the mouse, the boar, the dog, the dragon and the cock, and it is well-nigh impossible to say which is the best painted of the dozen. Sosen has been too commonly regarded as a painter of monkeys alone, though M. Gonse has done him complete justice in this respect, and very rightly classes him in the first rank of animal painters of all times and all countries.

In studying his favourite subject it was the habit of Sosen to spend months in the woods about Osaka, living on wild fruits and roots, like the monkeys he studied. In the painting of these animals he employed two main modes of execution, the broad and the fine. In the broad style he worked with a large brush in ink on paper, and employed little or no colour. For the fine style he employed small brushes and soft colour, applied to silk. In some of his paintings in the latter style the work is of an inexpressibly minute finish, yet with a general effect as broad and unlaboured as any painting can show. It is impossible to present such work in a process-block, I find,

Google



Morning mists on Arnaldynna, *name unknown by Mary Lyon (Writer's Collection)*

Google
Original from
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

though I had a photograph taken of a picture in Sosen's softest and most minute manner. Instead I am giving an example in a rather less delicate style—an intermediate style which Sosen usually employed in the decoration of screens. It is characterised by "la fermeté mordante de l'expression, la hardiesse d'exécution du pelage hirsute de ces animaux," which M. Gonse has observed; though the enormous reduction—the screen is little short of six feet high—has obscured these qualities in the photograph. Sosen was born in 1747 and died in 1821.

My space will permit little more than hurried mention of certain other of the chief painters of the Maruyama and Shijo schools, though many are of the highest merit. Hoyen, for instance, I think to be the equal of Okio as a painter of birds and flowers, and his superior in landscape; while I have seen some studies of quadrupeds by him which were little inferior to Sosen's best work. Mori Tessan, too, who was Sosen's adopted son, sometimes reached the heights of that master in his pictures of animal life; his work was exceptionally powerful. Mori Yusen was Sosen's son by birth. He died young, so that his work is rare and little known; but it is of very high quality, and I have a kakemono which shows him to have been a very fine and vigorous figure-painter. Nagasawa Rosetsu was originally a painter in the Chinese style, but after studying under Okio he developed a very striking and original style of his own, his effects depending chiefly on boldness of conception and extreme force of execution. His work is not common, probably because of his early death, at the age of forty-five. Genki was another painter who failed to reach old age. He was a particularly fine colourist, and his pictures of women are among the most beautiful of the school. The British Museum has a makimono by this painter, exhibiting a series of interiors haunted by ghosts and goblins. It is numbered 2866 and wrongly ascribed. Mori Ippo, pupil of Tessan, was a very admirable painter of birds, and perhaps even better in landscape. The specimen reproduced in illustration exhibits a

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wonderful delicacy in the rendering of the broken mists, which the process has destroyed. Yamaguchi Soken was a famous figure-painter, some of whose sketches in black were published in a book early in the nineteenth century. Dr. Anderson calls him Sojun—the consequence of an easily made mistake in the reading of the character *ken*, which is almost the same as *jun*. Matsumura Keibun was a younger brother of Goshun, and a very able painter of birds. He became the teacher of Hoyen. Shibata Gito was also a pupil of Goshun. He made a style of his own, retaining certain characteristics of the Chinese school. He died in 1819, leaving several good pupils, among whom Asai Seishiu distinguished himself as an animal painter. Another of Goshun's pupils was Okamoto Toyohiko, or Hogen. He was an admirable landscape painter, whose work is little seen in Europe. He taught Shiogawa Bunrin, one of the best of the landscape painters of the Shijo school, who died a very old man as late as 1877. In the British Museum catalogue Bunrin is erroneously included in the Ganku school. For the rest, I can no more than mention Ozui, Oshin, Oriu, Donkei, Donshiu, Shiuho, Ranko and Kisui.

I have more than once alluded to the Ganku school. This was a far less numerous school of painters than the Maruyama-Shijo school, though it included some painters of high merit, while its founder, Ganku, ranks among the greatest. He was Okio's junior by sixteen years, having been born at Kanazawa in 1749. He was a samurai who at first painted as an amateur, but took to art as a profession when his quality was recognised. He was another great eclectic, basing his style, like Tani Buncho, chiefly on that of the old Chinese masters. But there were other elements, some of his own and some drawn from the Japanese schools. Notably, he seems to have seen the merit of Okio's work, and to have profited by his example. "Naturalism" was in the air, but it is plain that Ganku sought to combine that quality with a greater observance of ancient tradition. He was an admirable draughtsman, and a great colourist; and his brush-work is exceedingly powerful. His

Google

Sparrow on snowy branch, *from a kakemono by Gesshin (Writer's Collection)*

Google

Google
Original from

pictures of tigers have been most talked of, and indeed they are very splendid; but he could paint other subjects equally well. The specimen I have had reproduced is a notable example of his extraordinary technical accomplishment. In this picture the snow has not been painted—the silk has merely been left white, without outline, both on the branch and in the falling flakes. The photograph gives the sky a mottled appearance, but in the original a beautifully even pale wash of lavender-grey has been carried from top to bottom, the snow being left untouched throughout. Any practical painter will understand the astonishing difficulty of this feat: mere blank spots were not enough—it must be *snow*, in character and distribution, and it must not be all in the same plane. The reduction and the process conspire, I fear, to obliterate the extraordinary quality that the painter has given these spots of uncoloured silk; for the original picture, without its mount, is more than three feet high.

Ganku lived to a great age (he died in 1838), and was held in high honour among his contemporaries. The British Museum has one genuine picture of his numbered 2702; but it is not a first-rate specimen.

Chief and ablest among Ganku's pupils was his own son Gantai. He somewhat modernised his father's manner, but used very little colour, working mostly in ink, with slight tints. Birds and monkeys he painted admirably, but he also executed some very good landscapes and figure-pieces.

Among the other painters of Ganku's school, the most important were Ganrio, Aoki Renzan, Yokoyama Kwazan, Mochidzuki Giokusen, and Kawamura Bumpo.

In the early nineteenth century, while the Maruyama, Shijo, and Ganku schools were waxing and flourishing, the Ukioyé school suffered decline, except for the achievement of one great genius—Katsushika Hokusai.

More has been written and said in Europe about Hokusai than about all the rest of the Japanese painters put together; indeed it has sometimes been found possible to erect a small

Google

reputation as an amateur of oriental art on no greater a foundation than a judicious repetition of this painter's name. Volumes—some of them very good—have been written on Hokusai and his work, and I might very easily fill another; but in the space left me I can offer no more than the shortest of summaries.

Hokusai was born at Yedo in 1760, son of Kawamura Ichiroyemon, but at the age of four was adopted by Nakajima Isé, mirror-maker to the family of the Shogun. First assistant to a bookseller, and next an engraver on wood, at the age of eighteen he entered the studio of Shunsho, there to study the art of the painter, which had been his passion from his earliest years. In the beginning he took the name Katsugawa Shunro, and worked in the style of his master, but ere long, like the other young men of his time, he fell under the influence of Kiyonaga. Utamaro was the next painter to influence his manner, but before the beginning of the nineteenth century signs of his more settled style became visible, though it was even later that his final characteristic manner declared itself. Meantime he had broken with the school of Shunsho, and had already made several of those changes of name that mark his career and confuse the student. In the year 1812 appeared the first volume of the famous *Mangwa*, and thenceforward his industry was unceasing. Every subject that ever painter attempted Hokusai made his own—for this extraordinary man was, as it were, a specialist in every department. Landscape, figure, flowers, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, groups, crowds—Hokusai was master of all. But, as I have said in an earlier paper, he lacked that classic perfection of touch that was the glory of the ancient masters. Perhaps he did not desire it; for of all things he was an innovator, a revolutionist, a breaker with tradition, an uncompromising materialist. As a great draughtsman the whole world has recognised him; as a painter he is not held among the greatest by the Japanese critics. For he would do everything in his own way, and his brush-work was of his own invention, and like nothing that went

Google

Seller of New Year Poems, in ancient ceremonial dress.
From a kakemono by Hokusai (Weber's Collection)

Google

Google
Original from

before it. It is always spirited, various, vigorous, and expressive, and sometimes it is even noble—the specimen I have had reproduced is an example. But in general it fails of the dignified elegance of the classic masters—even at its best it lacks some final shade of quality. No man, however great, can afford to fling wholly aside the teaching of the centuries, the traditions of ages of high culture. But I must not be thought to undervalue Hokusai. He was not the greatest of his country's painters, as some have said; but he was indeed one of the greatest, and truly he deserved to reach that perfection which was the object of his ceaseless toil, but which has never been achieved by mortal man, nor can be. His drawing shows an amazing research, resource and subtlety of expression, and though his colour varied in quality at times, at its best it was superb. He could draw a simple unshadowed outline in ink, and could yet express and differentiate the planes with extraordinary exactness, by means that seem like magic. In his great series of printed landscapes, the *Fuji San-jiu-rokkei*, the *Waterfalls*, and the *Bridges*, he presents an astonishing succession of decorative compositions suggested by the scenery of Japan, in a convention wholly his own. It is a convention of great boldness, often of audacity; it disregards one thing after another that Westerns are apt to esteem as essential in drawn landscape, and it often makes its subject nothing more than an excuse for a decorative arrangement of line and mass and colour. But I can afford no space for particularisation; one might write a Hokusai Encyclopædia and still leave something unsaid. Moreover, little can be said with effect except in presence of the man's diverse works themselves, while even of such reproductions as are possible I have space only for one. That is a good one, and it shows Hokusai's brush-stroke at its best; but to illustrate his work passably I should need a dozen at least of differing subjects and styles of treatment. The picture photographed was executed when Hokusai was sixty-seven years of age, and just fully entered on his final development of manner. The original is more than four feet

Google

high, and it is tinted with colours of extreme faintness and delicacy.

Hokusai died in 1849, at the age of ninety, by the Japanese method of computation. During his long and indefatigable life he used, among others, these names, titles and signatures, which I have placed roughly in their chronological order: Katsugawa Shunro; Gumbatei; Mugura Shunro; Hishigawa Sori; Hokusai Sori; Shinsai; Hokusai; Gwakiojin Hokusai; Hokusai Tokimasa; Katsushika Hokusai; Taito; Hokusai Taito; Katsushika Tamekadzu (or I-itsu); Fuzenkio Tamekadzu; Kiorojin Tamekadzu; Manji; Gwakiorojin (the old man mad with—or on—painting); and Gwakiorojin Manji.

He exercised a considerable influence on contemporary and succeeding Ukioyé artists, and he had many notable pupils. The *Katsushika Hokusai den* gives a list of forty-five, who are well, or fairly well known, and I think I could name enough more to bring the number to fifty; but here I may mention only a few of them. Yanagawa Shigenobu was one—a painter of much talent, who married one of Hokusai's daughters, herself an artist of ability. Shigenobu was an excellent book-illustrator, and he also published some good prints. For long he worked in a manner strongly informed with his master's influence, but later he used a style nearer that of the Utagawa painters of his time.

Hokkei was one of the ablest of Hokusai's pupils—perhaps quite the ablest; though he clung with such tenacity to the master's manner—often so closely as to make it difficult to distinguish the work of the two men—that Hokuba must be placed above him, if individuality is to be accounted a quality. Teisai Hokuba was first a Kano painter, but, attracted by Hokusai's overmastering genius, he entered that painter's school. Nevertheless, with all his admiration for Hokusai, and with all his desire to learn what Hokusai had to teach, Hokuba never allowed himself to become a mere copyist of his master. He retained the sweetness of drawing and the quality of brush-work which he had learned in his own school, and his

Google

work was always his own, and always excellent. Thus it is that there exist pictures of Hokuba's best which are superior to some of Hokusai's own which are not of the best executed by the greater genius. The Japanese amateurs esteem Hokuba highly, as a painter who could use the new manner without sacrificing the qualities of the old. He could sketch with a rapidity and dexterity that were extraordinary even among Japanese painters—which is saying much; and he could draw equally well with either hand. He drew female figures with great grace and distinction, his colour was charming, and he could paint with the most delicate touch or with dashing force, as the occasion demanded. The British Museum collection has two or three very good specimens of his work, perhaps the best being *The Gods of Good Fortune*, numbered 1762. This picture, however, is *not* painted and mounted in burlesque of the Buddhist pictures, as the catalogue states. The Museum also has several very interesting works of Hokusai himself; but I think that the "show-piece"—the large *Tametomo and Demons*—although a fine and powerful picture, is in some respects inferior to the admirable little sketches numbered 1772 to 1776. These sketches are altogether characteristic, and so far from "approaching the style of the Korin school," as a note in the catalogue suggests, they are not in the least like anything that Korin ever did.

The Museum has one drawing by Hokkei which is very good indeed, and shows how completely that admirable painter surrendered himself to his master's influence. In grace Hokkei is often the equal of Hokusai himself, but he is the great man's inferior in strength and variety.

Gakutei was another notable pupil. His work has much dignity and a very admirable decorative quality. Much of his best work is seen in *surimono*—very carefully executed colour prints used to convey personal felicitations, much in the manner of our own birthday and New Year cards.

Shinsai and Katsushika Taito were pupils on whom Hokusai conferred names of his own, to the confusion of

Google

amateurs who are in the habit of giving too great heed to signatures and too little to personal qualities of execution; Hishikawa Sori was another. Hokusu, Hokujiu, Hoku-un, Hoku-itsu, Bokusen, Hokuga, Hokuyei, Isai, Utamasa, Hokusen—these are the names of a few of the more notable among the rest of the pupils of the "painting-mad old man."

The decline in the Ukioyé school came about chiefly among the followers of Toyokuni. Toyokuni died in 1825, leaving a son, a painter who till then had used the name Toyoshigé. The son at once dropped his own name and took that of his father, signing prints and drawings with the name Toyokuni, usually with nothing to distinguish it from the signature of the older artist except a difference of handwriting, but sometimes with the prefixed name Gosotei. In fact, he "carried on his father's business," as we might say, precisely as Utamaro's had been carried on by his pupil and successor Koikawa Shuncho. In 1844, upon the death or retirement of Gosotei Toyokuni, Kunisada, another pupil of the first Toyokuni, took up the name, and became known, not as the third, but as the second Toyokuni. This little complication, which was first cleared up in English print by Mr. E. F. Strange in his book on the colour-prints, has caused sad confusion among collectors. The work of Gosotei Toyokuni, the actual second, has been ascribed sometimes to the first, sometimes to the nominal second Toyokuni; and it was a print by Gosotei that Dr. Anderson reproduced in his small book on colour-prints as a specimen of the work of the first of the name; while many persons—especially dealers who wished to trade on the name—have lumped the works of all three together as the production of one man. Kunisada, the nominal second, but actual third Toyokuni, was one of the best of the pupils of the first of the name, and perhaps, in virtue of his enormous production, the most important. His early pictures are by far his best, and, while he was always an able man, his work grew coarse and violent in obedience to popular taste as the nineteenth century progressed. The colour-prints, as a fact, in Kunisada's time were bought by a

Google

lower and more ignorant class than that which had absorbed the production of Harunobu and Kiyonaga in the eighteenth century, and the publishers insisted on consulting the taste of this larger and lower public. Consequently the artist who endeavoured to maintain the ancient quality of work was doomed to lose employment. So Kunisada (as also other painters with him) resigned himself to the inevitable and pot-boiled with all his energies. Figures, faces, colours—everything became modelled on the fashions of the popular theatre; and the blobby-headed women who appear in the later prints are merely exaggerated representations of popular actors who took female parts. Many of these prints have great merit in their dramatic composition, vigour, and sometimes in their striking colour, but they are a world's width away from the productions of the older men. Kunisada, abler than many of his contemporaries, made a deeper plunge than any. His industry was enormous, and he—or his pupils for him—must have turned out several pictures a day for years together; the compositions often being unscrupulously "cribbed" from earlier works by other men.

A pupil of Toyokuni who had no part in this degeneration was Kunimasa, who seems to have died early. His portraits of actors are often equal to the best of his master's. Kuniyoshi was another pupil of great merit. Indeed, he struggled long against the prevailing tendency, and suffered for it; and when at last he succumbed his descent was far less than Kunisada's. Many of his pictures of war-scenes are admirable in their spirit and force. Kunimitsu, Kuninao, Kunimaru, Kunitsugu and Kunitada were other notable contemporaries. Kuninaga was a very clever pupil of Toyokuni, but he died young and his work is rare.

Kikugawa Yeizan was a painter who issued many prints early in the nineteenth century. Groups of women and children were his favourite subjects, and many of his works are excellent. But he deteriorated with the rest, and while his best is fine work his worst is very poor indeed. Almost the

Google

same may be said of his pupil Keisai Yeisen, who, however, did some very good landscape work.

But the chief landscape painter of the Ukioyé school in the nineteenth century, after Hokusai, was Hiroshigé. He was a pupil of Utagawa Toyohiro, and an artist of much merit in many branches. But his chief work was in landscape, in the treatment of which he evolved a bold and effective convention, adapted to the exigencies of colour-printing from wood blocks. He achieved excellent and truthful effects by means of great simplicity and directness—often in flat defiance of all established practice and principle; and he used the bright colours popular in his time with rare discretion. There is a good kakemono of his painting in the British Museum, numbered 1756. He died in 1858, leaving a pupil who used his name, and is known as the second Hiroshigé. The pupil was much inferior to the master, but there has been much confusion between the work of the two men, largely owing to their having collaborated in the production of prints toward the end of the life of the first Hiroshigé.

Three important painters remain to tell of, and three only; but that in space too small for any one of them. First there is Kikuchi Yosai. The second of the two names was that he assumed as an artist, his true family and personal names being Kikuchi Takeyasu. He was a man of noble family, and he could trace his descent for a thousand years. Many of his ancestors—Kikuchi Takekiyo, Kikuchi Takefusa, Kikuchi Takeshigé, Kikuchi Takemitsu and Kikuchi Takemasa among them—figure among the five hundred and seventy heroes of Japan in Yosai's great book the *Zenken Kojitsu*. Yosai, who was born in 1787, was another of the great eclectics, though European writers—except M. Gonse—have always included him in the Shijo school, for no particular reason that I have been able to discover. In Japan he is known for what he was—a wholly independent artist, who founded his own school. Like almost all the great eclectics of the last two centuries, he sprang from the Kano school originally, having entered the

Google

Minamoto no Yoshi-ye warned by the flight of wild geese, from a screen by Kawori Sosai (Walters Collection)

Google
Original from

studio of Takata Yenjo at the age of eighteen. After his "grounding" in the Kano style, he studied in turn the style of Okio, that of Tani Buncho, and that of the early Tosa painters. After which he went on a tour through all Japan, visiting all the temples—the storehouses of the great pictures—and attentively studying their treasures. Then at last he sat down to evolve his own style, in which it is possible to trace the influence of all the best in the art of his country, and, in fact, some little of the art of Europe; though this last element was slight indeed, and never affected the essentially Japanese character of the work. In Yosai's pictures, as M. Gonse has said, the subject and the composition play a greater part than in the work of any other Japanese painter. Technically, Yosai was one of the most dexterous and certain of all the painters of his country, and his brush-line is full of expression and suggestion. The specimen of his work which is reproduced with this paper is a large kakemono in brilliant colour, painted in his middle period. It loses much in reduction to black and white, since the solidity of the painting and the firm standing of the figures depend largely upon the quality of colour-value which the Japanese call *notan*. By way of illustrating Yosai's wonderful versatility, I thought of printing a photograph of another picture of his by the side of this, but I found it all too delicate for the process. The picture I speak of represents a hillside in evening mist, with a deer and a dim tree. The scene is expressed in fine washes of grey of inexpressible delicacy and subtlety of tone.

For a summary of the qualities of this great artist I can do no better than quote the words of M. Gonse—for indeed it is in French that some things concerning pictures can best be said. Yosai's style, says M. Gonse, was a "style éclectique, indépendant, et en même temps fortement individuel, mélange heureux de spiritualisme raffiné et de réalisme scrupuleux. Une conception poétique toujours élevée, toujours imprévue; une sorte de philosophie sereine, une connaissance intime des caractères sociaux et humains de ses

Google

compatriotes, de larges et hardis coups d'aile dans le champ de l'ideal : tel est le concours de hautes qualités qui composent le talent de Yosai."

Yosai died, full of years and honours, in 1878, at the age of ninety-one. He left a few pupils—Matsumoto Fuko and Watanabe Shotei (often called Seitei) among them—but none of abilities even distantly comparable to his own. Beside his great book, *Zenken Kojitsu*, he illustrated two books of poetry, *Shishiu* and *Kashiu*. His influence as a figure painter is upon every Japanese artist painting now, and many a young painter to-day owes his income, or some of it, to the industrious production of excellent imitations of Yosai's work —and signature.

Shibata Zeshin, famous as a lacquerer, died as late as 1891, at the age of eighty-five. He painted in a style of his own, in some way a modification of the Shijo manner—a style well exemplified in the makimono numbered 2364 and 2365 in the British Museum collection. The two kakemono in the same collection attributed to him (one of which is reproduced in colour in Dr. Anderson's *Pictorial Arts of Japan*) are spurious.

Kawanabé Kiosai, who died in 1880, ends the list of the Japanese painters with any claims to the remembrance of future ages. He was a pupil first of Kuniyoshi, then of Kano Tohaku Aishin; never of Hokusai, as is frequently stated. His manner was derived equally from the two schools in which he studied, and his dexterity of execution was amazing. Humour was one of his great qualities—delirious sometimes, always eccentric. Many of his comic sketches of animal life show wonderful observation and research, and at the same time are full of irresistible fun. A swarm of grotesque demons was a favourite subject of his, of which the British Museum collection can show many examples. I think his weak point was his colour. It was never bad, but at its best it was no more than fairly good. But as a draughtsman he must always stand high.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGA

Hindu, painting of a soldier on foot, and a cavalryman, from the Akbarnama (Book of Akbar) (Collection)

Google

Google
Original from

Of the painters of the present it is not now my business to speak. There is no man who has yet made himself known who can be placed in the same class with even the second-rate among the painters of whom I have written. There are some hopeful young men, it is true, and if they will but remain Japanese, and refrain from the attempt to be both occidental and oriental together, we may see great work from some of them yet.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

Google

DANNY

LXXVIII

THE LAIRD KEEPS HIS KIRK

IT was a harsh and haggard day, full of the presage of winter and Death coming to cast its shadow everywhere.

A ghost of a murdered wind wandered forlornly betwixt earth and heaven, seeking rest and finding none; only the dead leaves hearkened to its wail, and pattered and chattered and wrung dry hands in unavailing sympathy. The moors turned a dark face skywards, and afar, seen through the Throat of the Hills, the sea lay dull and grey as smoked steel; and above the bellying sky was big with snow.

Through the yellowing park, where the bents showed rusty, lean and withered, the pair marched Kirk-wards; and Danny led the way. Herald-wise he marched before, holding his master by the hand as it were, and pioneering him with as tender a chivalry as ever Missie of old. There might be death in the day, and the wail of winter in the wind; but he was gay because his lord was once more abroad, and he, Daniel, son of Ivor, had come forth from his week's vigil to feel again upon his brow the Breath of God and smell once more the sweet savour of earth, wet woods, and wind-sweetened moors.

So he swaggered in front, brandishing his tail as a young knight swings his sword in the van of the fight. Now he marched merrily with three-cornered hoppings, one hind-leg tucked up from contact with the cold earth; now he looked

*** Copyright by Alfred Ollivant, 1902.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]A

back over his shoulder at the gaunt figure tottering behind, and grinned delight at him with dear eyes; now he made halt and stood, with sentinel ears, knightly, alert, gazing up at dull uplifted Lammermore, and his battle-fields of old.

So they went, down the long drive, all among the dead leaves, to the sound of tolling bells, the gaunt old plaid-muffled man and gay herald in grey until they came to the great gates.

. . . . . .

Before their cottages in the street, the village clustered, in weekday disarray. There was a hush upon each muttering group, a sense of awe easy to perceive; but though the bell tolled on and on, urging them to Kirk, no man went in to don his Sabbath blacks, and the women stood slatternly, unbuttoned, nursing their babies.

The great gates at the street-end swung back upon their hinges and clanged.

The people turned.

Down the cold street came one like the Shadow, and Danny led him by the hand.

A woman, a baby at her breast, and horror in her eyes, stood in the centre of the street and pointed with dumb fore-finger; then of a sudden her tongue was loosed and she began to scream.

Buirdly great Hector, the herd, stood with gaping mouth like one turned to stone.

"Hell!" he gasped. "Himself!" and coming to life, plunged recklessly through the frightened mob, tearing his coat off as he went.

A panic ensued. There rose up to the chill sky the noise of women who scream and clutch their children as they fly; in the street was the mutter, jostle, and shrill clamour of a stampeding crowd.

Deliberate, fell as fate, the Laird tramped on; and the people fled before him screaming, like wild-fowl before a winter blast.

As he drew near the Kirk, the people burst forth from their

Google

cottages—doddering old men, comely young mothers, fearful-eyed children with flying hair. The men were thrusting into their coats, and many a one carried his neck-scarf in his mouth; the women were throwing shawls about their naked heads, and buttoning as they ran; jostling his Honour and each other in their hurry to be in God's Sanctuary before that slow-marching old man.

Under the grey-browed porch into the Kirk passed the Laird, unhurrying still, the shawl about his mouth and eyes that seemed not to see; his herald still before him.

Slow still and terrible, he tramped to his pew; and Danny led him to the door of it, turned there, and trotted down the aisle, to take his place in the porch and keep the door; and the door was shut.

In his pew the Laird turned, his cloak swept about him, his mouth still muffled, and numbered his panting people; and there was one gap in the ranks of the worshippers.

LXXIX

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

An hour later the congregation trooped out; sullen, cowed, and with frightened eyes. Last of all came the Shepherd of his sheep. Forth he tramped like some Grand Inquisitor, sure of his prey. In the little grey-roofed porch he stayed, bleak and black and gaunt, like some old harbour-ridden man-of-war. There he wound the plaid about his mouth and lower face until only above its folds were seen the rugged brow, and dour eyes peering forth on to the harsh sky without.

So he stood a moment in the very gate of God's sanctuary, before launching into the pitiless grey day.

"Danny!" he called, his voice muffled in his shawl, and waited a moment for the Keeper of the Door to uncurl from the bench within the porch as ever and join him; and he waited in vain.

Google

He turned, and peered into the porch, where already a greyness of failing day gathered.

Upon the bench there was no Keeper of the Door, curled as sometimes and asleep. He called again; and then remembered that once before the little man had come to meet him in the aisle, the service ended, and dallying behind, had been locked into the empty Kirk.

He went back to the door, unlocked it, and looked in.

The Kirk was deserted as a vault. Dusk was falling in the sombre pews, the black old timbers of the roof, and the austere walls. He could just discern the lectern, dark in the dusk, and fashioned with shadowy wings; the windows plain as the sky without; and dimly seen, against the eastern end, a cross of white flowers placed there, in Missie's memory, Sabbath in and Sabbath out, these nine years, by the faithful Woman.

Huskily he called. There came to him no answering patter of busy feet hustling down the aisle.

He turned, locked the door, and passed into the porch again; and he was greatly troubled. Never before in nine long years of Sabbath and Kirks kept unceasingly had the Keeper of the Door failed him before.

Then he gathered himself, and, his plaid muffled about mouth and shoulders, went out into the Kirk-garth. During the service there had fallen a feathering snow. All about the land lay badger-pied. The flanks of the weather-beaten hills were white; and the larch copses stood on the hillsides primly like spinsters poudrées at a ball; while the mounds in the Kirk-garth showed white upon the weather-ward side.

The Laird tottered forth into the cold. Tall he stood among the tombstones, peering with old eyes.

"Danny!" he called hoarsely, and again "Danny!" to no effect.

"He is none there!" said a voice.

He turned to the people.

They now huddled by the rowan-tree gate, waiting his advent in fearful hush.

Google

Standing among the whitened graves, tall and quavering in the falling evening, he cried across to them—

"Who spoke?"

None answered.

He drew a step closer.

"Has any among ye seen Danny?" he asked.

At the words tongues were loosed. Each was officious to aid with information, each was jealous to make himself conspicuous in the cause. They jostled, wrangled, lied, and counter-lied, till the Laird stilled the babble with a word and turned to Andra' Gilliray.

That old man testified garrulously that the Keeper of the Door had not been in his wonted place when he, Andra', came out first of the congregation.

A grimness came over the face of the Laird like a cloud.

"Ye was there then?" he asked.

"Certainly I was so," cried the aggrieved old man.

"Last in," said the Laird, "and first out, eh?"

"Mr. Heriot kens I'm on in years," said honest Andra'. "I canna run so fast as some of the young billies."

Then from among the people in the road a voice broke on the silence.

"Mr. Heriot is standing on a grave."

The old man turned.

"Eh?" he called.

"Mr. Heriot is standing on a grave," repeated the voice.

"There's no grave here," said the Laird, peering blindly at his feet. "There's no headstone."

"There's no headstone," replied the voice, "but there's a grave;" and added, "Mr. Heriot is standing on the dead."

"Who lies here?" said the Laird.

There was a moment's silence, then the voice replied,

"Minnie."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LXXX

THE LAIRD'S LAST WORD

THE Laird moved off the grass and on to the path.

Then he came quavering down the path and stood upon the slips above the people in the road beneath.

"Is that Simon Hogg?" he asked.

"Like enough," said the voice.

"Step out here!" ordered the Laird, the grimness falling on him like a frost.

He with the flaming head at the back of the crowd made no move, but the people fell away from him as he had been a leper, and he was left standing alone.

The Laird on the steps above him under the rowan-tree gate regarded him.

"I wished a word with you," he said; and came down the steps, slow, tentative, one foot leading, like a child.

"A-well, I'm here," said Simon, breathing hard.

"You have not kept your Kirk," said the Laird, grimly nodding.

"And I just have," said Simon, still breathing hard, and very white.

"Ye were not there when I numbered," said the Laird.

"I ken nothing o' yer numberings," retorted Simon doggedly. "I just was there."

"You would have me believe Danny admitted you?" asked the Laird—"after the door was shut?"

"I'd have you believe that Danny was none there."

The Laird eyed him steadily, pausing on a step.

"He was none there, was he not?" he said. "Where was he?"

"On the hill," said Simon, whispering and white.

"On the hill!" said the Laird. "How d'ye ken that?"

"I saw him," said Simon, nibbling and watched the other fearfully.

Google

"Either you are lying," said the Laird, "or you have not kept your Kirk. Ye couldn't be on the hill spying Danny, when ye was in the Kirk at worship."

"I was in the Kirk!" cried Simon. "Was I not?" appealing to the people.

"He was so, your Honour," corroborated old Andra'; and others backed the old man's word.

"If you was at Kirk," said the Laird, inexorably, "ye came in after the door was shut."

The youth thrust forth a leering face.

"Did I so?" he cried, and fixed the other with lank accusing finger. "If I did so how came he to admit me? If I cam' late," he cried, insolent in triumph, "what gar'd him let me through? Tell me that, you that publish me for a liar before these folks."

"And anyway," continued the Laird, unmoved, "you was not where you should have been when you should have been."

"Same as Danny," cried the youth.

"—And so," continued the Laird, "you will come to me the morn and I will have a last word with you before I go." He tramped down the steps, and passed through the village-herd, without a word.

Up the wintry street he marched, solitary, grim shadow of a man, the tails of the plaid behind him, tugged at by the wind.

"Will I tell Mr. Heriot where he will find Danny?" whispered a voice behind.

He turned to find Simon at his heels, dogging him like the shadow of a shadow.

The Laird marched on.

"He is on the hill," said Simon, and drew close to the Laird's heels.

"Will I tell you what he is at?" he continued.

The Laird marched on, mouth-muffled and with downward eyes.

"He is after Her," said Simon, and drew to the Laird's elbow.

They had come to the great gates. Through the bars of

Google

them the park lay grizzled, the bents thrusting lean arms through a coverlet of snow.

Half a mile away, at the foot of Lammermore, stood the house, bleak, many-windowed, severely square, and dingy against the background of unaccustomed white.

The Laird's old hand, great, grey and ungloved, was on the gate; and Simon's hand was on his Honour's arm.

"Will I tell ye *just* where ye'll find him, if ye seek?" the youth whispered, hoarsely urgent.

The Laird turned.

"Hands off"! he cried, his voice muffled in the plaid.

Simon did not withdraw his hand, clutching him as with the Hand of Death.

"See yon bushie up away under the brant of the brae?" he whispered, pointing. "A-well, seek him there, and you might happen on him," he whispered, and pushed pale eyes into the other's, "*or Her.*"

The Laird passed through the great gates.

He turned and shut them, and they clanged behind him like the gates of Doom; then he looked through the bars.

"We meet again," said he to him, who stood without, "the morrow."

"The morrow," echoed Simon—"if it comes," and stood watching at the gate.

LXXXI

A THREAD OF FATE

The Laird hurried, tottering along the drive.

All the Grand Inquisitor was left behind the clanging gates; he was once more the old-maid-man, fretting for the companion of his age. And as he went ever and anon he paused, straightened his shoulders, and cried in a voice, shrill somewhat, and querulous—

"Danny! Danny, man!"

Where the drive bends in long loop southward, and to the

Google

North the woods thrust down from Lammermore, like a headland into the sea, he struck off on to the grass, and made across for the house, bleak-faced beneath the brae.

Skirting the borders of the wood, he paused, breathing uncertainly. The wind was in his face and he walked with bowed face hardly, his feet giving back beneath him in the snow.

As he drew near the borders of the wood a gust of snow flicked him sharply in the face. He bent to it, and as he lowered his face he saw at his feet a track in the snow.

Blindly he stopped to examine it; and even as he did so the wind and snow slurred the trail beneath his eyes. Yet he could see that there were two tracks in the snow meeting and merging at his feet. One led down the hill from out of the wood a few yards above—the spidery, three-toed footing, this, of a bird: the other, round, firm, four-toed and thumbed, was that of some greater creature of the woods, easy to recognise. Just where he stood the two tracks met and clashed. There was a medley of feet, three-toed, four-toed, and confused as though the two, meeting suddenly, had been thrown into a tangled skein; and across it all a smudge as though one with large brush had tried to wipe out the evidences of crime and failed. For in the heart of the smudge was a single stain as though a drop of red rain had fallen on the snow.

In the dusk the Laird bent and peered. A feather, like a curl from the head of some silver-haired cherubim, danced and drifted to his feet. He picked it up; and knew his fears confirmed. She was at her wicked work again this Sabbath evening; and of a certainty not far.

He gathered himself, his eyes grim above the mufflings of his shawl, and looked around.

All about him the park lay like a great white sea flowing up, ghostly and still, lapping the dark fringes of the wood. It fell away from his feet, as the sea falls away in white retreat from the borders of the land, surging and ceasing and surging again in the distance in long uncertain swell.

Google

Upon the waste of white there was one blot. A hand's cast beneath him stood a lonely island brake, of thorn and fern and bramble, not so large but a score of maidens joining hands might encircle it.

It stood out in the dimness, solid, swart, as it were, a rock black amid white breakers.

It was to that very thicket that Simon, standing at the gate, one cold hand clutching his arm, had pointed, so the Laird remembered.

Now he made towards it, and even as he went he was aware of tracks, round, four-toed, firm, that had turned and doubled back on themselves, and now led him unfaltering to that dark harbourage.

Slowly the Laird followed the trail with downward eyes; and ever as he went he made pause, calling for Danny, not loud indeed lest he should disturb Her harbouring there, as harbour there She did, he made no doubt; mindful still of the word of Simon Ogg.

So he followed the track; ever pausing to call and call more urgently.

If Danny would but come, and together they could mark Her home in the heart of the thicket; then he had Her beyond hope of escape. For Danny the Warrior, Knight of the Shield of Snow, Danny, Valiant Heart, Danny, Lover of the Faithful Eyes, Danny, the Bayard of the Northern Chivalry, would hold her fast for ever, if need be, and if need be would spend himself in the cause as gayly as ever did Cavalier for his King, or true Knight for his Lady; and while his Warden held Her there faithfully he, the Laird, would hurry home for Robin and the gun.

So, calling, he came to the thicket; and there the trail lost itself. The Laird peered into its darkness and thrust in his umbrella.

The point struck something soft. He forked it out. It lay at his feet upon the snow, a bundle of disordered feathers and lank neck.

Digitized by Google

The Laird picked it up, breathing raucously.

It was fresh slain. A drop of blood like a bead was at its beak; but it had taken Death less calmly, so it seemed, than its fellow-victims. The feathers on its neck were shaken out like a ruff; and the body-plumage discoloured; but the earth-stains were on the feathers, to show it had been hastily interred according to the killer's custom.

He made a round of the island thicket. If the murderer had bolted there must be tracks in the snow; but there were no tracks.

She was there then. He bent and peered into the thicket, and almost thought he saw two eyes like stars in the heart of the darkness, set on him fixedly.

He walked to the edge of the thicket, stood there, his face upwards towards the woods, and pulling the shawl from over his mouth, called: "Danny, man! Danny!" urgent yet soft, and circled once again the thicket.

"Danny, man! Danny!" he cried again, standing now once more on the northernmost edge of the thicket, his face to the woods—"Danny, man! Danny!"

Behind him a twig snapped.

He turned sharply. Standing at gaze he thought he saw a shadow, stealthy-footed, shooting out of the thicket and away into the evening; but even as he looked a flicker of snow whipped his face and blurred his old eyes.

Hurriedly he retraced his steps, and on the weatherward side came on what he sought. A chain of black dots, like a thread of fate, ran across the snow which a moment since had been virgin of any stain.

"Danny!" he called. "Danny!" hurriedly tottering in pursuit across the snow.

Some score yards from the thicket the track ran away down a short incline into a peat-hag.

On the brow of the slope the Laird stayed and stood in the dimness, the wind tugging at his shawl, and called:

"Danny, man! Danny!"

Google

The snow had ceased again and the land lay round about lapped in white; while that fatal thread lay like a wheal across its face.

From his feet it ran down the short steep, in bold black dots as though of ink; sneaked along at the bottom, where the bents raised lean heads above the snow; threaded brokenly with many a gap mid bog-myrtle and little pools, peering black-eyed through the snow; and in the heart of the bottom came to a sudden end in Danny.

LXXXII

LANCELOT

In the centre of the hollow he was standing ankle-deep in snow.

At halt he stood with half-cocked ears, hearkening, as it were, to a call that comes he knows not whence.

With half averted face, upon a hairy tussock islanded in a black-eyed pool, he stood like a grey king on his throne; and the snow was on his brow like a crown of diamonds. Languid, yet alert, he hearkened; languidly he throbbed, hanging out a delicate pink tongue, as often on a summer's day, though now the wind crept like a comb through his coat to ruffle it.

On the brow above him stood the Laird. One hand was on the shawl that wound about his mouth; and his fingers twitched and twitched unconsciously, as though to pull it down. For the rest he might have been one dead. The face was grey as of a corpse, and as emotionless. No colour waxed there or waned, no consciousness ruffled that dead calm, and in his eyes the stark and dreadful look of one who looks into Hell and sees there his own soul among the lost.

So he stood, like a grey-clothed corpse on the white brow. The shawl wound his mouth like death cerements, the wind tugged at the frayed ends of it: and from his hand the lank-

Google

necked corpse, swinging in the wind, as from a gallows-tree; while in the hollow beneath, the grey knight, with half-averted face, hung out a languid tongue and throbbed.

At last the Laird drew breath—long, slow, wavering, such as Lazarus may have drawn when first he came forth from the grave and gate of death.

The Life withdrawn flowed back. Over the dead face it crawled slow-footed as the tide. The fingers at his mouth ceased to twitch and were still. He closed his eyes and stood with blind face, uplifted to the callous sky.

Then he dropped his chin again and looked.

Beneath him still with half-averted face, the dust of diamonds on his brow, he stood who once Missie had tucked beneath her arm—dear sea-grey babe with the fond eyes; nor seemed to see the figure like a gallows-tree on the brow above him.

Slowly the Laird swung round, and looked along the way he had come. He saw his own trails broad-splashed upon the snow; he saw that chain of dotted black leading from the thicket to his feet; and turned again.

From his feet the chain upon the snow—black, damning dots—led across the virgin white, through bog-myrtle and reed tussocks, skipping here, winding there, to end abruptly in that careless throbbing form.

He looked beyond, and there upon the other slope, the snow lay as a winding-sheet.

The fingers at his mouth ceased twitching and were still; then they pulled aside the shawl, and his mouth was shown like a seam of iron.

"Come!" he called.

. . . . . .

At that Danny turned with surprised ears; saw his master on the brow above, and came to him across the snow, grinning and with dear eyes.

Daintily he picked his way among the pools, hopping from

Google

tussock to tussock; then at a canter up the white slope with backward ears and swinging tail.

A yard from the feet of his lord he saw the lank-necked body swinging in the wind; paused on three feet, the fourth caught up delicately, and standing poised so, thrust forth a tentative long nose, and sniffed, shocked, interested, faintly wagging.

Above him the Laird stooped, and stooped, and stooped, until his face was close above the other's.

"*You Lie!*" he screamed, and smote at him with the murdered bird.

Danny started as if stabbed. Then he looked up into the face above him, and his eyes were those of one who once, lying among her pillows, had prayed very pitifully—"You will be good to him, Massa!—you won't—you won't—not even if he——"

Then the soul died out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

He made no move to fly. Where he stood there he lay down in the snow, at his master's feet, shrugged together as a boy waiting a buffet from his mother's hand; only rolling up his eyes in dumb appeal to his dear lord to strike quickly.

But the end was not yet. The old man stayed his hand.

He steadied himself and stood up. The wrack of rage had swept upon him like a tempest that leaps upon a countryside, sweeps across it, leaving desolation in its wake, and passes on.

He was left shattered, but himself.

At his feet lay the ghost of him who once had been Daniel, Son of Ivor, Faithful Heart, and Knight of the Shield of Snow, not even now afraid of the Death that was his just due; but stricken mortally because he saw that by his sin he had hurt to death this fond old man whom he loved as the faithful love their God.

At last the Laird spoke.

"Up!" he said.

Danny rose hopelessly. He set his snow-wet feet against

Google

his master's knee, as often of old with laughter in his eyes, stretching his toes cat-like and yawning hugely, when seeking a dear caress; now he waited without hope, to be dealt with faithfully.

The Laird essayed to speak. Thrice he tried; thrice he failed; and his old fingers played tremulously with the hem of his cloak.

Danny reached up, and reached and reached, and licked them.

The Laird snatched his hand away as though a serpent had stung it.

Danny fell to his feet.

A moment he stood in the snow, hopeless, heartless, four-square, and looked into his master's face.

Then he lifted up his voice and howled; just as long years before with long-drawn lamentation he had mourned for Missie dead.

The old man made a pace forward, stooping, and with hands that groped.

"You were all I had!" he cried in his agony—"just all!"

Then he steeled himself with an effort that staggered him like a blow.

He halted, heightening himself. An ice-blast seemed to have swept upon him to petrify him in his purpose.

Iron of lip, iron of eye, iron of heart, he stood, not in any wise to be moved from his duty by any weakness of pity.

"Here!" he called, still now and terrible; and Danny in the snow, hopeless, heartless, crept in to his feet and nestled there.

"I trusted you," began the Laird, low and slow, "and you betrayed me. I might forgive ye treachery," said he. "You did Murder," he went on. "I might forgive ye murder. Lastly," and his voice began to grow, "your Life has been a Lie"—he paused—"a Lie!" he repeated with ever-growing voice—"a *Lie!*"

He looked down with burning eyes into the grey face uplifted at his feet.

By Google

"For that," he said, "there is one punishment—Death at my hands, and Damnation, as I do believe, at the hands of God."

He drew himself up. No longer now an old man anguished beyond telling, he was the Judge, the Avenger, resolute to deal justly and without mercy.

"I cannot kill you," said the Laird, looking down into the dear eyes of Missie dead, "because—I cannot. I leave your last punishment to God," he continued after a pause. "But what I can do, that I do."

He gathered himself and stood, greatly gaunt, greatly terrible; with still finger pointing over the snow.

Go!" he cried in Judgment voice, terrible as never before. "I dismiss you from before my face—for ever."

He turned and tottered quavering away, slipping often in the snow, the dead bird dangling from his hand. Danny stood and watched him, shivering, and not with cold; nor made attempt to follow. Awhile he stood so, quite silent, still; then he, too, turned and pattered rapidly away over the snow. Once he threw up his head as if to howl, pawing in the air as if in pleading to the stars of heaven to pity; but no sound came. Often he blundered in the snow, righted himself and trailed on, in the sodden way of one who is without hope in this world and the next.

So on, till he came to the broken wall beneath the larch-tree wood.

Leaping on it, he stood there and looked back—a shivering grey shadow, dim in the dusk, with long arched back, hopeless tail, and eyes like wounds.

He saw the high-shouldered figure of the Laird, quavering lonely homewards, slipping ever in the snow, and stumbling in his old man's hurry to be gone, the murdered bird still swinging from his hand; he saw his home beyond, dear, dingy, naked to all the winds that blow; he saw old Lammermore bluffing it behind, white-headed in the falling night; then he crouched, and leaped as one who leaps into the bottomless pit.

Google

LXXXIII

DANNY DEAD

THE Laird sat in the dusk of the great hall, alone.

There the Woman had found him sitting, silent, stark, and cloaked; just as he had come in, and forthwith had fallen upon him to hale him back to bed; but for all heed he paid he might have been dead,

"Will Mr. Heriot bide here till Death comes to him?" she asked at last, with bitter irony, "for if he will so I will light the fire."

"I bide here," said the Laird.

She entered with faggots and knelt beside the cold hearth-stone: and as she busied herself babbled to the dumb old man of the death that was his due.

The fire lighted, the red glow of it fell on Danny's basket by the fire-dogs.

The Woman kneeled back.

"Where then is my wean?" she cried, turning sharply on the shadow sitting in the gloom behind.

"I kenna," said the Laird.

"Did he not return with your Honour?" the Woman cried, rising. "Did he not bide you in the porch?"

"Na," said the Laird.

"Queer," cried the Woman, and suddenly bethought herself. "I ken what it would be. While your Honour was at kirk, he put out after Her, the bloody bit!" she cried, "who has not been after Her this week past. He is the true man is my wean," she chuckled. "God made the Sabbath for a day of slaughter, is what the man-males hold. That will be it; and in a while he will be back after his tea; he will need it after the bloodying."

She departed to return with a saucer full of tea that she placed on the stone-flagged floor beside the basket, just as she had done on any Sabbath afternoon since Missie was away; and

Google

in the tea she dropped the accustomed lump of sugar, "because," as she said, "it was the Lord's Day, which should be made sweet to dog as well as man. And see to it he says his blessing before he has it!" she ordered. "He has fallen away from grace, I do think, since Missie's day."

She tramped away.

As she reached the door, the voice from the gloom, hoarse and brief, followed her—

"Send Crabbe here!"

"He's abroad," said the Woman shortly.

"Where?"

"On the hill," said the Woman. "He was off with the piece[1] when it came on to snow."

"What?" he asked.

"Sabbath-breaking," said the Woman. "I heard him let fire not ten minutes since."

. . . . .

The Laird was left alone.

Habited as when he had come in, the short cloak about his shoulders, and the snow still wet on it, his bonnet on his head, the dead bird hanging limply from his hand, he sat stiff-backed in the half-arm chair, with muffled mouth and staring eyes; while on the leaded window overhead the flakes fell softly like finger-touches of the dead.

Twenty minutes passed; then the door opened. In it stood Robin, and behind him the Woman, a torch flaming and draught-blown in her hand; while down the passage was the rush of wind like a wolf pack howling through the open door of the kitchen.

Robin entered, thrust on from behind. The Woman followed, shielding her torch, slammed the door against the following wind, and placed her back against it.

Neither spoke; Robin lolled against the wall, his head against his arm, the snow upon him, sobbing like a little boy.

[1] Piece = gun.

Google

The Woman, haggard-eyed, was watching the cloaked shadow in the gloom.

"Sir-r!" she whimpered at last.

"Eh?" said the Laird, hoarse as a raven.

"Robin, man!" urged the Woman, "tell!" and tried to pull his covering arms away from before the old man's face.

"I canna," sobbed Robin, "I just canna," and wriggled free.

"Try!" whimpered the Woman. "Consider his Honour."

"Tell!" cried the Laird; and his voice leaped out of the silence.

"It is Danny," gasped the old man, burying his head in his arm against the wall as though to smother his grief.

The Laird sat back without a word.

"—That is," sobbed the old man.

"—That was," interposed the Woman, sobbing herself.

"Is?" said the Laird with thunder-brow. "Was?" said the Laird, "what?"

"Dead!" gasped Robin, and rolled his head on his arm.

"Dead!" wailed the Woman.

"Dead!" cried the Laird, and leaning forward, slew them with a glance.

"Just dead," gasped Robin—"my Danny!"

"Dead so," wailed the Woman—"my mannie!"

"And his blood's on me!" blubbered Robin—"I am guilty of him who would have died for him."

"It was no fault of yours, Robin!" the Woman cried, valiant woman-wise to comfort him. "The Lord just sent it."

"He might not," said Robin, sobbing afresh. "He just might not."

"Maybe Missie had need of him," cried the Woman, sobbing.

The Laird had risen and gathered his cloak about him.

"Where does he lie?" he asked.

"Stiff and stark on Lammermore!" whined Robin, "just

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as it was in my dream! and I am guilty of him! who loved him like a son."

"Son!" gasped the Woman. "Never a son like to him; a son without the trouble of them and the tribulation. A Son!" she cried, "dearer than any daughter was Danny to me!"

She lost her face in her apron.

"Since Missie was away, I was childless but for him," she wailed. "He was wean to my old age. And now!" she sobbed, "now I am as Hannah was—a woman of a sorrowful spirit because of my children that are not."

"He was my son to me," sobbed Robin.

"He was my soul to me," said the Laird, tottering across the hall.

LXXXIV

THE EXPIATION

THE Laird pushed by them as they babbled.

He had passed down the passage and was now fumbling at the great outer door.

The Woman ran at him, shrieking.

"Dear your Honour!" she cried, breaking into fresh sobs. "You will never be going to him. Dear your Honour! Dinna, your Honour!" and laid hands on him.

"Crabbe!" called the Laird, thrust down his bonnet, flung back the door, and passed out into the windy night.

The Woman followed, one hand on the tail of the shawl.

"Speak to him, Robin!" she wailed. "Cry him back! and it snawin' and blawin', and siccan a night and a'."

"I am guilty of him," sobbed Robin, stumbling blindly past her, "I am guilty of him, who would have died first," and he staggered after his master into the night.

The Laird was tramping down the steps.

The Woman, the torch still gusty in her hand, was at his heels, one passionate hand tugging at him.

Google

"Ye shallna!" she cried, struggling furiously. "It's death! Ye shallna!" in a paroxysm of passion. "Missie willed ye to me to mend ye and mind ye, and——"

The Laird turned on her with the glare and terror of the old anger.

"Hands off!" he cried; "Hold back!" and she held back, collapsing on the ground.

. . . . . .

So the two set forth in the fall of the wintry evening, the snow about them. Out of earshot of the door, the Laird turned upon Robin sobbing noisily at his elbow.

"Crabbe," he said, and laid a huge hand on the old man's shoulder; "you did but do your duty."

The old man ceased his sobbing.

"Eh!" said he, mistily,—"duty?"

"Ye caught him in the act and shot him," pursued the Laird. "I heard the shot."

"Shot him!" said Robin, misty, muddled. "Shot him! Oh, ay," he added, and seemed to understand. "I shot him a bit."

"It was your duty," repeated the Laird.

"It was so," said Robin, "seeing I kenn't he has Her."

"You kenn't that!" cried the Laird, swinging on him.

"I kenn't none other was," said Robin, dully. "It was him or his Minnie's wraith—'tane or 'tither."

"His Minnie!" cried the Laird. "Whose Minnie?"

"Simon Ogg's for sure," whimpered Robin testily.

The Laird was breathing like the soughing of a mighty wind. Both great hands were on the other's shoulders, and he was gripping them as though to crack them.

"Tell on!" he ordered.

"There is little to tell," said Robin, sullen, sodden. "When it cam' to snaw, I put out with the piece because of my dream that I had had, and that if so might be, with Missie helping me, I might meet him, and shoot him, and so make sure."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The old man's voice broke.

"And I did meet him," he whined, "hirplin' off the hill and laffin' like a daftie. And I gave him a cry to stop; and he just did stop; and I saw he was afraid."

The old man was sobbing now afresh.

"And I asked him—'Where 'll ye be from?'

"'From the hill,' said he.

"'What ha' ye been after?' I asked him.

"'Will I tell ye?' says he.

"'Ay,' said I.

"'After Her,' said he.

"'And where is She?' I asked him.

"'Up yonder,' said he, pointing. 'In the Neuk of the Brae.'

"'And what's She at?' I asked him.

"'Will I tell ye?' says he.

"'Ay,' said I.

"'Eatin' your poison,' said he.

"'Indeed!' I said. 'And who is She?'

"Then he looked at me and I looked at him. It was on the edge of the dark, but I could see his face white as the moon, and him shakin'.

"'Will I tell ye?' says he.

"'Ay,' said I.

"'Danny,' said he, and began to run for his life, laffin' like a daftie."

The old man paused.

"And just then," he went on at last, "the piece let fire and he gave a bit of a skelp, and over he went like a shot hare. And where he lay, there I left him. And I," said the old man, and came to a sudden halt, "I skeltered off up the hill, and there"—his words were drowned as it were beneath a water-flood—"I found him—my man—my Danny—cauld—cauld as clay—out by in the Neuk of the Brae."

. . . . .

Digitized by Google

The Laird removed his hands from the other's shoulder, and held them before his face.

"I am lost!" he cried, in the voice of the child who is frightened in the night; "I am lost."

Then he looked up.

"Then how came Danny dead?" he cried—"and you guilty of him?"

"It was the poison, I do tell you!" cried Robin with the querulousness of one who iterates and reiterates and still is not believed. "It was the poison. And oh!" he cried, rambling off into the old woeful refrain, "I am guilty of him! I am guilty of him, who would have died first, for it was me laid it, it was me laid it in the Neuk of the Brae."

"Was he with ye when ye laid it?" asked the Laird.

"With me!" cried the other in bitterness of scorn, "of course he was with me. Would I have laid it if he had not been with me? Na," he cried, "na," resolving into tears afresh, "he was with me, and I tell't him, 'What is good for Her and Her likes is bad for you and me, my mannie.' And he backed his ears, and grinned at me and snuffed it cannily like the Christian he was, but he never made bid to touch it, and he kenn't——" he paused.

"He kenn't," said the Laird.

"He kenn't," sobbed Robin, "clever as a Christian as he was he kenn't! he kenn't! And oh!" in a storm of woe, "it was just deleeberit."

"It was so," said the Laird, and he breathed like a man coming to the surface out of the depths of the deep.

"And just to think of it," sobbed Robin, "our Danny—Missie's Danny—to commit a suicide."

"A suicide!" echoed the Laird.

"And no cause why," sobbed Robin, "and no cause why."

"And good cause why," said the Laird.

"And why?" sobbed Robin.

"His heart was dead," said the Laird. "That's just why.'

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"And me thinkin' I had cured him!" cried Robin, bursting out afresh.

LXXXV

WHO WAS HER?

The Laird ploughed on his way without a word, and Robin followed.

It was not till they were clear of the policies and had entered the birch-woods that the Laird spoke.

"What of Simon Ogg?" he asked, pausing. "We must heed the living before the dead."

"Ye need take little heed for him," said Robin.

"Is he dead?" cried the Laird.

"Not him!" said Robin dolefully. "He is little scathed from what I could see. As I passed where he lay he gave me a cry to come to him, and I kenn't he thought he was killed by the wankly way of his voice. So I just went, and he lay where he'd fallen."

"'Robin Crabbe, you have killed me,' he said when I cam' to him.

"'Indeed!' said I.

"'Ay!' he said, and after a bit, he looked up and cried bitter-like. 'First daddy! then Minnie! and now me! and you will hang.'

"'It is little to me,' I tell't him, 'little to me now my Danny is dead!"

"'Is Danny dead then?' he cried, raising on his elbow.

"'Dead,' I tell't him, 'dead as you'll be an hour on.'

"Then he lay back and shut his eyes, and I do think he felt his time was come and he'd best make his peace with all.

"'Kneel here beside me,' he whispered; and I knelt.

"'Tell his Honour,' he whispered, 'that Danny is not Her.'

"'Not Her!' I cried, and could scarce keep my fingers off his throat. 'And is it like his Honour would be putting that on my man?'

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M CHIGAN

"'He might,' said Simon. 'He just might; and maybe ye'd best tell him that I was Her.'"

"He was Her!" cried the Laird—"Simon Ogg!"

"Ay," Robin continued. "'I am Her, tell his Honour,' said Simon, 'and none other is.'

"'This is no news to me,' I tell't him.

"'It will be to his Honour, though,' he whispered; and tell't me all—how he had hoped to make an end to Danny by the poison, and would so have done but for me that was too much for him. And then, knowing your Honour for a hard man, he was for putting it on Danny that he was Her, as though,' cried the old man, kindly, 'your Honour'd be like to believe him.'

"And did so do," cried the Laird in agony. "And did so do," and put both hands to his face as though to hide out the past.

Something dangling from his wrist tapped against his face.

It was the dead bird.

"And what of this then?" he cried, holding the body high in the gloom.

"Eh?" said Robin, peering, "that? Oh, ay, I was forgettin'. Simon tell't me that bit too. That is none of Her handiwork. Danny just killed that."

The Laird just breathed faintly.

"Then," he said quietly, "he did murder, and I dealt but justly."

"Murder!" cried Robin hotly. "What kind of murder d'you call that, when she thrust herself down his throat? Murder!" he cried, "it was little murder indeed; or if it was murder it was murder in the way of duty."

"Eh?" said the Laird, all lost again.

"It was just this way, Simon was telling me," Robin continued. "Simon lay on his bed asleep to-day noon, never thinkin' your Honour would keep his Kirk. A-well, when he woke, he went to the door, and none was in the street, and the Kirk-bells done tolling, so he donned himself and ran to the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M CH A

Kirk; but Danny kept the door against him. They had a bit of a bat, and Danny prevailed. Simon cursed him; then he was off and away for the hill after his work that was Hers."

The old man's voice broke.

"A-well, he was just creeping yon bird in your hand that was dusting in the dyke on the edge of the wood to noose her, when he chanced to look up. And there in the park not four yards away was Danny, who had followed him. As he looked Danny shot for him. Simon gave a skrike, and the cockerel fluster't out from his feet and into Danny's jaws, and piked at my man, and piked, and piked. Danny just snapped back once, and the bird was dead."

The old man began to sniffle.

"Then, Simon was telling me, it was clear my man kenn't what he had done, and your Honour's anger, and Missie's teaching, and he forgot Simon, and he was afraid. And Simon said it was just pitiful the way he took on, running here and there, and giving a bit yelp, and back to the body again, and in the end he took it up and carried it off to hide it because of your Honour's anger."

The old man broke down and sobbed outright.

"And Simon just ran back to keep his Kirk, and there was none to stop him now; and what cam' thereafter," sobbed the old man, "I kenna."

"I ken," said the Laird, and went on his way.

LXXXVI

ON LAMMERMORE

Up the hill he went, Robin slobbering at his elbow.

Within the woods now was darkness and mystery; only the snowflakes like shed fairies, wings meandering down through the branches of the trees, to light their way. So they went on until they came out in the failing light on the white moor, spreading a naked shoulder in the loom.

Google

In the place they call the Neuk of the Brae they came on him they sought, and not without search; for already the snow lay upon him, lapping him tenderly, as though the hosts of Heaven would do for him with flakes of snow that office that once the robins with woodland leaves did for the two lost babes.

He was lying in the snow as a dog lies in the sun, not curled, with hollow flanks, and long grey muzzle laid along the snow, as often he had lain there at Missie's feet on a summer's evening, in the long ago.

The tragedy was plain to any eyes. A distance off lay the fatal bait, half devoured. Here mortal sickness had fallen upon him; here when the pangs had racked him he had crawled, working out his agony alone; and then at last, the throes passing, had lain upon the tender snow to sleep.

Above the body in the gloom stood the Laird, stark, silent, sheeted in snow; while Robin sniffled noisily.

There was no mistaking the motive of the wee man's end. Death was the measure meted; Death his just due; Death it should be.

"He did murder," said the Laird slowly.

"Murder!" cried Robin. "She thrust herself down his throat, I am tellin' you. She piked at him. Was he not to pike back? He but clicked his teeth, and it was done."

"But his life was no Lie," continued the gaunt old man, all unheeding. "I thank you, God, for that!" he said with face upraised. "I thank you, God, for that!"

He bent and gathered his dead tenderly, brushing the snow off Danny's brow; and the little body was stiff already, and set in snow as in a winding-sheet.

He took off his bonnet.

"Let us pray!" he said, and kneeled in the night, his face uplifted, the snow upon it, his arms outstretched before him, as though offering back the dead to the God who gave; and behind him in the snow kneeled Robin.

Then he made as though to rise, wavered, tottered, then

Google

fell softly away on to his side, and lay there asleep himself, the snow on him, and Danny sleeping in his arms.

LXXXVII

SLEEP

In the old kirk, at the trysting-place of winds amid the hills, sleeps the last of the Lairds of Hepburn, by the side of Missie and his grim forbears.

Not far from the two he loved rests Danny. On high Lammermore he sleeps, where often of old he slept at the feet of his first love, and looks out everlastingly over his wide demesne. Far away shines Burnwater like a jewel set at the feet of the established hills, and beyond the sea flashing like sheaves of broken years. There on his sentinel-height beneath the heather he sleeps, and sleeps well. The curlews haunt the sky above him; the feet of fox, and old grey brock, and all the enemies he loved, pass and repass above his grave, nor wake him ever now; nor shall cold of snow, nor heat of sun, nor drumming wind, nor rain upon him, rouse him now.

Warden of the Marches, he holds his post, and keeps his watch beneath the stars faithfully for Evermore.

Google

A BALLAD OF THE YOUNG RUTHVEN

THE following ballad seems to be the source of a legend about the cause of the slaying of the Ruthvens (the Gowrie Conspiracy) on August 5, 1600. The story of a silver band, given by the Queen of James VI. to Alexander, the Master of Ruthven, and of the King's jealousy, is first told by Lord Hailes (1760). It has all the air of being derived from one of the ballads which, till a much later period, were the newspapers of the people. The ballad here given is from a broadside of four pages printed at Edinburgh. The authenticity and antiquity of the piece are questions for the learned.

A. LANG.

The Young RUTHVEN

THE KING has gi'en the QUEEN a Gift,
For her May-day's Propine,
He's gi'en her a Band o' the Diamond-ſtane,
Set in the Siller fine.

Google

The QUEEN ſhe walked in *Falkland-yaird*,
Beſide the Hollans Green,
And there ſhe ſaw the bonnieſt Man
That ever her Eyes had ſeen.

His Coat was the RUTHVEN white and red,
Sae ſound aſleep was he
The QUEEN ſhe cried on MAY BEATRIX
That ſeely Lad to ſee.

'Oh, wha ſleeps here, MAY BEATRIX,
Without the leave o' me?'
'Oh, who ſuld it be but my young Brother,
Frae *Padua* ower the Sea!

'My Father was the EARL GOWRIE,
An Earl o' high Degree,
But they hae ſlain him by fauſe Treaſon,
And gar'd my Brothers flee.

'At *Padua* hae they learned their Leir
In the Fields o' *Italie*;
And they hae croſſed the ſaut Sea-faem,
And a' for love o' me!'

. . . . . .

The QUEEN has cuiſt her Siller Band
About his Craig o' Snaw,
But ſtill he ſlept and naething kenned,
Aneth the Hollans Shaw.

The KING he daundered thro' the Yaird,
He ſaw the Siller ſhine;
'And wha,' quoth he, 'is this Galliard,
That wears yon Gift o' mine?'

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The KING has gaen till the QUEEN'S ain Bower,
An angry Man that Day;
But by there cam' MAY BEATRIX,
And ſtole the Band away.

And ſhe's run in by a dern black Yett,
Straight till the QUEEN ran ſhe:
'Oh, tak ye back your Siller Band,
Or it gar my Brother dee!'

The QUEEN has linked her Siller Band
About her Middle ſma';
And then ſhe heard her ain Gude-man
Come rowting through the Ha'.

'Oh whaur,' cried he, 'is the Siller Band
I gied ye late Yeſtreen?
The Knops was a' o' the Diamond-ſtane,
Set in the Siller ſheen.'

'Ye hae camped birling at the Wine,
A' Nicht till the Day did daw;
Or ye wad ken your Siller Band
About my Middle ſma'!'

The KING he ſtude, the KING he glowered,
Sae hard as a Man micht ſtare,
'Deil hae me! *LIKE* is a richt ill mark,—
Or I ſaw it itherwhere!

'I ſaw it round YOUNG RUTHVEN's Neck
As he lay ſleeping ſtill;
And, faith, but the Wine was wondrous guid,
Or my Wife is wondrous ill!'

. . . . . .

Google

There was na gaen a Week, a Week,
A Week but barely three ;
The KING has hounded JOHN RAMSAY out,
To gar YOUNG RUTHVEN dee !

They took him in his Brother's houſe,
Nae Sword was in his Hand,
And they hae ſlain him, YOUNG RUTHVEN,
The bonnieſt in the Land !

And they hae ſlain his fair Brother,
And laid him on the Green,
And a' for a Band o' the Siller fine,
And a blink o' the Eye o' the QUEEN !

Oh, had they ſet him Man to Man,
Or even ae Man to three,
There was na a Knight o' the RAMSAY Bluid,
Had gar'd EARL GOWRIE dee !

FINIS

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

I

A GREAT ball was illuminating one of those few London houses whose size allows the dancing, on such an occasion as this, to be no more than an episode in a brilliant evening party. There were gorgeous rooms devoted to conversation and leisurely movement, where eminence, influence, charm, and inherited or acquired success were appropriately represented in all their most polished forms; and the ball having been preceded by a solemn dinner and concert, given with a view to the honour rather than to the exhilaration of Royalty, various grave personages who had assisted at these earlier functions, such as elderly Cabinet Ministers, an English Archbishop and a Cardinal, were still lingering in a scene which had gradually changed its character.

But incomparably graver in aspect than even any of these was a tall man who had arrived under the wing of the intellectual Mrs. Vernon, and who—to judge from appearances—had found in her his sole acquaintance. Mrs. Vernon had joined by this time a row of dowagers in tiaras, who, seated along one of the walls, were watching and criticising the proceedings; and rigid in the chair next her was seated her grave companion. Placed where he was, he formed a singular object. In his high monumental forehead, in his keen yet abstracted gaze, in his long and compressed lips, was an almost severe sense of his

Digitized by Google

own power and consequence: whilst the limpness of his shirt-front, which was wanting in one pearl button, a beard like a ragged bib, and a difficulty in the management of his hands, gave him, alone of all the men in the room, the distinction of a spiritual stranger—of a being from another star.

Mrs. Vernon would, at intervals, offer up an elaborately serious observation to him as though it were a species of sacrifice, or propose in vain to introduce him to some celebrity. He would always, when this occurred, respond to her with condescending deference; but, singular to relate, the conversation going on around him evidently had for him a far more absorbing interest than that which his solicitous neighbour prepared for his private benefit. Her question, for instance, as to whether the Archbishop, with all his acuteness and knowledge, could really believe in miracles, he showed an inclination to shelve rather than answer; but he seemed to hang on her syllables when, patting an embroidered knee, she informed two adjoining dowagers of the astonishing cheapness of her costume, which had, it appeared, cost only thirty guineas, whereas somebody called Stephanie would not have made it for sixty. Nor did his attention relax when the ladies, after a long discussion of it, dropped this absorbing subject in obedience to an exclamation from Mrs. Vernon, which besought them to notice that a certain Molly Majendie—whom he identified as a dazzling fairy surrounded by several men—" was actually back from Paris, laughing as if nothing had happened." He was all ears as he gathered that this vision in pearls and turquoises was supposed to have celebrated Whitsuntide with a brother-officer of her husband's in a manner that was much too private, and at the same time much too public. He heard the story submitted in each of its delicate details to the search-light of a higher criticism which made rather for faith than doubt. He heard Mrs. Vernon enunciating the sad conviction that if conduct like this were condoned, the dissolution of society was inevitable. Then before she had ceased, her gloomy apprehensions were dissipated, and the subject changed once more, by

Google

another ornamental figure, which was now conspicuous in the foreground, pale and dark like a moonlit Italian night, and lately restored to London by one of the British Embassies, as the newest though not the youngest of the married beauties of the season. To her was immediately transferred the attention of the three ladies; and the dead white of her skin, the vivid red of her lips, the relation of her figure to her stays, and the rumoured relation of the whole to the conjugal and pecuniary distresses of a Russian Grand Duke at Naples, became the immediate prey of a trio of discreet voices.

The listener listened still, and gradually closed his eyes, as though anxious that no other sense should trespass on that of hearing; nor did he again open them till an eager question of Mrs. Vernon's as to "who it could be that Molly had got hold of now," roused him to the contemplation of the back view of a man on whom Mrs. Majendie was concentrating the choicest of her upturned glances. The man, as it seemed, was receiving this obvious homage with a light and tolerant laughter, when the lady with the dead white skin adroitly caught his attention, and, contriving to withdraw him from the circle of Mrs. Majendie's magic, at once set about trying on him the rival efficiency of her own. His thraldom, however, was evidently very far from complete; for, happening to turn his head, and catching sight of Mrs. Vernon as he did so, he broke, with an easy excuse, from the toils of the second enchantress, coming straight to the elder lady, who half rose from her chair to greet him.

"So it's you!" she exclaimed. "Why, we thought you were still yachting." The two adjacent dowagers made two plump echoes of welcome; and, in spite of the weight of their bracelets, lifted two gracious hands to him.

The listener at Mrs. Vernon's elbow found himself scrutinising a face which bore the stamp of intellect almost as clearly as did his own. But whatever or whoever the newcomer might be, his intellect for the time appeared to have surrendered its place to a frank and familiar interest in the scenes that were

Digitized by Google

now surrounding him. It is true that, unlike a large part of the company, he had no air of being deeply or seriously absorbed in them; but they seemed to afford him the same sort of amusement that a man accustomed to dogs finds in playing with a friend's poodle.

"We know," said Mrs. Vernon, "you've been yachting, but we none of us quite know where."

"That," he replied, "is a statement which I have no difficulty in believing. My yacht has been lying in the roadstead of a ruined Roman watering-place—you have never even heard its name—on the south coast of Asia Minor. The treasures I've unearthed and brought home with me—it quite turns my head to think of them."

"And what is your news?" asked one of the gracious dowagers.

"I've none," was the answer of the excavator. "I've been living for months in a town where not a single indiscretion has been committed for sixteen hundred years."

"In that case," said the dowager, "prepare your nerves for a shock. Mrs. Vernon and I are going to commit two. Our first is to ask you—for you ought to be able to tell us—are those enormous pearls of Mrs. Majendie's real?"

"I confess," said the man, "I have not myself examined them. Still, I think I can satisfy you. Lady Eustace Orwell was weighing them in one of her hands a moment ago, whilst she was caressing Mrs. Majendie with the other; and I'm certain, from her look of mortification, she discovered them to be not imitations."

The dowager leaned towards Mrs. Vernon. "My dear," she said, "isn't he wicked? And now for indiscretion number two. The lovely lady to whom you were talking last—is her colouring here—" and the dowager tapped her lips with her fan—"as real as the other one's pearls?"

"It's so many years," said the man, "since I saw much of her that I really should be afraid to answer you: but no doubt she'll tell me. I'll ask her." He moved away for a step or

Google

two in the direction of the lady in question; and the startled dowager saw her welcome him back with a smile of willing but half petulant forgiveness.

"You said," he began, "you were thirsty. Well—supper is not till one. But—but—" He laughed and he dropped his voice.

"Well," she said, "but what?"

"My dear Beryl," he continued, "your lips are a very beautiful red. Do you think that a cup of hot coffee would hurt them?"

"You ought to know," she retorted; "but, if you like it, I'll try the experiment. You used, once on a time, to tell me my lips were beautiful."

"You forget," he said, "that in those days my sight was very far from good. It was the sight of a very young man, and the sight—dear—of a son still younger. You didn't set much store by it then for the second of these sound reasons; and to me it seems now that it wasn't worth much, for the first. Well—will you drink to me out of a coffee-cup, or only with your beautiful eyes?"

"I don't want to drink at all," said the lady with mock perversity. "Sit down somewhere and talk to me."

"Certainly," said the man, with an air of most obliging cheerfulness. "Where shall we be most conspicuous? I'm sure you agree with me that, on an occasion like this, the pleasure of a talk consists not only in talking, but also—and even more—in the knowledge that one is being talked about. Let us ask Mrs. Vernon. I'm sure she will say that I'm right."

"Rupert," said the lady, "I don't like you. You're not nice at all. Go to Mrs. Vernon—yes, go if you want to. Good-bye," she added, over her shoulder, as she turned from him. "If you call to-morrow at Claridge's, you may give me some coffee there."

Mrs. Vernon's solemn companion, who had been watching the speakers closely, had already inquired who this man—this

Google

antiquary from Asia Minor—was; and had given a visible start when he heard Mrs. Vernon's answer.

"It is Rupert Glanville," she said. "Don't you know him—the late Home Secretary?"

"Rupert Glanville!" he exclaimed. "I can hardly credit it—one of the few promising writers on scientific philosophy—one of the few recent politicians whose acts I could endorse as reasonable! Rupert Glanville—most wonderful!" Pleased with the appreciation which these utterances seemed to evince, Mrs. Vernon said to him eagerly, "Let me introduce you—do." But he put the proposal aside with a sort of distressed nervousness: and then perceiving that Mr. Glanville had detached himself from his lady, and that the proposed introduction in another moment might be inevitable, he lifted himself out of his chair, and addressed himself to the business of leave-taking. Mrs. Vernon rose also. "Must you really go?" she said, as she held his hand. "I'm afraid you've been bored horribly."

"On the contrary," he replied, in slow and judicial accents, "I am deeply indebted to you for having brought me. To-night I have observed—and I have observed with the greatest care—what is, I apprehend, called commonly the best society. I have listened, and listened in vain—I except, of course, your own conversation—for any discussion of, or any single allusion to, any fact or any general principle which is important to any reasonable being. For these men and women to whom all the wealth and experience of the modern world minister, the only serious matters, so far as I am able to judge, are particulars like those which are serious for the gossips of the village snuff-shop. The price of the petticoats of one woman; the extent to which another laces her liver into some wrong part of her body; the beads and paint of a third; and above all, the frequency with which this or that spangled puppet violates, or is supposed to violate, those principles of monogamous ethics the importance of which she is too feather-headed to comprehend. And I actually," he continued, "find here, comporting himself no

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more sanely than the rest—equally pre-occupied with the particular, equally forgetful of the universal—a man who might, if he chose, be a true leader of men. Mrs. Vernon, good night. This is my first fashionable party. I may safely aver that it will be my last."

Mrs. Vernon was watching the deliverer of this parting address as, not without many failures, he applied his universal principles to the particular task of escaping by the nearest door, when a voice at her ear said to her, "Who in the world was that?"

She turned and saw that the questioner was Mr. Glanville. "He's some one," she said, "who's been asking the same thing about you. Take his chair, and I'll tell you. That was no less a person than the great Mr. Cosmo Brock."

The name which Mrs. Vernon had uttered might, indeed, be described as great. Mr. Brock claimed, and multitudes believed him, to be the supreme unifier and interpreter of all possible knowledge—in especial that highest branch of it, the knowledge of human nature. In his latest work he had dealt with the springs of conduct and character; and by numerous disciples in every civilised country he was held to have placed at last the most sacred principles of morality on a basis which could never be involved in the decay or the discredit of religions, but which equalled in security, and closely resembled in kind, those on which rest the laws of sanitation and applied mechanics.

"I wish," said Mr. Glanville, "that he hadn't run away like a rabbit. Did he tell you that he's taken a cottage of mine, for the summer months in the country?"

"No," said Mrs. Vernon, "he didn't; but he told me one thing—that he was horrified to find you enjoying yourself in a frivolous place like this—a place where nobody talks a single word of philosophy; but where everybody is chattering gossip, or else is providing food for it. Well—perhaps he is right in turning his back on all of us."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Glanville, "he is wrong, and

Google

his brother philosophers like him. What he really turns his back on is human nature itself. He might, in a place like this, have learnt, had he known how, more about men and women than he has yet learnt in a life-time."

"Only," said Mrs. Vernon regretfully, "about the idlest and most frivolous side of them."

"My good soul," replied Mr. Glanville, "if you think that, why do you come here? Why did you take the trouble to put on those beautiful diamonds? Why did you or your husband go to the expense of buying them?" This sudden attack was not to Mrs. Vernon's taste. She showed it. "Don't be cross," said Mr. Glanville, in unruffled accents. "I can defend you better than you can defend yourself. In spite of you, and of all the Mr. Brocks in the world, I quite deny the assertion that what we have here is frivolity only. We were talking of diamonds. To-night they are sparkling everywhere. Look at them as they go by, and think what is implied in their histories. Think what hopes, what renunciations, what pleasures, what ambitions, what disillusions, are crystallised in each tiara!"

"I don't mean," said Mrs. Vernon, with a faint note of impatience, "that everybody here is an idle and frivolous person. I mean that people, as you see them in a place like this, are showing for the moment merely the most frivolous side of themselves."

"That depends," said Mr. Glanville, "not so much on what *they* are showing, as on what *you* are looking at. If you look at a clear pool you must, I am sure, have noticed that, according to the focusing of your eyes, you may see inverted foxgloves, or you may see the water itself, or you may see the stones at the bottom of it. In looking at a party like this you may have just the same experience. For instance," he continued, sinking into a more comfortable attitude, "sitting here I see the frivolous surface as you do. I see a great aunt of mine floating on it. I believe this is her hundredth birthday. But I blink my eyes; and, shining below the frivolous surface, I

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

see youth, which fancies that its fate may be awaiting it under every palm-tree, and which hopes to find in some kiss the sacrament of its faith in happiness, before that lamp-lit garden begins to grow haggard in the morning. Such faith may be false, but I hardly call it frivolous. It purifies the mind far more than chastity. There's something in it," he said reflectively, "so naïve, so incredible, so irrecoverable. Well —I see all that here. I blink my eyes again; and I see age and maturity—and even youth grown a little less youthful—trying to find some substitute for the happiness which is gained by nobody; or else drilling themselves to disguise, or contriving to forget, sorrow."

Mrs. Vernon was now appeased, and considerably more attentive. Though for years she had spent her life exclusively in what is called the world, she had nevertheless a certain strain of romance in her. In her youth she had insisted on marrying an indecently poor young Guardsman, in spite of the fact that her mother had secured for her a renowned financier, who was panting to add her to the treasures of his palace in Grosvenor Square. The mother had disowned a daughter guilty of such disgraceful folly; and although when, some years later, a series of unlikely deaths turned the poor man into an important and remarkably rich one, her own maternal affection had revived with surprising promptitude, the daughter's feelings had been much too deeply wounded to make anything more than a formal reconciliation possible; and the civility of their rare meetings was hardly less cold than estrangement. There was, therefore, much in the nature and experiences of Mrs. Vernon, to which, in spite of herself, Mr. Glanville's words appealed. She looked at him with serious eyes, and, in spite of herself, she sighed. She was not, however, given to sighing; and, with an effort, she recovered her serenity. "No one," she said lightly, "would think you were unhappy to look at you," and she welcomed with relief an interruption from her other neighbour, the dowager.

"Well, Mr. Glanville," said this lady, who had now risen,

Google

"you haven't told me yet if you found out what I asked you."

"She assures me," he replied, "that the colour will stand hot coffee. There she is, just going in to supper. I advise you to sit down next to her, and see how it will stand cold soup. Mrs. Vernon, supper is ready. Shall we help each other up and go?"

Mrs. Vernon assented with alacrity. She was once again all smiles; and if anything still was wanting to restore her to her normal self, it was supplied by a refreshing benediction from Royalty as she entered the supper-room. She and her companion found seats at a table which was vacant except for two of her own most distinguished intimates; and Mr. Glanville for some minutes, like Mr. Cosmo Brock, was merely a listener to her conversation with the lady next whom she had placed herself. "Do you mean," he heard her saying, in answer to some question, "that ugly red-headed man who is spoiling Lady Croydon's fan for her? Don't you know? It's Lord Croydon's latest understudy. Would you like to meet them both? They are dining with me on Friday week. My dear, I must tell you—Mr. Glanville, you're not to listen—I must tell you what happened at Hurlingham." Thereupon followed a series of mysterious whispers, which Mrs. Vernon concluded with the audible and crisp observation, "that it was bad enough for Agatha Croydon to lose her brilliant complexion; but it was very much worse for everybody when we found it on his shoulder. Ah," she exclaimed, beckoning to another friend in the background, "here are two chairs. Come here." And presently at Mr. Glanville's side, a flutter of tulle and a glimmer of pearls descended; whilst the babyish and fugitive pressure of an arm applied to his own gave him delicate notice of the presence of Mrs. Majendie.

"My dear Molly," said Mrs. Vernon, stretching across him to shake hands with her, and generously forgetful of her own late judgments and prophecies, "I've been trying all the evening to get at you. Are you dining out on the twentieth? Come

Google

to me if you're not. You too," she added to Mr. Glanville, "both of you. Telephone to-morrow morning, when you've looked at your books of engagements."

Mrs. Majendie laid a hand appealingly on Mr. Glanville's cuff. "I'm sure you've a pencil," she said. "Be a dear, and write down the day for me."

Mr. Glanville did so on a menu, whilst Mrs. Majendie's lawful partner sustained his neglected dignity by staring at distant objects in an attitude of furious indifference. Mrs. Majendie bent over the card in an artless and confiding manner, till one of her flowers had the air of belonging to Mr. Glanville's buttonhole. Mr. Glanville looked at her with a smile in which memories of her began to mantle.

"Have you bought," he said, "any more of those charming little green-and-gold books, which you carried about in Scotland, along with your cigarette-case, in a charming little green-and-gold bag?"

Mrs. Majendie returned his look. All the complicated instincts of flirtation seemed to be celebrating a kind of Walpurgis-night in her eyes.

"Do you remember," he continued, "how I found you one day on the sofa, in a rose-du-Barry tea-gown, reading Thomas-à-Kempis?"

"My dear little books—I love them," said Mrs. Majendie, softly. "Perhaps some day you'll advise me a little about my reading?"

"I think," said Mr. Glanville, attuning his voice to hers, "I could advise you as to one point now. Your eyes, when you read, look beautiful. Reading, for a face like yours, is a kind of spiritual cosmetic; and the green morocco of your bindings is very becoming to your hand. But the next time you take up Thomas-à-Kempis—I wish you would remember this—don't hold him upside down."

The petals of a blush opened on Mrs. Majendie's cheeks. Mr. Glanville laughed. "You're a nasty story-teller," she said; and turning sharp round to her partner, exclaimed to him,

Google

"What's the good of you? I thought you were to get me a quail."

This attack restored the neglected man to beatitude, whilst Mr. Glanville resumed his attention to Mrs. Vernon.

"I'm very much afraid," he said, "that I can't dine, as you asked me. I should like to have met Lady Croydon, and Lord Croydon's understudy. But tell me," he went on gravely, "in the days when you were first married, were people as kind as apparently they are now? You, for instance, when your own husband had what you call an understudy—did they ask you and that happiest of mankind to meet each other?"

Mrs. Vernon stared at him as if she could hardly believe her ears. All the virtue of Lucretia seemed to be flaming on him out of the eyes of a well-dressed Medusa. "I don't know what you mean," she said, in a voice hardly recognisable as her own. For a couple of seconds Mr. Glanville defied the lightning. Then his lips twitched, and like a snowflake his gravity melted.

"I know," he said, "you are everything that the wife of Cæsar ought to have been. You are horrified at the idea that any one should imagine you otherwise. But I want you to tell me this—for you really have made me curious. Why do you—a clever woman like you—treat conduct in other women as a pretty foible to laugh about, and even as a reason for asking them to your house to dinner, when you'd murder them or tear their eyes out if they ventured to attribute it to yourself? There's a nice little problem of human nature, quite worth the attention of a philosopher like Mr. Brock."

Mrs. Vernon had by this time swallowed her rage. She had even abstractedly swallowed a piece of lobster as well; but—a rare occurrence with her—she was somewhat at a loss for an answer. At last with a cough and an effort she began huskily, "I might perhaps as well ask you what makes you talk as you've been doing to that little minx on the other side of you, when you can't by any possibility——" Here, however, she was interrupted by a young son of the house,

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

who standing by her chair was presenting her with a telegram marked "Urgent." "I took it," he said, "from one of the servants, who was wandering vaguely in search of you."

Mrs. Vernon's hand shook a little as she received the unexpected missive. Then she gave it to Mr. Glanville, saying, "I wish you'd open it. I hope there's nothing wrong with Robert. Don't read it here. Come to some place that's quiet."

They both rose. "Let us go," he said, "into the garden." Mrs. Vernon was presently passing out through an open window. Mr. Glanville for a moment paused to glance at the telegram. Then he followed her. The walks were bordered with rows of twinkling lamps; and glimmering skirts, and the black forms of men, moved through an artificial twilight, that tingled with laughing whispers. "Here," he said, "sit down. It's nothing to do with Vernon; and you haven't lost your fortune on the Stock-Exchange. The news is serious, but you can bear it. Your mother died an hour ago at Brighton."

"Give me the telegram," said Mrs. Vernon. She crushed it in her hand and was silent.

"Would you like to go home?" Mr. Glanville at length asked her. "Would you like me to see you to your carriage?"

"No, no," she said absently. "Let me sit on here for a little, and talk to you." Mr. Glanville waited for her to begin. He waited for a long time. "What a horrid woman I am!" she exclaimed at last. "Do you know what it is I've been thinking about?"

"Yes," he said smiling slightly. "I know perfectly well. You've been thinking about that dinner of yours on the twentieth—that delightful dinner for the little minx and the understudy—which will have to be put off."

"How on earth," she asked starting, "how on earth did you know that?"

"Merely," he said, "because this party is an epitome of

Google Org UNIVERSITY

human nature. If you like, I can tell you more, You've been thinking also about all your other engagements, and your smart new frocks that will be wasted, and your mourning, and who shall make it. Myself, I should recommend Jay's."

Mrs. Vernon turned on him a pair of wide questioning eyes, which were ceasing to be quite dry. "Do you despise me?" she said. "Do you look on me as utterly devoid of feeling? I'm not, though I know I seem so."

"Nonsense," he said kindly. "You don't seem so at all. My dear friend, for the second time this evening I think I can defend you better than you can defend yourself. Whenever anything happens like that which has happened now, our thoughts fly for refuge to some spot that is far from the real catastrophe. The Hebrew prophets behaved in the same way. They rent their garments when denouncing the sins of their countrymen, so as to forget the divine wrath in their sorrow for their own torn trousers."

Mrs. Vernon laughed faintly. "Keep on talking," she said. "It calms my nerves to listen to you."

"By this time," he resumed, "you are beginning to think about—well, about—the scene at Brighton; and to feel that it is incongruous for you to be still sitting on at a ball. But why should it be? Death is a serious fact; and these people here are in search of enjoyment; but man's search for enjoyment is itself as serious a fact as death. Perhaps," he continued, "you will say that a ball like this merely represents the frivolity of one small idle class. It really represents the struggle of all humanity—of clerks and shopgirls round the band-stand on Margate Jetty—of the drinkers at the bars of music-halls—of children dancing on the pavement—the struggle for what this world can give. In a ball like this there is one peculiarity only—that the world is doing its utmost, so far as its powers extend; and it is only when it is doing its utmost that we can judge of its resources fairly. And by itself, what can it do? No one can know the world better than I myself. I have no quarrel with it. It has given more to nobody. But the best

Google

and most friendly action the world can do me now is to distract my attention for moments from what it has failed to give. I asked you—you remember—why the tone of your conversation in society has so little connection with the principles which govern your private conduct. I can tell you one of the reasons. In society we are like plovers. We make our several noises at a distance from our own nests—because our nests are so full of what we value that we don't want others to look at them; or else, because they are so empty that we don't want to look at them ourselves. I don't know if you follow my thoughts. At any rate they are better than condolences; and I've shown my sympathy with your condition by perhaps betraying something of my own."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Vernon rousing herself. "I think now I will go. Don't let me take you away."

"I ought," he replied, "to be going anyhow. I've a guest at home waiting for me—one of the most famous men in Europe—as famous as Mr. Cosmo Brock. Unlike Mr. Brock, who has never known the world, he has known it and given it up—all of it, except its tobacco; and he thinks he has found something we all are more or less looking for. I wish you knew him. Listen—I've something to propose to you."

The first words of his explanation were somewhat perplexing to Mrs. Vernon. He began by saying, "My mother's great grandfather was an Irish bishop." But she had, by the time he had ended, grasped the point of his proposal; and by the time he was putting her into her carriage, she had accepted it. "But mind you say nothing—" such were his closing words—"about my real intention to anybody. If others knew it they would be frightened, and my whole plan would be spoilt."

Mr. Glanville passed down a long line of carriages, which were slowly crawling up to the portico with its crimson drugget. Through gates of gilded iron-work he gained the street outside. The night was sultry. The street with its wood pavement, baked by weeks of drought, smelt like an open drain,

Google

Stifling effluvia and a restless rush of noises beset him everywhere, as he sauntered towards his own house: "And a month ago," he said to himself, when at length he produced his latch-key, "the only sound I heard was the murmuring of the Tyrian Sea."

II

The clear sunlight of an early morning in June was shining on the buildings of a small railway junction, and on the dews that still brightened the pebbles of its gravelled platform. All around was a country of moorland and bare hills, and long undulations coloured with gorse and heather. In the neighbourhood of the station were a few white-washed houses, including one which proclaimed itself an hotel and a posting-establishment; whilst dotting the distance were far-scattered low-browed cabins, from some of which wreaths of smoke were already straying across the air. Except for these wreaths of smoke all the world seemed sleeping; and through it a faint wind moved, honeyed with breaths of gorse-blossom.

On the platform were a few fish-hampers, and a pile of unguarded luggage. Presently the opening of a door jarred on the deep stillness. A porter issued, and went slouching in the direction of a signal-box. As the crunch of his steps grew faint, another sound succeeded it—the sound of voices in conversation, and two figures approached one end of the platform, picking their way through the gorse and the long grasses, with the air of waiting travellers, patiently killing time. One of them was dressed carelessly in an ulster of rough Scotch tweed; and his reddish hair curled in a swinging mass which gave him a certain resemblance to an unshorn German student. His companion, on the contrary, though his clothes were far from new, bore, in every detail of his person, the stamp of unconscious fashion; and he moved with the easy gait of a man who could command the world.

"Alistair," he said, "this is delightful. I feel as if the web

Google

of my life were woven of threads as fresh as these shining gossamers. I feel positively as young as the morning; and presently we shall both feel younger. Look, my dear fellow, look—Jackson has done his duty. He has got us a table from the inn and is bringing it out on the platform; and here comes somebody else with the breakfast and a clean tablecloth. And now," he went on, when they had reached the table in question, at which a well-groomed English servant was busy with plates and dishes, "you're sure you're game for a drive of fifty miles, and would not sooner wait and give your liver a shaking for the first twenty-five of them, in the cars of the new light railway?"

The man addressed as Alistair declared himself in favour of driving; and proceeded to rally his friend, as soon as they had begun their meal, on the fact of his turning his back on the luxuries and excitements of society, and burying himself in a place so remote as the hermitage for which they now were bound. "At Oxford," he said, "you laughed at me for my obstinately simple tastes. Yours have at last become more primitive even than mine."

"Yes," said the other. "Your simple taste is so fastidious that you find some difficulty in eating your bacon and your salt butter. As for me, when I'm hungry, I can eat and enjoy anything, so long as it's not poisonous and I can't see that it's dirty—and I should add, so long as there's nothing better obtainable."

The healthy appetite of the speaker bore witness to the truth of his statement; and he and his friend were still lingering over their coffee cups, when a rumbling noise and a whistle disturbed their sense of privacy, and a short train of unwashed and wheezing carriages slid by them, and drew up with a jerk. The disturbance was but momentary. A few peasants who had descended, with faces raw in the morning, had passed through a wicket and disappeared before the train had gone on again; and the two friends were rejoicing in being left once more to themselves, when the servant spoken of as

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Jackson came up and informed them that the vehicle which had been ordered at the inn would be ready in a few minutes. On turning his head to receive this welcome news, the man whose conversation showed that he was about to be the host of the other, perceived that the train had deposited not the peasants only, but a new pile of luggage, and a woman, like a maid, who was standing by it. His interest was at once aroused; and a moment later it was intensified, when a second female figure—evidently the maid's mistress—was seen to emerge from the booking-office, in consultation with the solitary porter. She was young and graceful; and a long coral-coloured dust-cloak accentuated rather than hid the symmetry of her slim figure.

"Donald," said the man who was watching her, "I told you I was as young as the morning. The old Adam in me insists on having his curiosity satisfied."

He rose and strolled negligently in the direction of the tantalising stranger. His friend's eyes followed him with an expression of grave amusement. They saw him pass her with the slightest of momentary looks at her, then suddenly check himself, return to her and raise his hat. To all appearance, her first surprise being over, she received his advances civilly. A short conversation followed; and then his friend was aware that the two had quitted the porter, and were walking together in the most amicable manner towards the breakfast-table.

"I'm sure," said the man, when they reached it, "you will find this better than the inn. My friend and I can bequeath you some bad coffee to begin with—we are just going off in a carriage whose wheels I can hear already—and your maid and my servant who is coming on by the train, will be able to extract from the innkeeper whatever he has to give you."

In his manner there was a charming mixture of perfect ease and respect, which had evidently made her feel as much at her ease as he did. She thanked him for his kindness with an air of dainty composure, and accepted the chair he offered her as though he were an old acquaintance. Her face was

Google

hidden by a veil, but the eyes of youth shone through it; and her fresh and delicate voice was the voice of a young girl.

"Jackson," he said to his servant, "you and this lady's maid must arrange about having some breakfast sent out to her from the inn. Here's the carriage," he added. "You had better put the bags in first. Alistair, will you show Jackson which things you want to take with you?"

Whilst his friend and the servant were acting on these instructions, he turned again to the young lady. "If I were you," he said, "I would make them give you some eggs. The bacon is not to be recommended. And don't be impatient with the pepper-pot. You will have to hit it hard if you want to get anything out of it. Perhaps before I go—I see they're not ready yet—you will let me make myself useful by brushing away these bread-crumbs."

She looked at him for an instant. "Please," she said, "don't trouble."

There was something in her manner which told him that her ease was giving place to shyness. At once by a subtle gradation his own manner grew more formal. "Excuse me," he said, "for a second;" and went out to the carriage. He came back almost directly having in his hand a novel. "You've two hours to wait," he said. "May I give you this to help you to beguile your time? It's a book which when once you've begun it, you must read to the end; and which no one who has read it to the end can ever open again. As I've read it to the end myself, it's quite worthless to me; and so, if I may make a present of it, its value need not embarrass you."

Her natural manner returned to her. She took the book laughing. "Thank you," she said, "very much. I've not read a novel for weeks. I've been having a rest cure, and am now going to finish it by the sea."

He gave her a look of inquiry, as though he would question her farther; but checked himself, raised his hat, and, wishing her good-bye, turned away from her. Whilst, however, he was standing by the wicket, waiting to enter the carriage, he

Google

heard her voice again, and saw that she had risen and followed him. She had lifted her veil an inch or two, and now her mouth was visible. It was fresh as an opening rose-bud, though its droop had a hint of sadness in it. "I want," she said, "to repeat my thanks. You have really been very kind to me." They looked at each other. She smiled and hesitated. Then she gave him her hand. He raised his hat once more, and followed his friend into the carriage. As the carriage turned a corner he saw that she was still watching him.

"My dear Rupert Glanville," said his friend with a laugh presently, "the old Adam is as young in you still as he was in our days at Oxford."

"His imagination," replied Rupert Glanville—for it was none other than he—"his imagination, which has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, outlives his beliefs and hopes. I can't tell why, but a little incident like that which you now allude to, still contains for me all the dew and all the poetry in the world. There is nothing personal in it," he continued, as he lit a cigar. "The young lady we have left behind us—I don't want her here. She *is* here. She has become the blue of the sky, the song of the lark, the smell of the gorse, the air of all summer mornings. She is a suggestion of the secret that lies for ever beyond the view of the possible, just as it lay when Polyphemus fed his flocks on the Sicilian hills. In another disguise, she is the secret that floats in churches, in the contrition of the organ's music, in the tears of kneeling penitents. She is the spirit of that sub-conscious life to which philosophers are only now beginning to turn their attention, which is beyond history, which changes as little as the sea does, and which is the mother of mysteries and contradictions. You the recluse—the student of art and philosophy—you must understand my meaning."

"It is," replied his friend, "because these things appeal to me so much more than the world does, that I have given my life to the study of art which is their symbol, and to philosophy which tries to explain them."

Google

"I maintain," said Rupert Glanville, "that the world is their symbol also. Anyhow, we have both of us turned our backs on the world now; and these are the things which we are going into the wilderness to see. My hermitage will perhaps surprise you. I hope you will be able to put up with it."

(To be continued.)

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

FEBRUARY 1903

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

An Essay on Criticism	Page 1
Three Years War	6
On the Line	13
LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM——JULIAN S. CORBETT	28
THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY:	
1. *By* Dr. Albert Gessmann (*Christian-Social Party*)	42
2. *By* Dr. Adolf Stransky (*Young Czech Party*)	51
3. *By* Herr Kossuth (*Hungarian Independence Party*)	60
"ASIA AND EUROPE"——EDWYN R. BEVAN	62
THE PEOPLE AND MODERN JOURNALISM——OWEN M. GREEN	81
THE VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI (*Illustrated*)——EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS	95
THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET——PROF. LEWIS CAMPBELL	110
RECOLLECTIONS OF SOLITUDE——ROBERT BRIDGES	123
ATHENE ON GREEK COINS (*Illustrated*) —— BARONESS AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER	128
THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA——PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS	139
THE RIDDLE——W. J. DE LA MARE	156
REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS	161
THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE—III—IV	168

No. 29. X. 2.—Feb. 1903.

Google Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (JANUARY).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES :

Le Byron de Nos Jours

On the Line

LETTERS FROM DELHI, 1857 (*With maps*)—*Edited by* GEORGE S. BARNES

SHALL THE STATE EDUCATE?—GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT—CARLYON BELLAIRS

THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD: II—RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD FRY

THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND JOHN THE APOSTLE—A. N. JANNARIS, PH.D.

THE MAGIC KINGDOMS—FIONA MACLEOD

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN: VI (*Illustrated*)—ARTHUR MORRISON

DANNY, LXXVIII–LXXXVII—ALFRED OLLIVANT

A BALLAD OF THE YOUNG RUTHVEN—ANDREW LANG

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review,"* 50A *Albemarle Street, London W.*

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

'TIS hard to say if greater waste of time
Is seen in writing or in reading rhyme;
But, of the two, less dangerous it appears
To tire our own than poison others' ears.
Time was, the owner of a peevish tongue,
The pebble of his wrath unheeding flung,
Saw the faint ripples touch the shore and cease,
And in the duckpond all again was peace.
But since that Science on our eyes hath laid
The wondrous clay from her own spittle made,
We see the widening ripples pass beyond,
The pond becomes the world, the world a pond,
All ether trembles when the pebble falls,
And a light word may ring in starry halls.

When first on earth the swift iambic ran
Men here and there were found but nowhere Man.
From whencesoe'er their origin they drew
Each on its separate soil the species grew,
And by selection, natural or not,
Evolved a fond belief in one small spot.
The Greek himself, with all his wisdom, took
For the wide world his bright Ægean nook,

Google

For fatherland, a town, for public, all
Who at one time could hear the herald bawl:
For him barbarians beyond his gate
Were lower beings, of a different date;
He never thought on such to spend his rhymes,
And if he did, they never read the *Times*.

Now all is changed, on this side and on that,
The Herald's learned to print and pass the hat;
His tone is so much raised that, far or near,
All with a sou to spend his news may hear,
And who but, far or near, the sou affords
To learn the worst of foreigners and lords!
So comes the Pressman's heaven on earth, wherein
One touch of hatred proves the whole world kin—
"Our rulers are the best, and theirs the worst,
"Our cause is always just and theirs accurst,
"Our troops are heroes, hirelings theirs or slaves,
"Our diplomats but children, theirs but knaves,
"Our Press for independence justly prized,
"Theirs bought or blind, inspired or subsidised.
"For the world's progress what was ever made
"Like to our tongue our Empire and our trade?"
So chant the nations, till at last you'd think
Men could no nearer howl to folly's brink;
Yet some in England lately won renown
By howling word for word, but upside down.

But where, you cry, could poets find a place
(If poets we possessed) in this disgrace?
Mails will be mails, Reviews must be reviews,
But why the Critic with the Bard confuse?

Alas! Apollo, it must be confessed
Has lately gone the way of all the rest.

Google

No more alone upon the far-off hills
With song serene the wilderness he fills,
But in the forum now his art employs
And what he lacks in knowledge gives in noise.
At first, ere he began to feel his feet,
He begged a corner in the hindmost sheet,
Concealed with Answers and Acrostics lay,
And held aloof from Questions of the Day.
But now grown bold he dashes to the front,
Among the leaders bears the battle's brunt,
Takes steel in hand, and cheaply unafraid
Spurs a lame Pegasus on Jameson's Raid,
Or pipes the fleet in melodrama's tones
To ram the Damned on their Infernal Thrones.

Sure, Scriblerus himself could scarce have guessed
The Art of Sinking might be further pressed:
But while these errors almost tragic loom
The Indian Drummer has but raised a boom.
"So well I love my country that the man
"Who serves her can but serve her on my plan;
"Be slim, be stalky, leave your Public Schools
"To muffs like Bobs and other flannelled fools;
"The lordliest life (since Buller made such hay)
"Is killing men two thousand yards away;
"You shoot the pheasant, but it costs too much
"And does not tend to decimate the Dutch;
"Your duty plainly then before you stands,
"Conscription is the law for seagirt lands:
"Prate not of freedom! Since I learned to shoot
"I itch to use my ammunition boot."

An odd way this, we thought, to criticise—
This barrackyard "Attention! d—— your eyes!"
But England smiled and lightly pardoned him,
For was he not her Mowgli and her Kim?

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But now the neighbourhood remonstrance roars,
He's naughty still, and naughty out of doors.
'Tis well enough that he should tell Mamma
Her sons are tired of being what they are,
But to give friendly bears, expecting buns,
A paper full of stale unwholesome Huns——
One might be led to think, from all this work,
That little master's growing quite a Turk.

O Rudyard, Rudyard, in our hours of ease
(Before the war) you were not hard to please:
You loved a regiment whether fore or aft,
You loved a subaltern, however daft,
You loved the very dregs of barrack life,
The amorous colonel and the sergeant's wife.
You sang the land where dawn across the Bay
Comes up to waken queens in Mandalay,
The land where comrades sleep by Kabul ford,
And Valour, brown or white, is Border-lord,
The secret Jungle-life of child and beast,
And all the magic of the dreaming East.
These, these we loved with you, and loved still more
The Seven Seas that break on Britain's shore,
The Winds that know her labour and her pride,
And the Long Trail whereon our fathers died.

In that Day's Work be sure you gained, my friend,
If not the critic's name, at least his end;
Your song and story might have roused a slave
To see life bodily and see it brave.
With voice so genial and so long of reach
To your Own People you the Law could preach,
And even now and then without offence
To Lesser Breeds expose their lack of sense.
Return, return! and let us hear again
The ringing engines and the deep-sea rain,

Google

The roaring chanty of the shore-wind's verse,
Too bluff to bicker and too strong to curse.
Let us again with hearts serene behold
The coastwise beacons that we knew of old;
So shall you guide us when the stars are veiled,
And stand among the Lights that never Failed.

Google

THREE YEARS WAR

WE wish to believe, and we do believe, that between the covers of his book[1] we have at last captured the real De Wet. He is, it now appears, neither an English nobleman fled from justice, nor an inspired fanatical Ironside, nor a "flying Dutchman" with supernatural powers of vanishing into air; but a quick-witted, optimistic, *naïve*, and energetic human being of the well-known species, with the boastful humour and high spirits more usually belonging to the sub-species schoolboy. The tone of the book is just such as you may hear any day after a juvenile game of football. "By Jove! Atkins, didn't I score off you just? Don't you fellows wish you could collar *me?* But I say, I don't think much of your goal-keeping!" And the bystander, like the reader of the book, is astonished to find at the end of thirty-seven chapters of this talk that it was after all the inefficient Atkins and not the great and glorious De Wet who won the match.

This buoyant tone, this habit of remembering with advantages all that went well, and forgetting all that went to make up the supreme failure, does not in the least detract from the value of the book to students of war. If De Wet was no strategist, he had the soldier's first virtue in a supreme degree. To give his men full rations and himself a club dinner every day was no part of his ideal of duty; he played, if you will, a narrow-minded and short-sighted game, but he played it

[1] "Three Years War." Christian R. De Wet. (Constable, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Google

single-heartedly to win if he could. No doubt he had the great advantage over our cavalry officers that he had never learned the use of pianos or polo-clubs, and did not even in peace know what it was to "do himself well"; he started, as they left off, stripped *pour y parvenir;* but the desperate resolution with which he ran himself out remains a record for esteem and imitation. If it be true that in his darkest hours determination got the better of chivalry, it is not for us to complain, but to thank our fathers that we can still give points in the greatest lesson of war.

Historically, the interest of the book lies chiefly in the Appendixes which give the report of the "Meeting of the General Representatives held at Vereeniging" in May 1902. The manner in which this Conference was conducted seems, after all allowance for possible suppression of unparliamentary incidents, to have been very creditable to the sense and open-mindedness of the delegates. Their speeches are simple and downright; we cannot doubt that in this utterance of a nation in the last agony, we have the truth which "sits upon the lips of dying men." Many questions are here answered, or partly answered, which, during the war, were in England the subject of many doubts and fierce disputes. Among those we have noted are the following:

(1) On the origin of the war little is to be found, but General Smuts says (p. 495):

> To me it is all the darker because I am one of those who, as members of the Government of the South African Republic, provoked the war with England.

And Vice-President Schalk Burger, on p. 500:

> I do not think we can appropriately call this altogether a "war of faith." Undoubtedly we began this war strong in the faith of God, but there were also two or three other things to rely upon. We had considerable confidence in our own weapons; we under-estimated the enemy; the fighting spirit had seized upon our people; and the thought of victory had banished that of the possibility of defeat.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

(2) The number of the Boer forces at the beginning of the war was put by General De Wet (p. 430) and by General Botha (p. 493) at "60,000 all told."

At the time of the Conference General Smuts estimates that there are still "about 18,000" in the field (p. 495). General Botha (p. 492) "found that there were 31,600 prisoners of war, of whom 600 had died, and that 3800 of our burghers had been killed in the war." This is a loss, in proportion to the numbers engaged, far greater than our own, and a still more appalling total is suggested by the recollection that after such days as January 6 at Ladysmith, and March 28 at Abraham's Kraal, the "burgher" losses were returned as four or five killed, while on the former occasion our troops handed over 121 dead bodies, and on the latter buried 127 after the fight.

(3) The possibility of European intervention had evidently been a disputed question among the leaders. Landdrost Bosman says (p. 481), that the war "had been begun with hope of intervention," and argues in support of his statement, though General De la Rey (p. 429) had declared that he himself "never thought intervention possible." In this controversy it is not difficult to see that some bitterness had been felt by those who found themselves the dupes of Kruger and the deputation to Europe.

(4) Light is thrown on Pro-Boer views and proceedings. Their meetings encouraged General De la Rey (p. 483). They cried out against any hesitation as to the wisdom of negotiating: but General De Wet argues (p. 485):

> England is negotiating with us—that is to say she shows signs of yielding to our demands. If we continue the war, England will negotiate again; she will offer still more favourable terms; she will not even stick at independence . . . remembering that the sympathy for us, which is to be found in England itself, may be regarded as being for all practical purposes a sort of indirect intervention, I maintain that this terrible struggle must be continued.

The Pro-Boers were of course entitled to an honest opinion, but there can be no longer any doubt that their public declara-

Google

tions against their own country's action cost the lives of many men on both sides. We seem to hear another echo in Judge Hertzog's speech (p. 489):

> The time would come when England would have trouble with her taxpayers. Already the British Government found it difficult to pay the interest on the sum borrowed for war expenses, as was proved by the fact that a corn tax had been levied in England. That tax would not have been levied unless things had been in a serious condition.

Those who opposed any idea of treating the rebels in Cape Colony as rebels should note that General Botha (p. 425) "had always understood that the Colonists were going to rise *en bloc*," but "they have been cowed by the heavy penalties imposed upon all who did rise." It is interesting, too, to compare the estimates of our position and chances made by Messrs. W. T. Stead and A. M. S. Methuen with General Botha's opinion in his speech on p. 492:

> What have we gained since June 1901? Nothing. On the contrary, we have been going backwards so fast that if this weakening process goes on much longer we shall soon find ourselves unable any more to call ourselves a fighting nation.

General De la Rey (p. 480) took a similar view—a much clearer view than our boyish author:

> And what real advantage had accrued from his successes on the veldt? What had followed on them? All his cattle had been taken away, some three hundred of his men had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner.

(5) We are left in no doubt as to the result of the campaign. The war was ended; the Boers were beaten to a standstill. It is put by General Du Toit (p. 476) and General De la Rey (p. 480) with an admirable frankness which reminds us—by contrast—of Napoleon and the *Moniteur*. Judge Hertzog adds (p. 490) an acute and conclusive observation:

> No, it was not the horror of the situation which influenced him; there was something that weighed upon his heart yet more heavily—it was *the holding of that meeting at Vereeniging* . . . that meeting was a fatal error; it would give

Google

them their death-blow. For what had it produced? A statement from the lips of the Commandant-General himself that the condition of the country was hopeless.

(6) Why was the war at an end? Because—a pity the self-styled humanitarians had not foreseen this—A. had made things so uncomfortable for B. that B. could not go on fighting. So long as B. could take his month's furlough when he liked, and his family could send him regular supplies from their peaceful homestead, he was ready to go on shooting rooineks for ever: he had no one to ask him, "Shall I slay my brother the Briton?" But when at last the Boer had educated us, had taught those responsible for the lives of our best men that war is a serious thing and not a House of Commons debate or a Queen's Hall shrieking-match, then the slaughter came to its natural and long overdue end. "At Vriijheid," said one delegate, "we have been harassed by large forces of the enemy . . . . and the district is now completely devastated." Another reported that "the part of Middelburg which he represented was in an almost hopeless condition. There were no slaughter-cattle and only enough grain to last for a very short time. Out of five hundred horses only one hundred now remained, and these could do no work. . . . The district would have to be abandoned." The same two speakers dealt a yet harder blow to the Lloyd George and Campbell-Bannerman party:

> The presence of women and children causes great difficulty, for of late the English have refused to receive the families which, compelled by absolute famine, wished to take refuge with them. (Mr. Birkenstock, p. 412.)
>
> The women had wished to go on foot to the English. (Mr. de Clercq, p. 413.)

To this General Botha himself adds (p. 426):

> At first I managed to get them into the townships, but later on this became impossible, because the English refused to receive them. I then conceived the idea of getting a few of our burghers to surrender, and sending the women in with them.

The deaths caused by the epidemics in the Concentration

Google

Camps were deplorable: but they took place against the will and in spite of the efforts of our people: and the one significant fact to an unprejudiced observer will always be the chivalrous attempt made, not for the first time in our history, to feed and protect the women and children of the enemy in arms against us.

The third cause given for the necessity of peace is the building of the blockhouses. Our schoolboy calls them (p. 321–8) "the blockhead system," and says that they prolonged the war! But the Commandant-General, who was not writing a book but speaking to his own people on a question of life and death, thought differently.

> Are we going backwards or forwards? There is nothing, in my opinion, more evident than that, during the last six months, the tide has been setting steadily against us, and in favour of the enemy.
>
> A year ago there were no blockhouses. We could cross and re-cross the country as we wished, and harass the enemy at every turn. But now things wear a very different aspect. We can pass the blockhouses by night indeed, but never by day. They are likely to prove the ruin of our commandos.

So the war ended, and with it we may hope many old and fallacious ideas. Henceforth there is no excuse for any misconception of the main principles of warfare. The first is to fight your hardest and your longest, and to give yourself wholly to your fighting: in this De Wet excelled. Second, not in importance but in logical order, is the rule to fight without hatred, to honour your enemy when beaten, to protect his women and children: in this our men have as yet no equals. The third principle, which neither we nor the Boers had sufficiently grasped, is that consequences follow their appropriate causes, and that the most scientific and most merciful way of ending a war is to take those measures which will most quickly and finally paralyse the enemy. To spend a thousand men in a uselessly heroic charge against a hundred impregnably intrenched, to snap up outposts, to "cut my way through sixty thousand men" again and again, till I have lost my guns, my ammunition, my

Google

cattle, my food, my commando, my secretary, and my son—this is not the game, and it is to be hoped that in time we may all cease to think it glory. Then the De Wets will have only to learn that the New Testament is a better soldier's pocket-book than the Old, and our men to borrow from them the word "No Surrender," the spirit that continually whispers "*nondum usque ad sanguinem restitisti.*"

Google

ON THE LINE

Delhi, Past and Present. By H. C. Fanshawe. (Murray, 15*s.*)—This timely volume is written by a recently retired Commissioner of the Delhi Division. The author has been able, in the intervals of his work, to study the people and the art of the country; and he has put his holidays to such use that he can say: "There are few great ruins or buildings in the world which I have not seen." This very modern attitude towards India and the world, so different from the hatred of India and boredom in any other country, which was the tone of previous generations of English officials, has produced a guide-book without a rival. In the possession of so attractive a volume the already fortunate visitors to Delhi for the Coronation Durbar were still further to be congratulated.

But why was Delhi chosen for that function? Whence its name of "Imperial City," and its designation, most absurdly, as the "home of Asia"?

Near the site of modern Delhi various previous towns, or fortresses, have, from the sixth century onwards, been erected and subsequently deserted. One of these, a Hindoo city about eleven miles south of the existing town, was captured by the Muhammadan Kutab-ud-din, who there proclaimed himself the ruler of India, in the year 1206, and erected the Kutab Minar in commemoration of his conquest. For the next three hundred years that old Delhi was the capital of the Muhammadan Emperors of India. Then the first Moghals, from

Google

Babar to Jehangar, neglected Delhi for Agra, or Lahore; and it was not till 1638, more than a hundred years after the Moghal conquest, that Shah Jahan founded the present town, properly called Shahjahanabad.

It has had but a short career of glory. For a century after Shah Jahan it was only at intervals the home of the Emperor; and from its sack by Nudir Shah in 1739 to the memorable siege and capture in 1857, it was the residence of an Emperor deprived of all power. The accumulated renown of the previous cities in the neighbourhood, the fact that the existing city was founded by the most powerful of all the Moghals, and that then it was either the nominal capital of the real ruler of India or the real capital of the nominal Emperor, coupled with the presence, in the Jama Masjid, of the chief Muhammadan temple in India—all have combined to make Delhi the only city in India to which the title Imperial can be applied, and have caused its selection as the scene of the proclamation of the assumption by Queen Victoria of the Imperial title on January 1, 1877, and of the proclamation of the Coronation of Edward VII. on January 1, 1903.

Mr. Fanshawe has, modestly and wisely, made long extracts from official or other contemporary authorities, both European and Indian. His account of the Siege of Delhi in 1857 is told almost entirely in the words of the report drawn up by Lieutenant, now Field-Marshal, Sir Henry Norman. Written immediately after the capture of the city, by one who was present, and had access to all the necessary information, Lieutenant Norman's narrative, together with Mr. Fanshawe's accurate and suggestive notes, contains the best short account of the fighting at Delhi which has yet appeared; nor is it probable that any more graphic, correct, and concise story will ever be produced. As a record of heroic devotion to duty it has no equal. It is well to remember that the mutineers also fought well. They gave their lives freely in defence of their religion and their country, showing a courage and an ability which, under capable leadership, would have made them almost

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]A

invincible. They were overcome by the masterful resolution, and the terrifying prestige, of the dominant race.

Mr. Fanshawe's description of the noble monuments of Muhammadan architecture at Delhi is, very properly, based upon Fergusson. There is no greater or more enthusiastic authority. Many will be slow to admit that the Campanile known as Giotto's, at Florence, is outclassed in "poetry of design," as well as in general beauty, by the Kutab Minar; but the remark, coming from Fergusson, is worth reproducing. These Delhi monuments, both in outline and in ornament, are of the very highest standard of excellence. Much of the carving at the Kutab, which Fergusson describes as "without exception the most exquisite known," may certainly, as Mr. Fanshawe declares, "challenge comparison with any work of the kind"—with the famous Alhambra at Grenada, for instance.

The British reader may derive from Mr. Fanshawe's most acceptable volume a warm sentiment of pride in the staunchness of his countrymen in the face of terrible suffering, and also a feeling of sincere respect for the Indian, unquestionably his due, both for his brave stand in defence of what he naturally regarded as his rights, and for the works of art, in many respects unrivalled, which his genius has created.

Life and Letters of James Martineau. By James Drummond and C. B. Upton. (Nisbet, 30*s.* net.)—"Sick and weary as I am of the strifes and jealousies of a petty sectarian existence, I should not be sorry to devote the remnant of my days to the peace and freedom of a studious but not inactive retirement." So wrote James Martineau at the age of fifty-two; and the sentiment may serve as a comment on much of the circumstances in which his life was passed. The atmosphere in which he lived was obscured by clouds of theology. The pride of heterodoxy had hardened the bonds of dogmatic teaching. The society which plumed itself on having no confession of faith was held together by a literal acceptance of the Bible as an infallible rule of faith and morals; the

Google

sectarian spirit, separatist and intolerant of divergence in opinion, showed itself in zeal for "orthodoxy" and dislike of new ideas; and a community which perpetuated some of the best features of the old Puritanism kept alive also something of its barrenness and censorious habit of mind. Martineau's manly and catholic spirit rose above these pettinesses; but accustomed as he was from childhood to hear orthodoxy insisted upon, his mind took a dogmatic colour; and though he is not to be charged with unfairness to opponents, he was too much convinced of the religious importance of his own view of the truth to put himself at the standing point of his opponent; being in this the opposite of Sidgwick, of whom it was said that his impartiality was so great that the only fear was lest he should be unfair to his own argument. Martineau's life knew no holiday and little joy except—a large exception—the love of wife and children, the devotion of friends and pupils, and the deep and ardent religious feeling which filled his whole nature. Next to religion, philosophy claimed his devotion; and probably he found more happiness from the exercise of severe thought in the task of working out a system of philosophy, than he would have gained from the conversation of his equals and a more conspicuous position amongst savants and theologians, such as he might have had if he had been—as he well might have been—a dignitary of the Church of England. His life was colourless but strenuous; the temper of his mind neither pliable nor humorous, but lofty and uncompromising. Religion and philosophy absorbed him, and his interest in politics and philanthropy, though warm and genuine, was subordinate to the master-studies. Of the world and its prizes and honours he was altogether incurious. The public does not assign a large share of its attention to sermons: but Martineau's sermons are an exception, and will take their place beside those of Arnold, Newman and Robertson, as part of English literature.[1]

[1] The philosophical side of Dr. Martineau's work will be dealt with separately on a future occasion. [Editor.]

Google

Fishing and Shooting. By Sydney Buxton, M.P. (Murray, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—After reading Mr. Buxton's book one inclines to think it a misfortune that so few sportsmen exist who can write about sport in a manner at all pleasant. They tell us the name of the fly they used and the weights of their fish. But they do not convey to the reader the emotions which accompanied the capture of each. They tell us the places touched by the fox, but they fail to describe the incidents of the hunt. In describing a day's shooting, they give us a bald narrative without a vestige of literary skill. Yet each day's fishing, hunting, or shooting is different from another; and if the writer could but give a vivid picture of the sport, and let the reader share his pleasure, many a one would be grateful to him. It was not so with the older writers. Izaak Walton and Peter Beckford are said to be read with pleasure by many who are not sportsmen. These reflections occur with double emphasis after reading such a charming book as Mr. Buxton's, where sport is described by a man who can also write, and the delights of the sportsman are put before the reader in scholarly language. Lord Falkland said "that he pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather." We have always thought that rain might be an excuse, but never was a reason, for staying indoors. One wet day, however, at all events, may be passed by the most desperately keen sportsman in reading this volume. Mr. Buxton, as the title of his book shows, is an angler first and a shooter second. Indeed, he places fishing far above shooting, and compares the excitements they offer much to the advantage of the more peaceful, bloodless, and solitary sport. He is not a foxhunter, but, we are glad to see, he is so unselfish that he is for sparing foxes, and cheerfully says he has had many fine days' sport at the pheasants when a vixen and full-grown cubs have been beaten out of the coverts. We fear the pheasant shooters, and their gamekeepers particularly, do not commonly hold this broad-minded view. If they did, the sight of pheasant coops in a covert would not be a sign that it was fairly sure to be

Google

drawn blank. We have said that Mr. Buxton is first and foremost an angler. He is also above all things a dry-fly fisherman. Indeed, his partiality for this branch of fishing is so great that he had rather put a floating fly over a fish that he does not catch, than catch one whose presence is first announced by a tug at the sunken fly. We do not question the superior art and sportsmanship of the dry-fly method; but this refinement seems an exaggeration bordering on absurdity. The angler, to our thinking, should be able to adapt his fishing to circumstances; and if trout prefer the fly sunk it is pedantic to grease one's line with red-deer fat and anoint the hackles of the fly with odourless paraffin to make it float. There are, of course, rivers where the one method and rivers where the other is most successful, at least in hooking the biggest fish. And since the biggest fish are most difficult to catch, the sportsman will prefer them. We have sometimes wondered whether, if the small trout were more difficult to capture than the two- or three-pounders, the angler would derive most pleasure from catching them. To-day we write and talk—at least in fishing circles—so much about the "dry fly" that we are apt to forget, as Mr. Buxton points out, how modern a thing it is. Matthew Arnold, Froude, and Kingsley did not know the dry-fly method. Yet they caught big trout in the southern chalk streams, where now the dry fly is so firmly established that the man with an *alder* or a *march-brown* is sneered at as a sort of poacher, and, if he fishes wet, catches nothing as a rule. Would the old school succeed now if they could revisit the banks of the streams they loved so well? Or have trout become educated as people are always saying? The fishing writers of the seventies and early eighties hardly mention dry-fly fishing. The Badminton volume of 1888 treats of it in a short chapter only. Mr. Halford's great book was published in 1889, and Mr. Dewar's not until 1897. The new school has gained many members in the last ten years. Mr. Buxton describes how he has used the dry fly, with moderate success, on a Scotch loch where the wet fly was

Google

doing nothing. The charm of the dry fly is obvious on a smooth-flowing chalk stream like the Test, the Itchen, or the Kennet, where the great lazy trout come up at stated times to suck down the natural flies as they float along. You see your fish, and he must not see you. You make your cast, and see your floating fly drop a yard or two above the rising fish—the excitement comes as it passes over the spot. The satisfaction is perfect when you see it gulped down and feel the line tighten. But the dry-fly system has another side. There is time wasted whisking the fly through the air to dry it. There is the bother of changing flies, and the cursed bottle and brush with paraffin. There is the need sometimes of using fine-drawn gut, which breaks when you get a good fish on. But in all sport the pleasures of success make one forget the pangs of failure. And as Mr. Buxton sagely observes, if we caught as many fish and shot as straight each day we were out, the pleasures of sport would vanish. Besides philosophic maxims there is much practical instruction in the book, and Mr. Thorburn's pictures are, as usual, excellent.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's book **Twelve Types** (Humphreys. 8*s.* 6*d.*) opens with a short Essay on Charlotte Brontë; and it is characteristic of the attitude and action of the writer's mind, that, having been audacious enough to add to the Babel-Tower of criticism reared in connection with the Brontë sisters, he should compress his remarks into some dozen pages of large print and then proceed to give this Essay the post of honour, which in books as in life is also the post of danger. Many a reader, meeting "Charlotte Brontë" on the first page, will take it for granted that nothing can be hoped for from such a threadbare theme, and will lay down the book, feeling sure that no new thing cometh out of Howarth. This would be a mistake, for these few words on Charlotte Brontë teem with suggestive power:

> She (Charlotte) chose the ugliest of women in the ugliest of centuries, and revealed within them all the hells and heavens of Dante.

Digitized by Google

> The whole aim and purport and meaning of the work of the Brontës is that the most futile thing in the whole universe is fact . . . "Jane Eyre" is, perhaps, the truest book that was ever written. Its essential truth to life sometimes makes one catch one's breath. For it is not true to manners, which are constantly false, or to facts, which are almost always false; it is true to the only existing thing which is true, emotion, the irreducible minimum, the indestructible germ.

Such sentences bear fruit long after the wordy detail of some ponderous treatise has faded from the mind.

But Mr. Chesterton, incapable of playing to the gallery, has not learnt even the rudiments of the science of advertisement, or surely "The Optimism of Byron," with its frank yet tempting challenge to conventional opinion, would have taken Charlotte's place and led the way.

"Charles II."—by far the finest chapter in the book—is wedged in between "Rostand" and "Stevenson," where the present craze for modernity may all too easily overlook it. It is not too much to say that those few pages on "Charles II.," though they savour more of the note-book than of finished work, deserve lasting life. It is in literature as with mankind. However solemnly we may prate of extinction we know that every day we meet persons and books that can never die. There is a something which, if it once comes into existence, lives on. In a man we call it "character," and whether we meet it in the Man in the Street or in the Daily Paper, its influence abides, though the man has passed from our ken, or the newspaper to its appointed end. This little Essay on "Charles II.," brief, scrappy, inadequate and almost flimsy, has that influence. The thought in it has permanence, and flows through the mind in a thousand trickling channels of reproductive energy.

We hope the author will see to it—not that his niggardly utterance on "Charles II." should live—that neither he nor any one else can prevent—but that it should survive in extended form and through exhaustive treatment and a wider audience. He acknowledges that the "real relation of Charles II. to the moral ideal is worth further study," and we ask nothing better

Google

than that he should bestow such study and publish the result.

The Essay on "Savonarola" amplifies a sentence on its own second page: "Men like Savonarola are the witnesses to the tremendous psychological fact at the back of all our brains, but for which no name has ever been found, that ease is the worst enemy of happiness, and civilisation potentially the end of man." This, the kernel of the subject, is brought home to us by a succession of home-truths which spur the reader into self-defence or self-condemnation.

The last paper in the book, on "The Position of Sir Walter Scott," is written in a gentler key, and has the effect of a flute following close on the blaring of trumpets. It would be a pity to forestall the general reader's guileless enjoyment of these pages, but it is only fair to warn him that they lack the virile strength and masterful eloquence of their predecessors. But it is useless for Mr. Chesterton to ride his fiery Pegasus on the curb, or to make polite efforts to be merely pleasant. The real man will out; and so the comparatively commonplace flavour of this article is redeemed by some meteoric sentences:

> The centre of every man's existence is a dream. Death, disease, insanity, are merely material accidents, like tooth-ache or a twisted ankle. That these brutal forces always besiege and often capture the citadel does not prove that they are the citadel. The boast of the realist is that he cuts into the heart of life; but he makes a very shallow incision if he only reaches as deep as habits and calamities and sins.

We have said enough to satisfy conscience in the matter of sharing a "good find" with other people. It would be easy to insult this little book with conventional praise or cheap depreciation, but we doubt if either would affect its influence. The author of "Twelve Types" stands near the heart of things, and is, therefore, in touch, immediate, intimate, with the hearts of his readers: the public, unless we are much mistaken, will "read and remember and understand." Yet, inasmuch as it is the trick of our English nation (and perhaps especially of English writers) "if they have a good thing to make it too

Google

common," we will venture to express a respectful hope that the author will not be too generous with his gift of paradox. Paradox is a good servant, but a bad master, and Mr. Chesterton's powers of thought and diction are too universal to be strained through the hair sieve of even a masterly mannerism.

It should, of course, be clearly understood that to a considerable extent "Twelve Types" displays, of necessity, the ephemeral features of the newspaper column; compared with the work Mr. Chesterton can, and we hope will produce, this little book is but "a sample by post."

The Strength of the People—A Study in Social Economics. By Helen Bosanquet. (Macmillan, 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)—About a year ago there appeared Mr. Rowntree's "Study of Poverty." Mrs. Bosanquet's book is, as it were, a response—or perhaps a kind of challenge—to its predecessor. Not that the two authors differ in their aims. They are making for just the same goal—the improvement, moral and material, of the poorer classes. But they reach that goal by very different roads. Both desire to awaken self-respect in the working man; but Mr. Rowntree thinks that the stimulus should come from without—that the healthy body must precede the healthy mind; while Mrs. Bosanquet believes that the stimulus comes from within—that desirable physical conditions must be produced by certain inner qualities. If possible, they must already exist in the working man himself and only need increasing from the outside. But if they are absent, then the spark must be evoked by the souls of educated people. Mr. Rowntree uses copious statistics to prove every statement that he makes. Mrs. Bosanquet deals in generalisations—with a certain amount of examples to support them—and in large philosophical reflections. The first proceeds on the scientific, the other upon the ethical method.

The result of these divergences is, perhaps, obvious. Mr. Rowntree gives us a large amount of valuable instruction by the way, but he comes to next to no conclusions except about

Google

sanitation. The less cautious Mrs. Bosanquet gives us fewer facts and, like all ethical teachers, is rather apt to force those she does give to prove certain spiritual truths; but it must be confessed that she ends by furnishing us with more remedies and a far more definite course to pursue than Mr. Rowntree provides for us. The upshot of books such as these is, after all, our main concern, and so it is as well to begin with the end of Mrs. Bosanquet's volume.

Her main point is the abolition of out-door relief and the relegation of such cases as need help to the domain of private charity, which she wishes to be distributed by properly trained administrators. And, so that all who need it may get this training, still more that "every citizen, man or woman, young or old," should obtain some knowledge of "Social Economics," she would establish for "every considerable centre of population" special schools to teach this branch of science, besides libraries to provide all the literature that deals with the subject. The promotion of working men's clubs and associations, the increase of skilled labour, are also, in her eyes, two important ways of increasing the working man's prosperity. And she makes a valuable suggestion that may go far to swell the number of efficient artisans: that school managers and visitors should take care to keep a hold upon the children who are just leaving school and help them to choose and follow the careers best suited to their powers. But the chief aid to all this "public education" should ever (she says) come from Church and Chapel,

> Perhaps more especially the former. The Church which is to save the people—if ever again there is to be one—will be not only *for* the people, but *of* the people . . . The great spiritual leaders have always been those who made great demands upon their followers.

All this is admirable. We cannot choose but agree with Mrs. Bosanquet's ends: it is her reasoning *en route* which does not always satisfy us. She seems sometimes too brisk, too sanguine; her social-science spectacles are occasionally so pink that they rather obscure her sight. The Charity Organisation

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Society is a noble and beneficent institution, but it has never pretended that its scope is unlimited. Mrs. Bosanquet represents, if we may say so, the Absolute Idea of the C.O.S., and applies its precepts universally. It is one thing to realise that the self-respect and courage of the poor themselves must be the mainspring of reform—that to give them new interests is to give them more than meat and raiment; and it is another to underrate their difficulty in acquiring these virtues; to assert, for instance, that though circumstances may make the man, the man first makes his circumstances, by bad habits, early marriage, or the like. What would our author say to the not unfrequent case of a girl brought up from babyhood in a disreputable home, consisting of one room? Can *she* be said to make her circumstances? And, if so, how? It is true again that private charity should only be appealed to as a last resource, but it is surely over-hopeful to say that the majority of destitute widows and their kind can always be supported at the urgent moment by the poor themselves, unless philanthropists officiously step in. No doubt this is true, but the money is oftenest provided at the cost of sufficient food, or some other necessity of the benefactors. One of the best chapters in the book is that which opposes the establishment of Old Age Pensions and advocates the use of existing machinery, but even here the difficulty of putting existing machinery in motion is ignored. There is, however, only one real gap in this full volume, though the defect is a surprising one. Mrs. Bosanquet does not touch on the all-important subject of drink—the worst disease which devours the community. She cannot attribute it wholly to a want of proper self-respect. Does she count its victims amongst the disabled, who, like the deaf and dumb and feeble-minded, should be compulsorily removed from the commonwealth? It is to be hoped that she does so, and that she will favour the scheme which the West Riding of Yorkshire is already putting in execution: the institution of corrective asylums for drunkards, providing them with medical treatment—asylums to which magistrates may send offenders at discretion.

Google

We need hardly add that Mrs. Bosanquet's hopefulness is never that of easy dilettantism. It is the hopefulness of hard-worn and unremitting energy; and whether we agree with her conclusions or not, we certainly cannot do better than follow her example.

Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters. (Murray, 25*s.* net.)—Mr. Murray has done a pious office in publishing the Memoir of Whitwell Elwin, for seven years (1854–1860) Editor of the *Quarterly*, with some of his most remarkable contributions to the Review. The Memoir brings back the memory of a figure too original and vigorous to be allowed to die. Vehement, impulsive, generous, as unmethodical as an Irishman, undisciplined by school or university education, a nonchalant and rather slatternly country clergyman, who never visited London if he could help it, more at home in the eighteenth than in the nineteenth century, Elwin would have seemed the last man to conduct a serious business, including within its purview not only a mass of correspondence with sensitive contributors, and a knowledge of current literature, but the priesthood of a literary and political mission. In those days the Quarterlies were political organs and their editors party champions. Now that Tory and Whig have been fused in Unionism, their trumpets no longer blow defiance at each other. The editors also are less autocratic, and deal more tenderly with contributors. In the reign of Lockhart and Elwin the editor's cutting and slashing often made essayists complain, like Mr. Puff, that they hardly knew their own work; and one contributor, whose stomach was too high to submit, actually sent back Mr. Murray's cheque with an angry letter. There were then some half-dozen magazines. Now there are half a hundred, and able editors are similarly multiplied. Elwin's firmness and geniality made him personally an ideal editor. But he had his faults. He could only write at high pressure. He did not answer letters, often did not open them. He lost manuscripts. He was never up to time, and almost

Google

wore out Murray's patience by his impenitent unpunctuality. He would not live in London, and his visits were as short as he could make them. It is wonderful that with these drawbacks he became an excellent editor and one of the most prominent figures in the literary society of his day. Much was due to the charm of his conversation, a charm depending upon his personality. He was not "a book in breeches" like Macaulay, nor a professed teller of anecdotes like Lord Coleridge, though he told stories well; nor a wit like Sydney Smith or Rogers, nor a blaze of paradox like Lord Houghton, nor a loud-mouthed Jeremiah like Carlyle. He had not even "read everything": but he had a capacious memory, and a knowledge of what he knew, a love of give-and-take in conversation, a fine voice and a conciliatory manner. He was all the more welcome in society because he was not a professional talker. He was content to play his part in an orchestra, and did not insist on handling the big drum or the trombone, which drown the other instruments.

His life was full of oddities and contradictions, and yet he was not looked upon as an oddity. Though he never departed from his simple rusticity of life, occasional converse with the world rubbed away many eccentricities. He held his own opinions strongly and maintained them stoutly. He was, like Crabbe, whom he resembled in many points, a man of remarkable personal courage, instances of which are recorded in his outdoor life at home. He showed a different kind of courage when he took Croker by the horns, and when he attacked subjects for which he had no special preparation. Here he was rash, but perhaps successful; but what are we to say of the amateur antiquary who without mathematics, draughtsmanship, or practical experience, undertook to pull down the decent old parish church of Booton and build up a new one entirely from his own designs? To qualify himself for this Quixotic task he made a tour in the southern counties and visited some half-dozen cathedrals! The result was as amazing as might have been expected; and

Google

we cannot deny originality at least to a design which included two florid western turrets set on to the main building corner-wise, and between them, springing from the top of the gable, a pinnacle some thirty or forty feet high and an enormous trefoil piercing and filling the wall-space above a niggardly chancel-arch. With these attractions, no wonder the building became "a common object to sight-seeing tourists."

In his later years Elwin, who was always a Conservative in politics and religion, became a decided High Churchman. He had been in his youth as "careless of hood and band" as Crabbe's parson; celebrated the Communion three times a year, dressed like a layman, and never thought of daily service. He threw in his lot with the Ritualists, less from sympathy with extreme views than from dislike of intolerance. He gave up writing, and devoted his whole time and with the happiest influence, to his parish.

The personal impression left by the memoir is stronger than the literary impression of the essays. One would have liked to hear Elwin talk, for well as he wrote he must have talked better. His essays, particularly those on Cowper, Johnson and Gray, are well worth reading; they have unity as studies of eighteenth-century writers and bring us into the best of company; but they travel over well-worn ground and have no very striking originality or power of style. In fact, though works of genius may be as rare as ever, the general standard of article-writing has risen in the last half-century, and what took the town fifty years ago would now not stand far above the common level. Elwin's articles are not works of genius, but they are good literature and quite able to stand alone. We should be glad to have more of them; particularly those on Wordsworth, "The Newcomes," and the Napier brothers. It is a pity that they should be hidden away in the 250 volumes of the *Quarterly*, guarded rather than approached by forbidding and almost inaccessible indexes.

Google

LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM

I

A GREAT and pregnant reform has come to the navy. The longer the new scheme for the entry and training of naval officers is considered, the more does it appear to justify the sense of gravity with which it was received by a bewildered press and the more, it is pleasant to add, does it seem to justify the spontaneous homage it compelled. The reorganisation it foreshadows is not only a reform. It is a radical and far-reaching revolution—a revolution destined to give living and lasting shape to the tendencies, that in their efforts to reach embodiment, have been disturbing the service for a whole generation.

For years, whenever the Admiralty has been brought to the bar of public opinion, the burden of the charge preferred against it has always been that it would never do anything but whittle and tinker. Whenever an axe was required it produced a pen-knife; when every one else called for rebuilding it replied with a prop. Of such criticism there is now no question. Whatever else the new scheme may be, it is at least a large effort to deal with the problem of officering the navy as a whole. It searches every corner of the organism, where increasing inflammation has indicated the presence of morbid growth or where rigidity has told of atrophy or senile decay.

Google

Then instead of the old discredited attempts to treat the symptoms it has boldly endeavoured to eradicate the root of the disease. To many both within and without the service it will seem that there has been too heroic a use of the knife. Whether this be so or not time alone can show. An operation which displays so much thought and skill at least deserves success.

Probably no one not actually concerned in framing the scheme can have any full idea of the difficulties it had to surmount. Yet from a distance we may read between the lines. From end to end the document is as much a compromise as is a modern battleship—a compromise which tells of the clashing demands of the various branches of the service and the friction of opposing schools of thought. What different ideals must have had to be reconciled; what a weight of conservative opinion overcome; how many warnings from men sincerely honoured as treasurers of naval tradition discarded! The work must often have been no less painful than it was difficult, and no one can read the scheme without recognising it as the product of no ordinary minds. It is stamped with the qualities which every one knows to be the soul of all great reforms, and we recognise its authors as men for whom the end to be attained looms larger than the obstacles in the way. Nor is this all. We recognise besides the highest quality of statesmanship—the power to penetrate beneath a tangle of details and seize the fundamental fact that underlies them all. It is probably this vivifying touch, more than anything, which, in spite of regret for what is passing and fears for what is to come, has drawn forth the chorus of applause, and lifted the document in the public eye quite above the level of an ordinary state paper.

The situation, as it appears to an onlooker, was this. As the naval art developed side by side with mechanical and physical science in unprecedented rapidity, the old ideas had continually to compromise with the new. For a time the process went on smoothly enough, yet with ever increasing

Google

tension; but at last there came a point where compromise could go no further, and the service began to be tormented with anomaly. It took three main shapes—the anomalous condition of education and the anomalous positions of engineers and marines. New sores appeared more rapidly than they could be plastered. Wise physicians could only suspect that somewhere deep down was a common source of irritation. The inspiring feature of the new scheme is that its framers have sought and discovered what they believe that source to be and have boldly acted on their diagnosis. The memorandum frankly exposes a growth which has been persistently ignored or trifled with. It has admitted the organic change in the art of war by sea to which we have half-shut our eyes so long. It has recognised that the war-vessel of to-day is no longer a ship but a machine. This is undoubtedly the basis of the whole scheme—the cardinal fact which suggested the remedy.

Such an opening of the eyes to living history must always be a little blinding. As it was recognised instinctively from the first that an historical document had appeared, which in all probability must form hereafter a landmark in naval annals, opinion both professional and public tried to find itself by the help of precedent. Analogous situations have been searched for to clear and guide our judgment. The one most frequently brought up to compare with the present change is the supersession of the galley by the sailing-ship and the consequent change of *personnel* by which the fighting crews became sailors instead of soldiers. But such an analogy is wholly false and misleading and can serve no purpose but to confuse the problem. In the British service no such process ever took place. It is imaginary history engendered of hasty generalisation. In England the sailing warship was in no way influenced by the galley either in form or organisation. It was a direct development from the armed merchantman and its crew except for the occasional addition of soldiers as small-arm men was never anything but a crew of sailors. It was always they who worked the guns and the ship. Gunners, indeed, there were,

Google

but they were in the nature of warrant officers, and the seamen were to them what the stoker of to-day is to the engineer. The truth is we are face to face with a question of *personnel* which has never occurred before so completely or at all in the same way, and it can only be solved on first principles mellowed by practical experience and a sympathetic grasp of naval sentiment.

If any analogy to the present situation is to be found in our naval history it lies not in any sudden alteration of *personnel* but in a slowly recognised change in the tactical conception of a warship. Until the Tudor seamen perfected the art of fighting broadside ships, the warship was regarded as a floating fortress garrisoned by infantry. The Elizabethans fixed its true function as a mobile battery, and then in search of mobility and fire energy the English navy man, instead of being a musketeer, became and remained primarily a seaman gunner.

It is this conception that has now to be changed. It has outlived the conditions of its birth, and from being the life and soul of the service it has become the morbid cause of its fever. Gunnery is as essential as ever—the warship as much as ever the mobile battery. But it is no longer on the old seamanship that mobility depends. Mobility now depends mainly on the engine-room, and the irresistible conclusion is that the lore of the engineer must take the place of all that is dead of the older seamanship. The profound significance of the new scheme is that it paves the way for this momentous change. The vital seed of the memorandum is not so much that the engineer is to become an executive officer as that the executive officer is to become an engineer.

This is the remedy that is to be applied to the disease. It arises directly out of the diagnosis, and the more closely we study the new scheme the clearer does it become that this must be the end of it. The engineer from the inherent necessities of the case has become too strong and too valuable to remain in the subordinate position he has hitherto held. He will become stronger yet, and the improved position will have

Google

to be improved still further. Yet this is a process which obviously cannot continue for ever. If development were kept to those lines the engineer must eventually dominate the executive officer. Such a state of things would of course be impossible. There is but one way out of it. If the engineer cannot be allowed to supersede the executive officer, then the executive officer must take his place.

This is in effect the end to which the new scheme points. For the old type of engineer there is gradually to be substituted an executive officer specialised for the engine-room. To attempt so difficult a solution seems at first sight to be aiming beyond the reach of human attainment —to be making a demand beyond human strength. We cannot believe that the executive officer can ever add to all the other qualities and knowledge that are already demanded of him, the qualities and knowledge of an engineer. We cannot believe, in short, that the strata of society that now supply the executive officer can ever procure men to replace the "MacAndrews" of the fleet. We seem to be about to spoil a good sailor and turn out a bad engineer. Still, it must not be forgotten that the service has passed through a similar, though smaller, difficulty before. The present crisis in this particular aspect resembles that which grew out of the friction between the "gentleman" and the "tarpaulin" officers of the later part of the seventeenth century. The "tarpaulins" were all seamanship, the "gentlemen" all command. Without the tarpaulins the gentlemen could do nothing, and when the "tarpaulins" were given a command they were seldom a success. Their narrower upbringing unfitted them for the higher functions of war and rendered it almost impossible for them to develop the higher qualifications of commanders. It was equally believed that the "gentleman" could never add the skill or the soundness of the "tarpaulin" to his own attainments and qualifications. Yet this was how the problem was solved. By degrees the "gentleman" became a "tarpaulin," and the outcome was the executive officer of modern times.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Insensibly the class of men from which the average tarpaulin was bred became the backbone of the service in the warrant ranks, and only those of exceptional ability were able eventually to hold their own for the brains and tone of the fleet against men of more favoured environment and higher education. The "master" was the last survival of the old state of things, and even he eventually disappeared and his place was filled, so far as it needed filling, by a navigating specialist. It is a repetition of this process that the new scheme foreshadows —a process which cannot be accomplished in a day, but one that can be carried through the more speedily and soundly for being approached frankly and with open eyes.

As the trend and intention of the new order is more fully apprehended there will be bitter lamentation. There must have been much already, of which only the faint echo has passed the walls of the Admiralty. Above all, men both old and young, will deplore the sacrifice of seamanship which is necessarily involved in turning the executive officer into an engineer. But does it mean any real loss? Masts and sails have gone, and with them all they meant in forming the character of the old seaman—the stamp of man to whom the country owes so much, and who is one of our most legitimate sources of national pride. All this has gone, and it must be replaced. From what has ousted it we seek the substitute. And what is there that can replace it half so well as the character and temperament that comes from handling masses of machinery? Are not the same qualities involved—the alert precision, the responsibility, the courage, the cool head, the resourcefulness? What man so much resembles a sailor in his essential attributes as an engineer? In what failure of character does the one fall short of the other? The resemblance is true of engineers ashore: it is doubly true of engineers at sea, where the difficulties and dangers of handling machinery are multiplied almost infinitely. We might perhaps go even further and assure ourselves that in the necessity of handling titanic engines and delicate electric instruments at sea in all

Google

weathers and in all climates we are gaining more than we lost in masts and sails. For to all the qualities which they demanded there must now be added a higher intelligence and a more scientific habit of thought.

Yet the fact must not be blinked that there is a part of the old seamanship that machinery cannot teach, however well it may prepare the ground. There are qualities which distinguish the born seaman, and must still remain the soul of success, whatever changes time has wrought and has still to bring about in naval warfare. They are things which cannot be acquired in the womb of a ship, and they are things essential to high command. Still and for ever the service will demand in its higher ranks the old intimacy with the sea in all its moods, the judgment, the iron nerve for a risk, the intuitive perception of danger, the eye that feels in the dark—all those qualities in short that can only be learned on deck from the mouth of the tempest. If it is imperative that the executive officer of the future should be an engineer, it is none the less imperative that he should not cease to be in the highest sense a seaman. It is this eternal truth which has always given a seaborn people like ourselves a priceless start in the race for dominion, and face to face with it the authors of the scheme stop short of the logical conclusion of their reform. The officer who specialises as an engineer is to cease to be deck officer for all his career, and is never to be entrusted with the command even of a ship. Between the bridge and the engine-room a gulf is still fixed. But in this, as Lord Selborne has since pointed out, there is no blind finality. It is no case of so far and no farther. The skill with which the new framework is designed is such that it can be expanded without dislocation. If at any time as the result of experience the service feels that the engineer specialist can perfect himself without losing the higher seamanship, the gulf between engine-room and bridge can be filled in with a stroke of the pen. The passage between the two can be made as easy as that from gunnery to watch-keeping, and the reform which is now set on foot will then be effectively and logically

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

complete. Neither engineer nor deck officer has ground for complaint or apprehension. The future is perfectly secure, and the final development rests still with the practical experience of the service.

Viewed as a whole, then, nothing could well appear more sound or more sagaciously in touch with the trend and exigencies of the naval art than the scheme as it stands, and nothing in it is more hopeful than the way in which it converts the cause of all the trouble into a means of salvation. Machinery has taken possession of the fleet. It will always be with us; it will always increase upon us; yet rightly handled it will always afford its own antidote. The transition will demand the whole loyalty of the service, which Lord Selborne has handsomely invoked. He counts upon it confidently to make his revolution a stable success. There will be much to sacrifice both of sentiment and reality, but the service has only to grasp the necessities of the case and the sagacity and prudence of the remedy, for those sacrifices to be made with a light heart. No sudden change need be feared. The present scheme does no more than pave the way for what seems the inevitable end. It will be long in coming, and not the least admirable feature of the scheme is the way it looks to gradual development rather than sudden perfection. It is framed in such a manner that the process it sets in motion can be arrested at any point or pushed on as the service feels its way. There need be no shock to naval sentiment. In a right spirit the thing may move slowly forward, and though the way may be long, it will at least be sure.

The unity of the service, which Lord Selborne makes it his chief aim to restore, is further to be secured by a gradual assimilation of the marines to the other officers. "The future marine officer," he says, "will thus become available for keeping watch at sea and for general executive duties on board ship. . . . from the very outset of his career as such he will be competent to take a much fuller part in the handling and fighting of his ship than his present training has permitted."

Google

It is a change that cannot but be welcomed by that hard fighting force, and curiously enough it is in a sense a reversion to the original idea with which they were raised by William III. Josiah Burchett, who was then Secretary to the Admiralty, tells us that, so far at least as the men were concerned, the corps was intended to be not only a military force for service afloat, but also a nursery for seamen. As fast as they qualified as "foremast men" they were rated as such and absorbed into the ship's company. And he regrets that in the reorganisation that occurred under Queen Anne, "one of the principal motives for the first raising of such a body of men" was lost sight of. That principal motive is now being disinterred from long oblivion, and it can hardly but be for the good both of the corps and the service.

II

In the eyes of the public the main merit of the scheme must be its bold attempt to treat the three main shortcomings of the navy as a whole and with one comprehensive remedy. Such an attempt must compel the taxpayer's high approval, but at the same time it is inevitable that in so wide a range of endeavour there will appear to him places where the old canker has not been entirely cleared away, or where the seeds of failure have been let fall. The details are avowedly left open for further consideration, and it is only in details that adverse criticism seems called for. Still it cannot be denied that in some places the defects look serious, and if a warm admirer of the scheme as a whole calls attention to them it is in no spirit of hostility, but only in zeal to see a radical cure. As every one knows, the most skilful operation is of little avail unless it be followed by good nursing, and it is mainly as to how the new scheme is to be nursed that apprehension is felt. Much, if not all, depends on that.

Of so much as relates to engineers and marines I will not venture to speak. That is best left to those who are more

Google

conversant with the conditions of those special cases. Moreover the consummation of the changes the reform foreshadows for them lies still some years in the future. The immediate interest of the scheme is mainly educational, and that is a subject on which a civilian can speak with less hesitation.

The reforms about to be introduced are many and complex, but the question is simplified if we recognise that they fall broadly into three categories—according as they relate to primary, secondary or higher education.

Primary education the Admiralty has finally decided to undertake itself by entering all cadets between the ages of twelve and thirteen. The reasons why they have at last felt themselves compelled to face the objections to entering boys so young are twofold. Firstly, the ordinary public schools of the country, in spite of certain praiseworthy efforts, have failed after fair trial to produce the material which the Admiralty requires. It is clear in fact that what seems good enough for the upper classes of the community in their present apparently inflexible attitude to education is not good enough for the navy, and it therefore becomes necessary for the navy to do the work for itself. Secondly, there is the traditional and well-grounded feeling in the service that if a boy is ever to be a seaman in the higher sense he should be dipped in salt water at the earliest possible moment, before he has had time to acquire shore-going habits, and when it is easiest to breed in him that instinct for the sea which is the life and soul of his profession. The danger of the new "Britannias" from this point of view is, that they may degenerate into mere naval public schools with very little of the sea about them. The old *Britannia* course is to be extended to elementary physics and marine engineering with the use of tools and machines. The avowed object of the course is to give the cadets a good grounding in the subjects necessary to the naval profession and at the same time such a general education as will enable them afterwards to grasp the theory of any branch of the service in which they may find

Digitized by Google

themselves. All this is excellent, if the details are subsequently worked out as well as the theory is stated. Nothing is said of salt-water training, but there should be no difficulty in this, if minor war vessels are attached to the colleges, and above all if the sports of the cadets are directed to the sea instead of the land. As the thing stands at present there is nothing to show that shore athletics will not continue to be the main object of a cadet's existence.

To early entry there are undoubtedly many objections, and unless the lads be thoroughly steeped in salt water from the beginning, half the good will be lost. Moreover, unless under the process they quickly shape for sailors both in temperament and physique, they must be ruthlessly excluded. A most weighty reason against early entry has always been that you are getting material of which you cannot possibly judge the worth. Its value can only be found by experiment and the moment it is found to be faulty, no more time must be wasted upon it. There must be no more personal consideration, no more of what it is best to call tenderheartedness in the matter. The only test of whether a boy is to be retained or not must be the good of the service, which is the good of his country.

Another cause for anxiety in the new system, which it may be intended to remove, is of a more definite character, and brings us to the secondary part of the young officer's education. After four years at school the cadet is to go to sea as a midshipman, but whether in a training-ship or in a battleship or large cruiser, is not yet decided. All that is decided is "that at whatever period they are posted to ordinarily commissioned battleships or cruisers, compulsory school on board these ships shall cease." Here we have what is intended to be the death-blow to the worst feature of the present system —the "half-timer." Although apparently a midshipman will have the opportunity of pursuing theoretical work, it will only be at his own free will. He is to cease to be half-schoolboy and half-officer, and the heartbreaking attempt to teach

Digitized by Google

boys schoolwork at sea is to be finally knocked on the head.

Will this in effect be done? With all goodwill to the new scheme and the high intention of its authors, it must be said that here the old canker is not cut away. We can affirm with certainty that if the cadet be at once posted to a commissioned ship, with no further training than is sketched in the future *Britannia* course, the old evil will assuredly recur. He will be no more an officer than he was before. At school, so far as the scheme discloses, he will have learnt not a word of gunnery, torpedo, or pilotage. As before, instead of being able at once to take his place in his new ship as an officer, he will have to begin to learn, under every adverse condition, the real elements of his profession. He will not be an assistant or understudy to the specialist officers; he will be a schoolboy whom they are to instruct. Here we shall have the worst features of the old haphazard teaching perpetuated. We may call it instruction, but it will be and must be instruction in a schoolroom. And what a schoolroom, and what instruction! A schoolroom without quiet, air, or light, without models, drawings, or even a proper blackboard—instructors without training in instruction or time to teach even if they have a natural bent for it, with no control over attendance, with no possibility of framing a regular progressive course, with pupils constantly sea sick or at every one's beck and call. Even in the largest battleships and cruisers it will be bad enough, but what will be the fate of a boy in the smaller types where the first lieutenant may be doing gunnery and torpedo duty? He can scarcely ever have a moment for instruction and inevitably the work must be turned over to warrant officers wholly unfitted for the task.

Clearly whatever is eventually done this will not do. It is only substituting one kind of schooling for another, and treating the old evil by giving it a new name. But such is the excellence of the elastic framework of the whole design that it affords several ways in which the evil may be avoided.

To begin with, by adjusting the *Britannia* course with a

Google

bold disregard of discredited educational fetishes, and by substituting more modern methods of instruction for those we have received from the later middle ages, it may be found possible to teach the elements of the instructional subjects up to a point where they could be continued in the practical discharge of duties as an officer afloat, without further recourse to the schoolroom. But this will depend entirely on the way the new naval schools are modelled. They must turn their backs on the system that has failed to give us what the navy wants. They must set an example by adopting fearlessly all that is adaptable and sound in the methods of "crammers" and of foreign schoolmasters. There will be no time to potter over the boys' education in the way that finds favour with the average Public School parent. The same freshness and understanding must be brought to bear in the class-rooms, as elsewhere is so admirably displayed in the imparting of athletics. If this were done with a bold and emancipated hand, part at least of all the instructional subjects should be able to find a place in the new school course. If, however, it is thought impossible to carry them to the desired point in the *Britannia* stage, then undoubtedly whatever the cost there must be training-ships, and the boys must be kept in them till they are fit to join active ships as officers. By all means let the period be as short as possible. Let them at the earliest moment join active ships and begin their experience in commanding men. The enormous value of officers beginning in boyhood to acquire by practical effort that priceless power is one of the most hallowed dogmas of the navy. Its advantage and influence on the whole tone and efficiency of the service can scarcely be exaggerated. But let us beware lest we do exaggerate it, and sacrifice to it things which the service in these days cannot do without. It cannot do without the soundest technical knowledge, and if technical knowledge be acquired in the proper way, nothing can so well give an aptitude for command. The knowledge itself gives authority, a sense of power, and self-confidence; and in the process of acquiring it at first hand through successive ratings

Google

in a training-ship, a boy learns the most essential factor of all command—for he learns to obey. Nor need it be feared that he will be kept too long out of touch with the men—and this again is rightly one of the most treasured aspects of the old system of early life afloat. For training ships cannot be manned wholly by gentlemen cadets, who have to go to school as well as work the ship. There must be a large leaven of bluejackets in the crew with whom the cadets must work hand to hand, and what better than that could bring them into touch with the feelings and limitations of the men they will have ultimately to control?

Thus regarded the traditional objection to training ships seems to dwindle very small. But were the objections as real as ever still the training-ships must be employed to follow up the *Britannia* course, if, that is, it be found that the four years in the *Britannia* cannot produce beyond the accomplished schoolboy. Without them half at least of the advantage of the new scheme, for which so much of time-honoured sentiment has to be sacrificed, will be thrown away. We shall be buying the part, where with a few coins more we might buy the whole. Without them, it is true, the education of the young officer will no longer be wholly bad, as was it before, but it will still remain a half-and-half system, reproducing and indeed stereotyping some of the worst features that lay at the bottom of the old discredited failure. And not only this. It will introduce others which did not formerly exist. For the new scheme, as it stands at present, makes fresh demands upon the spare time of officers which were not known before—demands of an educational character, which are wholly incompatible with the teaching of elementary subjects and so heavy that, even if they can ever be thoroughly discharged without large modification, they must absorb all the leisure and energy which an officer has left after the performance of his regular duties. But as this is a matter which concerns higher education and is of extreme difficulty and importance it must be considered at a future opportunity.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

Google

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY

I[1]

By DR. ALBERT GESSMANN

(Leader of the Christian-Social Party)

YOU ask me whether there is any circumstantial foundation for the rumour of a possible partition of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

I am compelled to give the following reply, painful as it is to the feelings of an Austrian patriot :

No wonder the general impression abroad is that the fall of the Dual Monarchy is only a question of time ; the outside world is after all but half informed about many questions which, even for Austrians, are difficult and complicated. Nevertheless, as a Party leader who has battled for over twenty years in the political arena, I believe myself to be in a position to declare that the further continuance of the Hapsburg Empire may be regarded, humanly speaking, as a certainty.

Austria cannot and must not perish, partly on account of her neighbouring States, and partly in the interests of her own population.

[1] Further communications upon this subject from Count Banffy and other Austro-Hungarian leaders will be edited and commented upon in our next number by Mr. Maurice A. Gerothwohl.

Google

Ours is a time of national unification. No rational mind can deny the enormous advantages to be gained by the fusion of all the constituents of a nation into a political whole. A striking example in this respect is afforded by United Germany. Still there is no rule without exception, and the excellent administration of Switzerland shows us most clearly that racial unity is not always absolutely indispensable to the welfare of a common political life. Otherwise, if it be argued that racial unity alone confers the right of existence upon a State, Switzerland, for instance, in which three peoples live peaceably together, and Austria, which embraces no less than seven races, would be doomed to annihilation.

Indeed, for the sake of consistency, one would have to proceed to sort out all the nations of the earth and set them up in "stacks" according to race and kind. Such a task would no doubt seem child's play to those political Utopians who solve, with cheerful ease, the most difficult problems *on paper;* but for us who claim to be regarded seriously as politicians it is a matter of impossibility.

Nature is fond of variety and transition. She interposes spring between winter and summer, and autumn between summer and winter, because great extremes of cold and heat could not stand at close quarters. She has likewise designed the great map of the world, in a spirit far remote from caprice, and wisely considerate of all possibilities. Thus, she has made the north-east of Europe into a great Slavonic Empire (Russia), has seated the Latin peoples in the south and south-west, and has assigned yet another position to the Germanic races. But in the centre an Empire was bound to emerge, which should blend Germans, Slavs, and Latins within its borders, and hence be capable of acting as a mediator between the peoples of the neighbouring States. Such a land is Austria. We may even term her a land of compromise, and this description is true enough, since some mode of compromise or settlement in regard to the common life of the various races is essential, if we are to prevent international relations from assuming through-

Google

out a character of the most perilous friction. To avoid such misunderstandings, to minimise existing differences, and to facilitate mutual intercourse between the diverse peoples in order that they may learn something from each other, is a task befitting neither a purely Slav, a purely Latin, nor a purely Germanic State, but a State which includes within its folds representatives of these three heterogeneous elements. This conception of a State, which has to undertake the part of mediator, one might almost say of interpreter for all Europe, is personified in this Austria of ours.

That a State consisting of such a medley of nationalities should have formed itself in the centre of Europe, where the different nations come into touch with each other, goes to prove the truth of my assertion. But the Hapsburg Empire is not only entitled to further existence on the ground of its historical development, but the most important neighbouring States will feel themselves compelled in their own respective interests to ensure the continuance of the Dual Monarchy. For in the event of a dissolution of Austria, those neighbouring States which acquired portions of the present Empire would soon find themselves involved in political bankruptcy; "*Timeo Danaos . . .*," is still to-day a diplomatic byword. Germany, or rather the present ruling circles in Germany, look with great mistrust upon any realisation of the Pan-Germanic—or, as we term them, "Alldeutsch"—ideals. Bismarck, Austria's most gifted enemy, declared this often enough with no uncertain voice. He had very good reasons for so doing, and the successors of the great Chancellor know perfectly well why they take especial care to follow in the footprints of their predecessor in this respect. The moment Germany were to annex the German-speaking provinces of Austria, she would be the larger by twelve millions of population, but this addition would considerably strengthen the South German Catholic element in the German Reichstag, and seriously menace both Prussian hegemony and the sovereignty of the Hohenzollerns. For one point is certain: the Austro-Germans, when once

Google

citizens of the German Empire, would immediately unite with the Bavarians, to whom they are intimately related in race, dialect, and religion, to oppose the Protestant preponderance of North Germany. The antagonism between North and South Germany is so great that this result would inevitably ensue. Bismarck's German Empire has now existed for more than thirty years, and the gulf between North and South Germany still remains unbridged. German statesmen know it well, for they possess the one quality which is but too often lacking in many of their foreign colleagues, viz., foresight. They have therefore always politely declined when a separation of the German provinces of Austria has been mooted by overzealous Austrian Germans.

We have seen that Germany would preserve a negative attitude towards any suggestion of a partition of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Still less would the Russians incline to welcome the annexation of the Slav-peopled provinces of Austria. Russia finds trouble enough with her own Polish subjects, and can hardly wish to add to the disturbing elements by the inclusion of the Austrian Poles and Czechs, who number four and eight millions respectively. Still more conspicuous by its absence is the enthusiasm of the Austrian Poles and Czechs for Russia, and this is only natural. At the present day the Austrian Poles are living in a constitutional country, where they take an important share in the business of Government—true, their share is more often business than government! Would they voluntarily renounce these advantages for the sake of returning to an autocratic State, a political wilderness, uncheered by any Parliamentary fount of appointments, honours, and dignities! And wherefore? Only in order to gratify a few national idealists! No, let those who wish to bring about the destruction of modern Austria rest assured that the overwhelming majority of the Slav population will actively oppose any such endeavours on their part.

Having brought forward reasons for my assertion that none of the neighbouring States can have any interest in the

Google

partition of Austria, I now proceed to show that the various Austrian peoples on their part not only have nothing to gain by a catastrophe of the kind, but would be threatened in the very conditions of their existence and compelled to take active steps for the preservation of the Hapsburg Monarchy.

The Polish nation, which, as I have already said, numbers more than four millions in Austria, would fall to the lot of Russia in any eventual partition of Austro-Hungary. Abroad one hears a great deal about Polish aspirations towards independence. This is only true, however, of the Russian Poles, who suffer actual violence from their insolent rulers, and are most unjustly deprived of their national and religious independence. The case is quite different with the intelligent Austrian Poles, who have long ago given up the fanatic dream of a national Polish State, having found a second home in Austria. They see how their brothers fare in autocratic Russia, and tremble at the idea of ever coming under the Russian knout; hence they are good Austrians in their own best interests.

The matter stands with the Czechs very much as it does with the Poles. Of the former nation, however, a certain section has popularised the idea of "Panslavism," but even the leaders of this section take good care to defer the realisation of their motto, "Union with Russia"; for they are well aware that the political honours, power and influence which they possess to-day in constitutional Austria would be instantly lost in autocratic Russia. Furthermore, the national relationship between the Czechs and Russians is but very remote. The difference of language is so great that the two nations, being unable to understand each other without the aid of an interpreter, are obliged to rely on the French or German language for their mutual intercourse. The very characters of the Russian language are different from those of almost every other European nation: moreover, the Czechs, who belong to the Roman Catholic Church, are estranged from the Russians in matters of religion. Indeed, it would, as regards the Bohemian nation, be doing a "hangman's" office to attempt to

Google

link it with the Russian Empire. For there the preservation of its national characteristics would be far less assured than in modern Austria, where the Czechs play, in my judgment, a highly respectable part. The Russians would be an overwhelming majority, the Czechs a vanishing minority; and one may judge how Russia is accustomed to act in such cases by the melancholy example of Finland, which is in process of being stripped of every remnant of her ancient nationality.

The Italians who inhabit the south of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy to the number of nearly a million, would, materially speaking, make a very poor exchange by union with the Italian kingdom. Italy is almost as little a united national State as is Austria. The different races of Upper, Central, and Lower Italy are still mutually antagonistic to a very large extent. The tradition of centuries divides them whilst allowing the much-boasted unification of Italy to exist on paper. At the same time a financial crisis is undermining the national strength and slowly gnawing the framework of the State. *To remain* citizens of such a country is a duty for those whose birthright it is, but to *become* members of such a State is a promotion which no one will court after reflection. National enthusiasm is a fine thing, but unfortunately it has no power to appease the pangs of hunger. The Austro-Italians will think twice before exchanging Austria, in which they generally meet with success, for bankrupt Italy. Their national enthusiasm would soon evaporate, leaving only the realisation of their self-created misery.

Let us now consider what the eventual partition of Austro-Hungary would mean to the Servians and Croatians living in the south of the Monarchy, and numbering together over five millions. A propaganda is being made on behalf of one of the smaller Balkan States for the reunion of the Southern Slavs of Austro-Hungary to the Slavs of the Balkans. But the former have turned a deaf ear to these doctrines. The Slavonic population has remained loyal as ever to the Emperor, if we except a few youthful politicians, who strive to attract

Google

public attention by their Radical aspirations. The Southern Slavs of the Monarchy know too well that they could only be losers by joining the other Slavs of the Balkans. For the situation is even less secure in the petty Balkan States than in Austro-Hungary: the masses of the people are fleeced and oppressed to a far greater extent than they are with us here. Thus the political sensationalists who uphold these schemes gain notoriety, but no real success. To-day they are Austrophils, to-morrow Russophils, now loyal to the Emperor, and again Oppositionists! So the balance ever sways, and yet, however they trim their sails, one thought should suffice to stay our fears: "Funds they have none."

But how would the partition of the Monarchy be regarded by the Hungarians, a nation which now numbers close upon nine millions? The downfall of Austria would instantly menace the independence of Hungary. From the proud position of free citizens of a free State, the Hungarians would decline to that of Russia's obedient servants, for in the event of a partition of Austro-Hungary, Russia would require to take special measures for the annexation of Hungary, since under no circumstances could she suffer the existence of an independent State in the immediate neighbourhood of the Balkans. Thus, in face of a threatened dissolution of the Dual Empire, the Hungarians would be the first to declare against it.

I have endeavoured to prove that not only the neighbouring States, but also above all the various Austrian peoples themselves have the greatest interest in the continuance of the Hapsburg Monarchy, for, in the present condition of affairs, notwithstanding the mutual racial difficulties, their lot is undeniably better than would be their fate, according to all human calculation, after a partition of Austria. True, the various nationalities are on hostile terms with each other, and lead a cat-and-dog life together. But the very first apparition of a serious menace to the Monarchy will bring them to their senses, and induce them to present a strong and united front to the common foe of their common Fatherland.

Google

So far this article has only treated of the *advantages* of a continuance of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. I have dwelt on this point with intention, for we live in a material age, and a large number of people are in the habit of judging even the highest problems by the light of the question: "What do we gain by it?" But still there *is* another element in national life: it matters little whether we call it tradition, loyalty, or patriotism. An Imperial House which is equally beloved by the various peoples of the Empire serves as a common tie to all these nationalities. The overwhelming majority of Austrians are at heart devoted to their Emperor, and all the schemes set in motion by enemies of the State are doomed to failure, thanks to this rock-bed of loyalty in the Austrian population. In consequence of the perpetual racial and party conflicts, the Government has ceased to take any share in either. It has to stand high above the various parties and peoples, in order to avoid being overthrown through their agency. Hence it has come to pass that even parties which tend to undermine the State have not been checked in the slightest degree by the Government in their propaganda. But this precaution was hardly necessary; the Austrian population has become sufficiently enlightened in political matters, by reason of the incessant conflicts between the various parties, to give the go-by at the elections to political quacks and enemies of the State. In particular, the internal political events of the last few months go far to prove that the Hapsburgs are more firmly seated upon the Imperial throne than ever. Two years ago it was still possible to talk of a Pan-German danger for Austria. Since that time, however, the Pan-German party, which was then but in the first stage of its development, has been gradually losing ground, a result largely due to the energetic action of the Christian-Social party (my own), but also to the want of cohesion and capacity in the Pan-German leaders; it may be inferred from the war of extermination which the two most prominent leaders of this party, Deputies Schönerer and Wolf, are waging with singular fury and reck-

Google

lessness, that Pan-Germanism is actually on the verge of disso lution. This promises to be final, unless alien influence intervenes. The best proof of this assertion is afforded us by the elections which took place some two months ago. The "All-Deutsch" party did not succeed in obtaining a single seat for any of their candidates in Lower Austria, the cradle and hereditary dominion of the Hapsburg Monarchy. On the other hand, the Christian-Social party, led by Dr. Lueger, Burgomaster of Vienna, Prince Alois Liechtenstein, and your humble servant, succeeded in gaining all the seats in this province as well as all those in Vienna, the capital of the Empire. So long as the Christian-Social party is large and powerful, so long as the hereditary dominions of the Monarchy and its capital remain in loyal hands, so long will it be idle even to speak of a Pan-German danger.

You see that the Dual Monarchy is a state still possessed of vitality and containing the germs of further development and initiative. In the future it will pursue a policy of peace and equilibrium. We have no need of colonial expansion, all available forces being required for the prosecution of internal reform. The excellent qualities of its population and the abundance of its natural resources give us reason to hope that in a short time, when the question of the nationalities has been happily settled, Austria-Hungary will recover its former position.

Google

II

By Dr. ADOLF STRANSKY

(Leader of the Young Czech Party)

THE rumoured decay of the Austro-German monarchy is probably as old as that monarchy itself. The cause lies ready to hand. Freeman, the English historian, has most graphically described it in these words: "Austria suffers for the original sin of her foundation." The idea of dismembering or dissecting into its component parts a State which not only lacks national unity, but further embraces racial segments of all kinds, originates *per se*. Napoleon, we are told, entertained the idea of a partition in 1809, but rejected it after Wagram as impracticable. He is even credited with the epigram—since attributed by the Bohemians to their venerable Palacky—that, if an Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent one. From that time to the present none but revolutionists and theorisers have contemplated such a scheme as a partition. And here I would fain emphasise a self-evident distinction between the idea of a general partition and the cleavage of minor splints or frontier-streaks. If the Italian "Trentino" were presently to be rent from the Austrian dominion, Austria would remain Austria, just as France remained France after the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; we must be careful to distinguish a local disjunction from a dissolution of the Empire.

The latter eventuality I incline to regard as little short of impossible, since the centripetal force appears to me infinitely greater than the centrifugal. Innumerable movements tend towards unification. Personally, I do not overrate dynastic feeling, but its influence in Austria is striking, in the rural districts in particular; the strength of habit and the fear of

Google

the unknown are exceptionally potent factors. However dissatisfied the immense majority of our population may feel with this or that point of the existing status, they cannot conceive a condition of things which, for Austria, would mean obliteration. Economic considerations serve to strengthen the psychological. Agricultural interests predominate in the eastern, industrial in the western half of the realm. Hence on both sides the chief resource lies in the mutual exchange of their respective productions, for which, in the event of a disruption, they would require to find new markets—no easy task. Of the large peoples which combine to form the Monarchy, two, the Czechs and Magyars, are completely isolated within its folds. Germans, Italians, Roumanians, and Servians may feel attracted by their alien brethren, but no sentiment of the kind can stir Czechs or Magyars, whose most earnest desire cannot go beyond that of enjoying the greatest possible prosperity within the Hapsburg monarchy. With regard to the Germans, the Roman Catholic faith acts to a large extent as an insuperable barrier betwixt them and the German Empire. The idea of becoming the subjects of a Protestant, or, as it is here called, Lutheran, dynasty would be viewed with nothing less than "horror" by our country folk; for not only do they maintain a distinctly negative attitude towards North-German ideals, but their conduct in this connection betrays a pronounced antipathy, which, if hardly justifiable, constitutes nevertheless a feature as striking as it is influential. Nor could the Poles look forward to a partition of Austria; they would eventually stand no chance of building for themselves an independent kingdom in Galicia. Besides, the inhabitants of this province enjoy a liberal measure of autonomy, and could not possibly view the prospect of Russian rule with a favourable eye.

As for the Roumanians and Servians of Hungary they are naturally, and with good reason, malcontent. The blame rests with the particularist policy of the Hungarian statesmen. But the state of affairs in the kingdoms of Roumania and Servia is not in so satisfactory a condition that it can induce

Google

the citizens of a great Power to renounce the latter for a petty principality.

The existence in the Italian-peopled district of Trent of a party which gravitates towards the Peninsula and enlists much sympathy among the lower ranks of the nobility and the burgher classes, cannot be disputed. The peasantry, on the other hand, lean towards Austria, for the all-sufficient motive that the clergy—for reasons which demand no explanation—are hostile to the Italian Crown. Neither must we forget that the Austrian army, one of the best in Europe according to expert opinion, has kept aloof from the drifts of particularism. Our troops are fearlessly loyal to Sovereign and State, and provide a formidable protective weapon.

If no single one among the Austrian peoples is in favour of partition, the danger of such a consummation being achieved through the medium of an insurrection can be set aside. It could therefore only arise as the result of a great war. Granting, however, that one or the other Power should eventually prove strong enough to defeat Austria in the field and wrest from her a boundary province or two, no army single-handed could hope to annihilate Austria as a military power—the indispensable preliminary to a partition. This final issue could only be rendered possible by a coalition of several powers—for instance, of Russia, Germany, and Italy. But considering the enormous increase of territory and prestige to the partitioners which victory would entail, I think that the moment in which their intentions were revealed would witness the immediate formation of a counter coalition, with a view to restoring the lost balance. The results might be similar to those of the War of the Austrian Succession (1740–1746); Austria might lose in the course of the campaign one or other of her frontier provinces, but the territorial nucleus of the monarchy would remain untouched.

I may remark in addition that the soundest politicians of Germany will not entertain for a moment an alliance with Russia against Austria-Hungary, nor can Italy wish to behold

Google

the German frontiers extending to the Adriatic coast. In brief, the odds are as trifling in favour of an anti-Austrian coalition as they are great in favour of a prolonged duration of the present political outlook—and this outlook excludes *à priori* any such combination against our Monarchy. I can even describe it as improbable to the last degree, just as I will describe a partition of Austria as absolutely impossible without the agency of gigantic material strength.

That the idea of a partition receives active encouragement from abroad goes without saying; but here again a distinction must be drawn. When Roumania or Servia strive to propagate throughout Transylvania or South Hungary the idea of a Dako-Roumanian Kingdom or Greater Servia, we need not attach to their exertions any particular significance in the political field, but rather a literary, I might almost say a sentimental, character. Above all, they lack the necessary substratum of material support. Were Hungary to rule and govern her Roumanian and Servian subjects with a *stricter* sense of justice, the aforementioned agitation, born of injured sensitiveness, would find hardly an echo.

There is, no doubt, however, that Pan-Slavism, Pan-Italism, and Pan-Germanism are generated and backed by foreign influence. Comparatively speaking, I believe Pan-Slavism to be the most harmless of the three, its influence being greater in the intellectual and literary than in the political sphere. The Slav peoples mean to remain Slav, but they would as little dream of political unification as would Germans, English, Scandinavians, and Dutch. Diversity of religion and language, irrespective of geographical position, has raised an impenetrable barrier. The German-speaking mountain regions and Hungary sever all connection between North and South Slavs, and until the Poles are reconciled to the Russians, the very presence of the former people constitutes a hedge which Pan-Slavism can neither jump nor evade.

Pan-Italism, however, despite the friendly relations of the government and official circles, is recruiting numerous and

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

influential propagandists in the clubs, secret committees, literary and journalistic worlds. Indeed, it is only natural for the Austro-Italians to receive their intellectual food from the large southern kingdom. On the other hand, the present political alliance acts as a drag on the movement; besides, the Austro-Italians do not number three-quarters of a million; they are but a boundary-streak, and their retention is a matter of the smallest political importance.

But Pan-Germanism affords a very different scope. Of the various national movements which contain an element if not of peril, at least of serious difficulty and inconvenience to the Hapsburg monarchy, Pan-Germanism is without doubt the most potent and significant. The reason is very easy to discern; the German population forms an important ingredient of the Empire. I may observe, too, that the Pan-German sounding-board is quite different from any other. Germany is a large and powerful Empire, whilst Italy is in all probability still Austria's inferior as a military power. Compared to Austria, both Roumania and Servia are at present, as regards material strength, *nonentities* in the full sense of the term. Russia is certainly very powerful, but nowhere do the Russian and Austrian peoples come into direct contact. If we except Bessarabia, which halts at the Bucowina, we find everywhere former Polish provinces—now under Russian rule—bordering on former Polish provinces—now under Austrian rule; but on either side they have remained faithful to the Polish national idea. Thus Russia proper lacks immediate contact with the Austrian Slavs. Germany, on the other hand, borders on the most important possessions of Austria, and encompasses the Monarchy both north and west. Let us but reflect on the indubitable superiority of Germany in matters economic and military, and consider that in intellectual culture the Germans of the German Empire are at least the equals of the Austro-Germans; add the ambitious movement which, ever since the days of Bismarck, has been part and parcel of the German policy, the prestige which the German

Digitized by Google

arms still boast, although nowadays the German army, like all others, promises to remain on a peace-footing; remember, too, that the Austro-German universities still number in their midst an imposing body of Professors of German nationality; that the German population of Austria is naturally indebted to the German Empire for a considerable portion of its intellectual food, literary, artistic and dramatic; and that conversely an Austro-German writer—unless he rest content with a quasi-provincial notoriety—must needs aspire to recognition on the highest platforms of Germany; realise all this, and you will understand why Pan-Germanism breeds schools in Austria and threatens to capture a vital section of our youth.

The present apostles of the Pan-German idea in Austria belong to those young generations that stepped forth from the national clubs and student associations formed after Sedan, at a time when the idea of a greater Germany skipped across the Riesen and Hartz Mountains and entranced the youthful souls of the country.

If in latter days Pan-Germanism has made its influence felt more especially in Hungary, I may describe the fact as a natural outcome of the oppression of the German by the Magyar element. The Germans of Hungary are naturally reluctant converts to the Pan-German idea, and are only drawn towards it because their national life is threatened with a forcible extinction.

In Austria proper, where the Germans are the leading and perhaps the ruling power, the most efficacious stimulus of Pan-Germanism will be found in the admiration showered on the rich cousin at Berlin. The Austrian, feeling himself dwarfed by the comparison, is aglow with the ambition of going shares in his cousin's real or presumed wealth, and of acting as his partner on the world's proscenium.

Nor can the fact be overlooked that the Austro-German press is related by a thousand ties to the German Empire.

A considerable number of Austro-German publicists are

Google

Germans by birth or education, while many others, although home-bred and home-taught, are consciously or unconsciously attracted towards our neighbours. Very seldom, indeed, does the Austro-German public learn the naked truth about Germany through its appointed organs; everything German is systematically glorified, every German success grandiloquently puffed up; nay, serious reverses, which German diplomacy has not infrequently suffered since the death of Bismarck, are cheerfully added to the honours' list.

Taking into account this novel process of "colour-printing," we need hardly wonder if a movement, originally confined to a local academic fad, has at last invaded to some extent the general public itself. The followers of the Pan-German banner, seeing their endeavours arrested by the bulwark of the Roman Church, have recently rigged up the "Los von Rom" lay-figure, but up to date they can only boast a minimum of success in this direction,

From what I have just said you will gather that I do not believe in a practical success of the Pan-German movement, for the all-sufficient reason that Prussia—the marrow of the German Empire—and the German provinces of Austria are separated by a Czecho-Slavonic wedge. If Bohemians and Moravians were Germans by descent or culture, no doubt the Pan-German torrent would speedily roll over the Riesen and Hartz mountains and head for the Alps and Danube. But under the present circumstances the torrent would inevitably subside at the Czecho-Slavonic breakwater. Unless this breakwater were previously discarded or overthrown, the much discussed question could not possibly become an actual one.

The idea of allowing the German provinces of Austria to remain under the present rule whilst incorporating both realm and dynasty within the German Empire—after the precedent of Bavaria and Würtemberg—is sheer Utopia. A dynasty which wore the Imperial crown at a time when the Hohenzollerns were not even Electors of Brandenburg, would never consent to become the vassal of the latter. Hungary and the other con-

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stituents of our Empire would do their utmost to loosen a tie binding them to the mediatised states of Germany. The day which should inaugurate a closer union between the Austro-German provinces and the German Empire—whatever the form of that union—would witness the downfall of the House of Hapsburg and of historical Austria.

The results of such an eventuality upon the balance of power are easy to foresee. Germany, with her new frontiers stretching to the Adriatic Sea, would be by far the most powerful State in the world. An increase of many millions of citizens would carry with it no mean advantage, but, above all, the geographical position of the enlarged empire would render it irresistible. *Switzerland*, within whose precincts Pan-German influence is already noticeable, would find Germany on its Eastern boundary, and be compelled to become, not only intellectually, but politically, a province of the Fatherland. Mistress of Trieste and Pola, Germany could exercise so great a pressure on *Italy* that the latter would have to accept her rule, or, in order to evade this inconvenience, to declare herself the vassal of France. *England* would have found a new rival in the Mediterranean, for the occupant of Pola could easily threaten the Suez Canal. But, more than this, Germany would thus have reached the much coveted frontiers of the East. The Hungarians—unless they preferred to be merged in the Russian Empire—would have to act, however reluctantly, as the outpost of Germany on the eastward march. The commercial and diplomatic influence of the German Empire at *Constantinople* —already very great—would be immeasurably increased when once the German navy is in possession of a new Kiel or Wilhelmshafen within forty-eight hours' steam of the Turkish roadstead. In *Athens*, too, German pressure would be brought to bear. The *Balkan States* must needs become the humble executors of the German imperial will, and the industrial foundation hitherto laid by Germany in *Asia Minor* would partake of the highest political significance. It is no exaggeration to pretend that the day the German Eagle towered

Google

over Vienna, Trieste, and Pola, its wings would spread far beyond the Balkan peninsula, the eastern basin of the Mediterranean and Asia Minor, to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. And here a new chapter in the world's history would begin.

But I think it hardly probable that such nebulæ are looming in the skies. The historical evolution of our time does not precisely point to the institution of a universal monarchy. Besides, I should hesitate to assert that the present leaders of the German Empire are of so utopian a disposition as to entertain any idea of the kind. A coalition formed with a special view to the partition of Austria and to a renewal of the Nymphenburg treaty is to-day practically inconceivable. Maria Theresa secured in 1741 the support of England, which together with the loyalty and courage of her people enabled her to save the Empire. Were ever Austria-Hungary again threatened with a similar danger numerous allies would rise in her defence. But, as I have already said, it is highly improbable that such a contingency will be repeated, and, despite many difficulties, the existence of which cannot be denied, and which constitute a threat for the Monarchy, I regard the latter as too deeply rooted to experience any mishap of grave consequence.

Thiers once compared old kingdoms to old castles. When a storm arises in the night, all is clatter and rattle: the wind howls through the corridors, tears the doors from their hinges, and people believe that the end has come. The next morning they ascertain that a couple of window-panes have been smashed, and a pair of candlesticks have fallen from the mantelpiece. But the old building is as firm as ever.

This metaphor, in my opinion, may be applied to Austria's case. Indeed, the most graphic account of her is probably still to be found in Frederic III.'s oracular saying: "*Austria erit in orbe ultima.*"

Google

III[1]

By HERR FRANZ KOSSUTH

(Leader of the Hungarian Independence Party)

THE present troubles in Austria are owing to the fact that the Germans are a minority and the Slav races a majority: the leading character of Austria continues nevertheless to be German, as it used to be before Austria lost her leading position in the German Confederation, and before the German Empire was formed. The basis of all constitutional Government is the rule of the majority, so that in constitutional Austria the Slav majority will never accept the rule of the German minority. The Austrian Government has contributed to create the present situation, by attempting to overrule first the Germans, then the Slavs, and finally to conciliate the two antagonistic interests; all this amounted to attempting an impossibility. In Hungary there is no disorder as yet, but disorder might be created by the persistency with which the Hungarian Government refuses to take advantage of the favourable circumstances and obtain the commercial independence of Hungary, after having tried for years to maintain against existing laws and against the obvious interests of the country, the "union douanière" of Austria and Hungary.

Conclusion. Both Governments attempt to carry out impossibilities, and this is the cause of the present state of the monarchy.

The sole remedy lies in the "personal union" of Hungary with Austria based on the so-called "Pragmatic Sanction," *i.e.*, complete separation of the two States, the same monarch, however, being Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. This

[1] Written in English and printed *verbatim*. [Editor.]

Google

was the legal state before 1867; but the contrary to this, as a matter of fact, was enforced by violence and material force, which was the cause of national resistance under the great Hungarian leaders, Tököly, Rákoczi, and Kossuth. If the "personal union" were established between Hungary and Austria, the latter could become a confederated State, and the necessity that either the Germans or the Slavs should domineer one over the other would cease. Hungary and Austria would cease to be one "territoire douanier," and a special treaty of commerce—considering the fact that the King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria are one and the same—might be arranged between the two countries, bearing in mind the special interests of both and mutual regards towards each other, but leaving them entire freedom to settle their commercial interests with other countries, according to their requirements.

I may add that in Hungary the question of the nationalities is artificially kept up, much more indeed in the European press than in the country. As a matter of fact, all nationalities have equal rights, and only a small minority of Roumanians, Slavonians, Germans, &c.—in Hungary there are nine different races—listen to agitators. The great majority are loyal Hungarian subjects, and the Hungarians have always shared with them the rights and prerogatives of the past, and the general freedom and liberty of the present age. In Austria the Slav races, if they could obtain sufficient autonomy, would be strongly opposed to Panslavonic tendencies. The Germans, on the contrary, show a strong tendency to unite with the powerful German Empire. The more they get convinced of the fact, that, in constitutional Austria, they cannot maintain the German hegemony which they once possessed—considering that the great majority of the population of Austria are Slavs—the more they will be bound to be attracted by the German Empire.

No decisive change, however, is probable during the lifetime of the present Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, neither in Austria, nor in Hungary, nor in the relations of the two States to one another.

Google

"ASIA AND EUROPE"

TO generalise is the main function of philosophy: to generalise rashly and inaccurately is the occupation of popular philosophy. Any formula can be sure of ready acceptance and wide popularity, which gives a pseudo-scientific frame to the floating conceptions of the dilettante public. If, as well as flattering the intellect, the formula captivates the imagination, its welcome is all the warmer. But considering the momentous issues which hang upon the relation in which we English find ourselves to a large part of the Oriental world, it is perhaps important for our ideas in this department not merely to be such as show us that relation in an imposing or picturesque light, but to be true.

That the genius of our own civilisation, the body of ideas and habits which determine our modes of thinking and acting, has come into contact with something very alien, and even hostile, the ordinary Englishman discovered some time ago. He has sought for names to give to the principles in collision, for a formula to express their action according to some philosophy of history, and he has found, or thinks he has found, what he wants, when he has described them as "West" and "East," or as "Europe" and "Asia," and proceeded to attribute a number of qualities to the latter, which present his imagination with a figure of definite features, shape, and colour.

The East! the popular writer knows well that it is a term

Google

to conjure with. One can hardly open a magazine without finding some allusion to "the East," "the immemorial East," "the brooding East," "the mysterious East," "the unchangeable East." These phrases never fail to awake the appropriate thrill, the rush of associations. And this inscrutable entity, the popular theory goes on to affirm, is separated from "the West" by a chasm that nothing can bridge. All hope that "the West" will ever make any permanent impression upon it is essentially vain. We may bring it for a moment under the power of our arms, but its spirit abides in an aloofness we can never reach. It surveys our onset with an inward contempt, and when the transitory phase of our supremacy is past, "the East" will still be there exactly as it was before, exactly as it has been from the beginning: nothing will be left to tell of the brusque intervention of an alien nature.

The genesis of this current view it would be interesting to see traced. It is in part due, no doubt, to a *literary* tendency towards a telling and picturesque way of representing things: the poets have done their part.

> O East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
> Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.

Or Mr. William Watson in lines which no one who takes pleasure in splendid and moving language can wish not written:

> Ev'n so, methought, the genius of the East,
> Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,
> Luxurious, enigmatically sage,
> Dispassionately cruel, might look down
> On all the fever of the Occident;—
> The brooding mother of the unfilial world,
> Recumbent on her own antiquity,
> Aloof from our mutations and unrest,
> Alien to our achievements and desires,
> Too proud alike for protest or assent
> When new thoughts thunder at her massy door;
> Another brain dreaming another dream,
> Another heart recalling other loves,

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes,
> For our precipitate pleasures too august,
> And in majestic taciturnity
> Refraining her illimitable scorn.

But perhaps the passage which has done most to shape the popular thought, which is almost a scripture to the weekly magazines, is Matthew Arnold's delineation of the rise of Christianity :

> The brooding East with awe beheld
> Her impious younger world.
> The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
> And on her head was hurl'd.
>
> The East bow'd low before the blast
> In patient deep disdain :
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again.

Besides the *literary* interest, the *political* has, I think, had its part in determining the current theory. That theory is largely a re-action against the old doctrinaire Liberalism. With its stereotyped platitudes, its principles of political well-being derived from European public life, Liberalism was persistently blind to the difference between England and India. It expected to see democracy spring up full-grown, where the people had been moulded by centuries of despotism ; it took the glib use of political phrases by " educated natives " as sufficient proof of political competence ; and in this way it provoked those who knew the East better—writers like Rudyard Kipling—to emphasise, perhaps to exaggerate, the really immense gulf between the two worlds, to ridicule the facile conversion of the lips which disguises the unregenerate heart.

Undoubtedly we are under a great debt to those who set these things in a clear light. Paget M.P. lives and has mischief in him yet. To have discovered the gulf is a great advance upon the view of the old Liberalism. But I believe

Google

that in describing the principles at issue the view now popular is profoundly wrong, equally so in its account of their mutual action in the past; and it is largely upon this account that the pessimistic conclusion as to the outcome of the present experiment is based.

The popular view describes the two principles as "East" and "West," or as "Asia" and "Europe"; and to make this more graphic to us, it is ready with a striking portrait of "the Oriental" or "the Asiatic." This is quite enough for the philosopher of the club arm-chair: the generalisation leaves him with an assured feeling of some scientific gain. He seems to have been set upon a philosophic eminence of wide outlook. But when we try to use this notion of "the East" as a working principle, it somehow seems, like many other popular abstractions, to become dissipated under our hands. The more we try to fix it, the less can we lay hold of it. It cannot, of course, mean that the narrow water of the Bosphorus makes this profound cleavage in the human family. Does it mean that the aggregate of peoples from the Turks in the West to the Japanese in the East exhibit, as Asiatics, and have always exhibited, certain common qualities, which together make up the portrait in question? That would be a natural construction, but when we go on to ask what those common qualities are, we get very stumbling and self-contradictory answers.

The popular view has found an attractive statement in the "Asia and Europe" of Mr. Meredith Townsend. The book was received with such plaudits by the "reading public," that we may take it as an authorised exposition of their views. We may turn to it to learn who this mysterious "Asiatic" really is.

Mr. Meredith Townsend abounds in predicates. Let us take some of them and see how they square with the facts.

The Asiatic, we are told, knows nothing of "the grand Christian rule, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" It is not only that he does not observe it, but he does not even know that he ought to observe it (p. 15). And yet one seems to remember that "the grand Christian rule" was familiar in

Google

Jerusalem and by the waters of Babylon for centuries before it was known in Europe, and that the duty of general philanthropy was far more strongly insisted upon, and, it would seem, observed, by the early Buddhists than in contemporary Greece.

"Eternal consciousness!" cries Mr. Meredith Townsend in another passage. "That to the majority of Asiatics is not a promise but a threat" (p. 85). Well, the minority includes the respectable bulk of all Islam! And Mr. Meredith Townsend himself, a few pages further on, asks whether anything could be more attractive to a Hindoo than the prospect of the Moslem heaven (p. 49).

The fact is that when Mr. Meredith Townsend, or any other exponent of the popular view, talks about "the Asiatic," he has some particular class of Asiatics for the moment in his mind. To call them after the Continent gives an appearance of philosophy, as if one were bringing the species under the larger law of the genus; but it is a mere verbal juggle, for when the genus is described, it is by qualities which belong peculiarly to the species. It is to be feared that as a real person "the Asiatic" has no existence. It is another case of Mrs. Harris.

True, there are certain *negative* qualities which belong to all the families of the East. This is the converse of the proposition that there are certain positive qualities peculiar to the peoples of modern Europe. If they are peculiar, all other peoples must be alike in *not* possessing them. Now, that the peoples of modern European civilisation show a number of common qualities, as against the rest of the world, any one who looks will, I think, admit. Europe is much more of a unity than Asia: it is more of a unity than India. And these common qualities make "the European," if still an abstraction, an abstraction with some cognisable lineaments.

What are these common qualities?

If we put together the testimony of those acquainted with the modern world, I think the result may be stated somewhat as

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

follows: The difference of the European is both intellectual and moral. Intellectually, his distinctive characteristic is his rationalism, expressed in his science, and his political sense; morally, he is distinguished by his honesty in public affairs and his power of independent action. These characteristics condition what is so often described as the peculiarity of "the West"—*progress*. For it is only where men have a habit of criticising what exists, of looking at their surroundings from some outside standpoint given by reason, where they have a certain measure of sincerity and energy in public affairs, that any regular movement towards an ideal is possible. Nearly all that we are told of "the Asiatic" is simply a negation of these European qualities—the crude superstitions, the fantastic dreams, the inveterate corruption, the lack of spirit and initiative, and, as against the Western forward movement, the obstinate adherence to custom and tradition.

But it may be said that if there are certain qualities which distinguish the Asiatic from the European, it makes little difference whether they are positive or negative: they give a meaning to the abstraction "Asiatic." But I believe it will appear that where we are not describing the Asiatic by qualities too restricted, which belong only to some class of Asiatics, where we are describing him by qualities which really do belong to Asiatics generally, our description will be too wide: the qualities in question will be such as are shared by Asiatics with other large portions of mankind, even with past generations of Europeans.

The origin of the rational culture of Europe is written on its surface. Our philosophy, our science, our forms of expression, our political theories, our literary canons, our art, are developments of what we inherited from Hellenic or Hellenistic antiquity. The study of the remains of that antiquity forms the principal part of European education in the upper classes. They bear the name of *classical*. "We are all Greeks," Shelley said briefly. Sir Henry Maine, I believe it was, put it in the phrase: "Everything that *moves* is Greek."

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The world, before Greek civilisation stood out as a formed type, some twenty-five centuries ago, showed, broadly speaking, two types of association. There was the system of the primitive tribes going on in the forests and wildernesses of Europe and Asia, and there were the monarchies which had come into existence along the great rivers—the Nile, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Eulæus. The tribes lived in a sort of wild freedom: the people of the monarchies had long given up their freedom to gain the advantages of peace and that elaboration of life we call civilised under bondage to a common master, to a king. The human type developed in the monarchical countries, the warm, easy lands, under a yoke which never lifted age after age, was what one might expect. Here it was that "the Oriental" lost his spirit and his interest in the world, became patient and secretive and inert. All the great monarchies, it is true, except the Egyptian, were in Asia, but to speak of monarchy and the qualities it engendered, as if they belonged to Asia as a *whole*, is misleading. The system had never extended over the whole of Asia; it was limited to the neighbourhood of the rivers; in steppe and mountain the primitive system of tribes went on as before. Nay, even to this day, monarchy has not interpenetrated Asia; in mountain and steppe the free tribes are there still.

The peculiar qualities of Hellenism were lacking both to the monarchies and to the free tribes—the principle of progress, for instance. Everywhere outside the Greek republics, custom was usually unquestioned. The Babylonian, no doubt, would have answered our question as to the reason of anything by telling us that it had been so since the world was; we should have found the peoples of the mountain dominated by the custom of the tribe. But this would have been the case just as much among our own painted forefathers who ranged the forests of Germany, or set their cairns and cromlechs beside the western sea. In fact, about half the things which Mr. Meredith Townsend and the popular philosophy labels as "Asiatic" should be labelled "primitive."

Digitized by Google

Rational civilisation was the product of the Greek city-state.[1] The city was a community large enough and compact enough to be civilised, and yet small enough to be free. And by the end of the fifth century B.C., it had produced a type of man, the citizen-soldier, beside whom no other fighting-man in the world could be placed; it had developed the idea of duty to the state, which is the sustaining principle of all the political fabric of modern Europe; it had started that train of thought of which the sciences and philosophies of our own day are the continuation. Before the end of the next century the highest achievements of the Greek in literature and art had come into existence.

But all this development depended upon the state not exceeding the limits of a city. It should, according to Aristotle's *dictum*, contain no more citizens *than can at one moment hear the voice of a single herald.* Hence that extraordinary passion with which every Greek state fought for its existence as a sovereign body, the hatred of any force which merged it in a larger union. The *autonomy of the Hellenes*, the sacred principle of Greek politics, meant that every Greek city was to be a separate state. But it is obvious that this restriction in size implied in the end fearful drawbacks. To it was largely due the decadence of so much in Hellenic life during the fourth century. The philosophers, and Plato among them with his satire on "liberty," were mostly hostile to the feverish democracies.

And the forces which made for monarchy were in the end too strong for the small republics. They fell first under the dominion of the Macedonian king, and although the break-up of the Empire at Alexander's death gave a breathing-space to Greek independence, they fell again some century and a half later under the dominion of Rome. But their independence had lasted long enough for Hellenism to be delivered to the world.

[1] I have tried to give this subject a more adequate treatment than there is room for here in the first chapter of my "House of Seleucus" (Arnold).

Google

In Italy also under the influence of Hellenism city-states had come into being. Rome in its culture was from the beginning the disciple of Greece. Latin literature was a reproduction of Greek models. And in the rise of Rome it looked for a while as if a world-state were to be formed by one city-state taking the place of monarch in regard to the rest. But the law of ancient history was fulfilled. In becoming a world-power Rome itself became a monarchy.

So we see that *monarchy is nothing peculiar to Asia.* Nor is the temper which it engenders. The spirit of the Greeks and Italians departed. The development of Hellenic culture was arrested and became an almost sterile tradition. An appalling lack of interest in the things of the world marked the civilisation of Europe under the later Roman Empire. One wonders how Mr. Meredith Townsend would work out his antithesis of Europe and Asia in respect of the age of Constantine.

The end of Hellenic civilisation was to be overwhelmed by the barbarian deluge. Europe reverted to a state of things very like that presented in Asia when monarchies are broken up by the incursion of hardy tribes. Where was "the European" then? Were not barbaric cruelty and naïve superstition as rife in the Europe of those days as in the contemporary Asia? The truth is that although the European of Mr. Meredith Townsend is a real person, that person has existed, or re-existed, only since the Renaissance. It is, therefore, a confusion to put the Crusades into the same category as the modern inroad of Europeans into the East. That which distinguishes the modern European from the Asiatic did not distinguish the Crusader from the Saracen.

At the Renaissance men took up again the thoughts of the Greeks where they had dropped them. If the states of Europe were formally monarchical, there was everywhere enough power in the people, surviving from the tribal period, to moderate the monarchy. And in combination with the development of rational culture in the sphere of thought and art went the

Google

movement towards liberty, till all the states of Europe have become free states, or nearly so, except Russia. Monarchy of the complete "Oriental" type has not existed in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The European peoples brought out of the Middle Ages the manly virtues of barbarism as a stock upon which Hellenic culture could be grafted at the Renaissance.

But in modern Europe the old disabilities which attached to Hellenism have been done away. A free state is no longer of necessity a small state. It may now spread across great oceans and still "hear the voice of a single herald" carried by the steamship and the electric wire. Representative government (the potentiality of which seems to have been hidden from the ancients) allows a people of many millions to act as a political whole. The peoples of rational culture have therefore risen to a relative strength much greater than that of the Greeks and Romans. Science has armed them with weapons inconceivable to Alexander and Cæsar. But the weapons would be useless by themselves: they come indeed largely into the hands of barbarians and Oriental despots. The qualities which gave Greek and Roman the mastery, it is these which turn the weapons to account—a resolute will, a large and clear vision, a power of extensive combination, the brain of the mature man against the brain of the child.

That the dominion of modern Europeans in Asia has extended since the Renaissance over a larger field than the conquests of Alexander is only what was inevitable. The magnitude of what has been achieved, the apparent miracle of a few white men ruling populations out of all numerical ratio to themselves, has been forcibly put by Mr. Meredith Townsend. But when he goes on to argue that other things not yet achieved are unachievable, he, like other exponents of the popular view, overlooks the *unprecedented* character of the present conditions. The force now brought to bear upon the East is a new thing: nothing quite like it has ever been brought to bear upon it before. Even therefore if it were true

Google

that all previous attempts to make an impression upon the East had failed, one could no more argue from such failures as to the result of the present experiment than one could infer that a fortress which had proved impregnable to scaling-ladders and battering-rams was therefore impregnable to long-range guns and lyddite shells.

But is it true that Asia in the past has shown itself impervious to "European," that is to Hellenic, influence?

Before approaching this question, I should like to meet a possible objection to the account just given of modern civilisation in its action upon the East from a quarter where I should be sorry to give offence. I have treated, it may be said, our civilisation all through as being simply Hellenic and rational. I have ignored that other element which lies in Christianity. Do not Christians often claim that it is the Bible, and the religion of the Bible, which is the pillar and ground of British power?

If I have left Christianity aside, it is not from any wish to be among its detractors. Let me ask those who take the highest view of Christianity (amongst whom I should like to be reckoned) whether it is not true that Europe has not yet assimilated Christianity in anything like the same measure in which it has assimilated Hellenic culture. It appears to me that only those who take names for things can believe that Europe is Christian. Certainly the main principles of our public life and our public virtues are less Christian than Hellenic. Christianity forbids a man to live unchastely as much as it forbids him to give a corrupt judgment. But are there not thousands of Europeans whose private life is irregular, whilst they would laugh at a bribe and abide at their post in the face of death? It was the motive of commercial advantage which took us in the first instance to the East and our empire has extended from the necessity to safeguard what we had won. Those Europeans who pass east of Suez are especially apt to drop even the externals of Christianity, and the frequent opposition to missionary propaganda evinced in

by Google

official circles no doubt often uses the plea of native sensibilities to cover a heart-felt shrinking from the religion itself.

In view of these things, it seems to me doubtful whether we can say that Europeans have set up their power in the East, *as Christians*. This does not prevent its being true that indirectly the influence of Christianity has been very great. Its work lies primarily in a part of human nature deeper than that in which the distinctions of Greek and barbarian exist. And it may well be that but for its action in that plane, European civilisation would have collapsed from moral decay. It has promoted the high tone, even in politics, and given a warmer glow to the Hellenic ideal of mild benevolence. But when we contrast European and Asiatic, it is the Hellenic element in the former which is prominent.

I hope I may be forgiven this digression from the inquiry we set out to make, whether it is true that Asia has been in the past impervious to European influence.

If we had no other account than Mr. Meredith Townsend's of the Greek and Roman conquests we should, I think, infer that the Greeks had tried to conquer the East and had been expelled by the Parthians without leaving a trace, that the Romans had then made conquests in the same field, and tried to Romanise their Asiatic subjects, but had themselves in turn failed to establish any lodgment or produce any lasting effect. That Mr. Meredith Townsend believes this to have been what happened is hardly credible, but in view of the impression which his language might give the unwary reader it is as well to point out that the Romans by no means found that the civilisation planted by Alexander and by his successors had been effaced, when they came to the East. It is true that they had to roll back the Persian Mithridates from Asia Minor and the Armenian Tigranes from Syria, but the Greek influence in the East did not depend upon the existence of Greek dynasties only. It rested mainly upon the great system of Greek colonies, city-states, with which the Macedonian

Google

kings had overspread all lands as far as the Panjab. In the countries west of the Euphrates the supremacy of Oriental rulers was of brief transience, and did not disturb the groundwork of Asiatic Hellenism. And under the Roman *ægis* the process of city-building and Hellenisation again went forward. The Macedonian and Roman conquests were not two disconnected movements, but two phases of a single process by which Hellenism was propagated over the Nearer East.

"The Roman," writes Mr. Meredith Townsend, "made of the bold barbarians of Gaul, and of the more stubborn barbarians of Iberia, Romanised peoples, but of Asiatics he Romanised not one tribe." Can it be that Mr. Townsend is really not aware that the *policy* of the Romans in the East was not to Romanise, but to Hellenise, that they showed no wish (till the Empire was already decadent) to supplant Greek culture in the sphere where it was established, and that it was only the Western barbarians whom they set themselves to transform into Romans?[1]

And how did the indigenous Asiatics, the Phrygians, the Syrians, the Phœnicians, the Philistines, receive the extraneous element? The popular philosopher has his answer pat: he knows quite well what they did: "They bowed low in patient, deep disdain; they heard the legions thunder past and plunged in thought again." This is certainly what they ought to have done on Mr. Meredith Townsend's theory, but is it what they did? As a matter of fact, they seem to have made haste to

[1] The desire . . . to be—in the footsteps of the great Macedonian—shield and sword to the Greeks of the East, and to be allowed further to civilise the East *not after an Italian but after a Hellenic fashion*—this desire pervades the later centuries of the Roman republic and the better times of the empire. Mommsen, "The Provinces of the Roman Empire," vol. i. p. 253. After Caracalla (211–217 A.D.) when all the free inhabitants of the Roman empire had been given the status of Roman citizens, an attempt was made to introduce Roman law, together with Latin as the official language, into the East, but it was not found possible to supersede entirely the established systems. *These systems were mainly Greek.* See L. Mitteis, "Reichsrecht und Volksrecht in den östlichen Provinzen des römischen Kaiserreichs." Leipzig. 1891.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

take on the Hellenic complexion. The peasants, of course, tilled the ground as they had always done; they were not in a position either to despise or to accept the new culture; but the men of means and leisure, the quicker wits, the industrial population of the towns, were sucked into the new cities, the Antiochs and Seleucias, or their old towns, Chalep and Nisibis, Tyre and Sidon, Damascus and Ascalon, were converted into Hellenic city-states.

The civilisation of the Greeks, Mr. Meredith Townsend says, "was not accepted . . . by any Asiatic people. There is no people in the entire continent of whom you can say that they were fairly Grecised, even the Jews, who caught their ideas best, finally rejecting them." *The Jews!* What considerations can have been present to Mr. Meredith Townsend's mind, as he penned this amazing sentence? The Jews, I should have thought, were the one Asiatic people this side of the Euphrates who did offer serious resistance to Hellenism—not because they were Asiatics, but because here the antithesis between Greek and barbarian was lost in the antithesis between Israel and the nations. It is just the Jews of whom Matthew Arnold wrote the oft-quoted lines about "bowing low, &c.," and to whom his words in a measure apply. That even in spite of this opposition Hellenism did win its way among part of the Jewish nation, that Paul of Tarsus uses a manner of speech moulded under Hellenic influences, that Philo of Alexandria tried to fuse the religion of Jehovah with the philosophy of Plato—all this only shows how far Hellenism penetrated even in the most adverse quarters.

In Asia Minor the old native languages, even in the country side, gradually gave place to Greek. Exactly how far Hellenism reached in the back parts of Syria is a matter of controversy.[1] The old tongue was never superseded in the

[1] The question of the limits of Hellenism in Syria is lucidly discussed in the work just cited of L. Mitteis (pp. 17 f.). He thinks that Mommsen overstated its extent and that Noldeke in his review of Mommsen ("Zeitschr. d.

Google

country villages or in the lower strata of the town populations. Later on, under the sway of Christianity, a Syriac literature, of which we still possess a large part, came into being. But this native literature is itself a proof of how deep Hellenism had sunk. For in so far as it was scientific or philosophical, it was entirely Hellenic in thought and tone: it consisted in large part of actual translations from the Greek. Again, how much lies in the simple fact that "Greek" in the New Testament language, has come to be synonymous with "Gentile," to be used exactly as the Rabbinical Hebrew uses "Aramæan"! "The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation." How do those words, familiar surely to Mr. Meredith Townsend, admit of explanation if we are to believe the pronouncement that has just been quoted?

"Ah, but what was the end of that Asiatic Hellenism?" I hear it cried. "Did it not ultimately perish like a plant in an uncongenial soil?" It perished, just as Hellenism perished in Europe, by barbarian infiltration or invasion. It may be retorted: "That is all very well, but the barbarians *of Europe* so far absorbed the civilisation they overthrew that it once more bloomed again at the Renaissance, but in the East it had no second birth." We must here again come close to facts. Is it true that the Mohammedans who conquered the Roman East showed less receptivity of Hellenic culture than the peoples of Central Europe?

When I turn to the great standard work on Arabic literature, Brockelmann's "Geschichte der arabischen Litteratur," I find that *almost the whole of Mahommedan philosophy and science is derived from Hellenism.* The Syrian Christians, who were the scholars of the old Greeks, became in their turn the teachers of the Arab conquerors. The Syriac translations of Aristotle and

deutsch. morgenländ. Gesellsch." vol. xxxix. pp. 332 f.) understated it. But even according to Nöldeke's view it would seem that Hellenism extended to every quarter in the Syrian cities where there was any higher culture or aspiration towards it.

Google

Ptolemy and Galen were again translated into Arabic. Arabic grammatical science is based upon the Aristotelian logic. Arabic philosophy, medicine, geometry, geography, are all Hellenic. Nay we find a school of free thought or rationalism represented in Arabic theology (the Mu'tazila). The mystical school, the Sufis—here surely we come to something purely Oriental, here we have the "brooding East" at its farthest from the West? But no, although von Kremer inclined to see Indian influence in Mohammedan mysticism, Brockelmann now speaks of it as "demonstrated" that Sufism goes back to Plato (vol. i. p. 197). In the days when Mohammedan culture was at its highest, was the light left by the sunken sun of Hellenism reflected anywhere in Europe with the same brightness as in Baghdad or Samarkand?

But if Hellenism worked so extensively in Islam, why had the East no Renaissance? A main reason probably is that the East had to suffer from much more destructive and prolonged barbarian invasion. At the time when Europe was emerging towards the light, Mohammedan civilisation was overswept and defaced by the Mongols, the most brutish and unimpressible, perhaps, of the great Asiatic races. It is the Turanians who have reduced the East to the ruin which the European traveller sees to-day and often imagines to be its normal condition. Under Turkish rule, the lands which all preceding conquests, Persian, Macedonian, Arab, had left still populous and splendid, lands like Babylonia, have fallen, almost against nature, to wilderness. The tide of Turanian conquest, which, by destroying the Byzantine empire, was an indirect cause of the Renaissance in Europe, desolated Asia in such a sort that it has never recovered.

We have not yet spoken of India, the region which mainly represents "the East" to Englishmen. Did Hellenism in the period of Macedonian and Roman power leave any traces of its influence here? Even if it did not, we could hardly draw any conclusion as to the general impassibility of India, since it was only the fringes of the country that the Macedonian

Google

conquests touched, and the Romans could only affect it by way of trade. But as a matter of fact, did the contact of Hellenism and India altogether fail to modify Indian life? Mr. Meredith Townsend, of course, dismisses the question with an airy negative; but perhaps we have learnt by this time that it is as well to see what is said by those who have made these questions their special study. I find in B. Niese's "Geschichte der griechischen und makedonischen Staaten" the following paragraph:

> The empire of Sandrokottos, the first Indian state of some magnitude, owed its growth directly to the creation of Alexander. The Indians had never up to then been united, but had fallen into a large number of small tribes, at war with each other. Alexander for the first time united an extensive territory under a native ruler, and thereby did much to efface the marked contrasts which subsisted among the Indians in manners, religion, and political constitution. In so doing he prepared the way for the spread of Buddhism later on, which would have encountered much greater difficulties under the old conditions of disintegration. *One can therefore affirm with justice that upon the institutions of Alexander the whole of the subsequent development of India depends* (vol i. p. 508).

Well, that, it may be said, refers only to influence in externals: how about the spheres of thought, of artistic production? The discussion of what exactly India owed to Greece has given rise to a good body of learned writing.[1] I can make no claim to speak with any knowledge of my own in this field, but I may point out that to pronounce an opinion and to ignore all that has been written by experts, as Mr. Meredith Townsend does, is a strange procedure. I may also adduce certain facts which seem to be established by general consent. Astronomy, Professor Macdonell says, is "the one science in which undoubtedly strong Greek influence can be proved." The Indian astronomical terms, he goes on to point out, are in

[1] The references in Professor A. A. Macdonell's "History of Sanskrit Literature" (Heinemann, 1900), p. 452. (Professor Macdonell's own conclusions on the evidence are given in chapter xvi.) To these must now be added an article by W. W. Tarn in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," vol. xxii. (1902), pp. 268 f.

Digitized by Google

many cases Greek, *e.g.*, Āra (Ares), Heli (Helios), Jyau (Zeus), kendra (κέντρον), jāmitra (διάμετρον). The Arabs later on learnt their astronomy from India, and "through the Arabs, Indian astronomy then migrated to Europe, which in this case only received back in a roundabout way what it had given long before." ("History of Sanskrit Literature," p. 426.) Was it, one asks, some singular fatality which haunted Mr. Meredith Townsend when he wrote such sentences as the following: "So far as one can see, not a European idea, not a European habit, not a distinctively European branch of knowledge, ever penetrated into Asia. The Asiatics did not even learn our astronomy which would have interested them" (p. 25). Before such statements, criticism stands speechless and confounded.

It is in the sphere of art that the European influence is most striking. The book on the subject is Prof. A. Grünwedel's "Buddhist Art in India" (translated by Agnes C. Gibson, Quaritch, 1901). From this it appears that of the two schools of early Buddhist art (and India has no artistic remains of the pre-Buddhist period, the oldest belong to the time after Alexander) one shows doubtful traces of Greek influence, but the other *is* Greek in its origin. Its oldest works contain many purely classical figures and reproductions of classical motives. The types which became traditional in Buddhism issued in the first instance from the brain of Greek artists. And this art, as direct a child of the Greek as the Byzantine, was not limited in its operation to India. It went with Buddhism to the extremities of Asia, to Siam and Japan. Wherever Buddhist art has flourished, the traces of its Hellenic parentage have remained indelible. I light upon this curious statement in the last number of the *Studio*, in an article on Indian art by Mr. E. B. Havell: "Some of the Buddhist monks who fled through the passes of the Himalayas into Tibet and China brought their religion and their art to Japan. This is the explanation of the existence at the present day in some of the oldest temples of Japan of paintings, treasured as

Google

the most precious relics and rarely shown to Europeans, which closely resemble the Greco-Buddhist art of India." When the European traveller stands in the Far East before the image of the sitting Buddha, with its placid down-dropt eyes, he seems to have left all European influences far enough away. And yet it is a matter of demonstration that he is looking at a type which, even to the nimbus upon the head, goes back to European invention, at an art which derives ultimately from the same marvellous fountain-head as his own.

The East impenetrable to European influence! It seems to me rather that, when we consider how slight the contact of Hellenism with India was and how transitory, we should be astounded that its influence communicated so strong a vibration and reached so far.

E. R. Bevan.

Google

THE PEOPLE AND MODERN JOURNALISM

DURING the King's recent illness, the weekly illustrated edition of a Roman journal published a coloured and highly animated picture of the crowds waiting outside Buckingham Palace for the bulletins. The Household Guards on duty at the gate of the palace were very fairly portrayed; as was the policeman who forms an inevitable part of every foreign illustration of London scenes. But in the muddiness of the general effect, something more than justice was done to the fog which is supposed always to brood over London; and the dresses of the crowd were in the fashions of many years ago, some of the men, who wore frock coats, being adorned with "Gladstone" stick-ups, a little wisp of ribbon tied in a loose bow at the throat, and top-hats like factory chimneys.

Amusing as such anachronisms on the part of the "ignorant foreigner" may be, their serious side is not small. The paper referred to resembles the coloured editions of the *Petit Journal* and the *Petit Parisien* so closely, both in general make-up and stilted conventional misrepresentation, that one might believe the pictures to have been drawn by the same hand; while, like its French cousins, the Italian pictorial has a large sale among the lower orders, to whom it offers the chief fount at which they may imbibe notions of the appearance of foreigners and foreign countries. Nor in England are the draughtsmen free from the charge of continual misrepresentation. In cheap English pictorials—less tawdry certainly than

Google

those in France and Italy which I have just mentioned, yet appealing to a similar public—I have seen Parisian *agents* dressed like gendarmes; while it is apparently the rule that all *garçons* should grin as no *garçon* in Paris ever grinned.

It can at least be hardly pleasing, to the French, that the English public should regard a large, and on the whole honourable, body of Paris public servants as grimacing monkeys; or to the English, that the Italians should think of a London crowd as of the plainest set of guys that ever cowered under a thick fog. But the question extends much farther than the terrain of mere sentiment. In answer to a demand which grew in urgency with the growth of the democratic spirit, there has appeared a new Press, stronger because infinitely more far-reaching than the old staid *vox imperatoris*. This new form of journalism is indeed a veritable *vox populi*, wherein by anecdote and thumb-nail sketch, by paint-brush and camera, the public of one country is brought face to face with the public *of its* neighbour, each forming its opinion of the other, as it forms its opinion of itself, by the stories and pictures with which it is presented. And we have now before us the curious spectacle of peoples at once dependent on and dictating to their Press, influencing and influenced, judging and being judged by it.

Nor do I refer only to the newer daily journals and the cheap weeklies and monthlies. Other papers, once of the austerest type—while retaining special features which brought a special class of readers—are becoming infused with the same popular spirit. And the influence of those organs which still hold out against that spirit is growing weaker, not because they appeal to a smaller class than formerly, but because the other class is provided with a Press which enables it, or should enable it, to gain a clearer, truer view of its fellows abroad, than is to be obtained through accurate but uninviting accounts of diplomatic negotiation and Parliamentary debate; things which hold less and less root in the heart and understanding of the people, because the people is gradually coming to settle all questions of diplomacy for itself, by the mere force

Google

of national inclination. The ambassador greases the wheels; but treaties are concluded before he leaves his country.

It is, in fact, in modern journalism, the day of that curious impersonal personality—a very Demos of the Knights—"The Man in the Street." Whatever humorous sense of the uninstructed crowd, confused with political jargon, and beseeching a plain answer to a plain question, this phrase once had, it has now come to stand—especially since the beginning of the South African war—for a recognised power in the country. Roughly speaking, it seems to stand for all those whose business leads them to take an interest in the broad dealings and general affairs of their own and other countries—either as a relief from, or as bearing directly upon, their occupations; while, at the same time, the position of these persons is, neither great enough to raise them above their fellows and give them public prominence and private insight as the actors and ostensible manipulators of those dealings, nor rich enough to bestow the necessary independence and leisure for the close personal study of the influences and national characteristics which shape those dealings and affairs. In the continual struggle for daily existence experienced by that vast majority of newspaper readers, the daily journal is taken up as a distraction. Except for those highly intellectual persons who declare that the greatest rest, the greatest distraction for the mind, are to be found in a change of work, there is little attraction in dryasdust political discussion, and the uninspiring enumeration of unfamiliar details. To find interest and beguilement we naturally look for those things which we can judge of by the touchstone of our own experiences and ways of life and thought; and the consequent demand made on our journals is for humanity, stories of everyday life, colour, atmosphere. "There is more joy in England," wrote Rudyard Kipling (in "The Light that Failed"), "over a soldier who insubordinately steps out of square to rescue a comrade than over twenty generals slaving even to baldness at the gross details of transport and commissariat." And a journalist well known in

Digitized by Google

Fleet Street, who practised his precept with admirable success, once said to me: "No more blessed facts, my boy. Facts are done for. What you want now is atmosphere."

Perhaps no better illustration of the power of the people in modern journalism could be found than in the history of the long South African War. Whatever criticisms may be passed upon the policy, on either side, which led up to the war, it is surely impossible to underrate the meaning of the cry which called for it. It would be necessary to go back a long way to find any cry in England so strong, so whole-hearted. For years before the war the popular imagination was inflamed by stories brought home by travellers, of the indignities put on Englishmen in Pretoria. Perhaps in the ignorance of war in the generation which made it, many were enticed by the spirit of adventure, by the alluring notion of a new experience: perhaps "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked": questions of the reasonableness, *do* not affect the fact of the universality and sincerity of the cry. Nor less was it a national feeling which, in the cruel undeceiving that followed the terrible Black Week, urged the people to send out its sons in thousands as volunteers, to set its teeth and "see the thing through," while foreigners wondered, and Parisians exclaimed in a burst of involuntary admiration: *On aurait conspué le Gouvernement pour bien moins que ça en France.* Only the bravest conviction in Press and individuals could dare to contend with such a current of opinion. It was inevitable that the majority of the popular Press should echo the popular cry. Yet one part at least of the Press and that too the part which, appealing most directly to the least thoughtful portion of the country, should have been most careful to temper enthusiasm, has to answer a very grave charge. Perhaps the Boers were a gross and ignorant people; perhaps the stories of the indignities suffered by Englishmen at Pretoria and Johannesburg were something more than "travellers' tales." It was nevertheless a scandal, a thing utterly opposed to all English tradition, that such

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stories and the abuse which they provoked should go into print. "Love your enemy and hit him as hard as you can," is the old English spirit; vilification of an adversary hurts only him who throws it; he stands self-convicted of warring with a foe unworthy of his steel. "There are some facts," observes Frederic Harrison, "to express which is an untruth;" and were the white flag stories a thousand times correct they ought never to have been allowed to find their way into the daily Press. As the war dragged on the abuse of our opponents happily became less because it was checked by the popular admiration aroused by the game resistance of the Boers. It is hardly a year since Strand hawkers were selling what purported to be General De Wet's photograph in an envelope: when the deluded purchaser found nothing in the envelope but blank paper, the hawker would exclaim, "What, is he gone again? Well I declare!"—and everybody laughed at the catch. That catch was a clear sign of the times. As an Amsterdam journal sarcastically remarked when speaking of the reception given to the late General Lucas Meyer in London, the metamorphosis of the Boer Leaders from "ruffians" and "marauding bandits" to drawing-room aristocrats, was remarkably rapid. Turned by the notion of the sportsman in the Boer, as it could never have been turned by heart-sickness alone, the national inclination was travelling towards the spirit of concession and paving the way for the terms of the peace which was signed on May 31, 1902.

To the notorious crop of anti-English caricatures, which the Continent so prodigally produced during this war, we should be wrong, I think, to pay serious attention, as to a thing in itself, unconnected with anything but the momentary stress of popular excitement. For there was nothing really surprising in that evil harvest. As not the actual sin is detestable in the eyes of moralists, but the state of mind which can plan and superintend its execution, so the caricatures were but the pestiferous fruit of a plant which long years of mutual misunderstanding had seeded and matured.

Google

And given certain eventualities, it was equally certain that the French would noisily espouse the cause of a people of whose existence five years before the war nine-tenths of them were ignorant, and that numbers of the English would retaliate by stopping away from the Paris Exhibition. So that for the true meaning of the Anglophobe caricatures and abuse with which the Parisian Press regaled its readers one must first consider the cause of the long-standing prejudice which, whatever be the tendency of individuals, does exist, unhappily but undeniably, between the masses of France and the masses of England. Perhaps some explanation of this feeling may be found in the fact that both France and England have had more time and better opportunities for examining each other, than any other two countries; that whereas for at least three centuries, continual internal dissension, and even the absence of actual national formation, have rendered impossible any single idea of, for instance, Germany or Italy as a whole—England and France even in revolution, have presented to each other's view the picture of whole peoples united under single constitutions within the borders of their countries. When to this is added the clash of two ambitions directed towards the same prize, the fundamental differences of Gallic and Anglo-Saxon temperament, and, that when we begin to examine closely a neighbour his worse side stands out more prominently and offers more interest for our examination than his better, it is only too easy that mutual antipathy should arise; one side exclaiming against the other as heavy, overbearing, and hypocritical, the other dismissing the one as frivolous and insincere. Then comes the time when by the agency of cheap tours and cheap excursions vast numbers of the English populace go annually to Paris to be amused. There are no more people who "do nothing" in Paris than in London, but there appear to be because in Paris there are more public cafés than private clubs. Working hours begin earlier in Paris than in London, and again work is less apparent in the French capital, because it is kept behind the

Google

imposing façades of big houses. But as the tourists do not stay long enough in France to learn these things, they are hardly to be blamed, if, seeing the cafés always full, the boulevards always crowded with loungers, not visiting or not recognising the working parts of the city, finding every Parisian with whom they come into contact only too ready to play with or for them, they leave Paris convinced that it is a city solely given up to pleasure.

Amusement and diversion therefore become the essence of the spirit which the people demands from the Paris correspondence of the popular journals. The French Chamber, like the Austrian Reichsrath, is only worth reading about when the deputies come to fisticuffs and tussle with each other in the *hémicycle*. Domestic life is only interesting where it is embroiled by the infidelity of one, better still of both parties. And Liane de Pougy throwing legs of mutton wrapped up in flowers into the windows of the Fort Chabrol is more "French," more "truly Parisian," than a sketch, however picturesquely and simply portrayed, of father and mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces gathered together in a Sunday *diner de famille*. At its least harmful, the popular demand is for something light answering to its preconceived notions of the perpetual "funniness" of the Parisians; and the demand is abundantly satisfied. The resulting picture is true of one side of French life, but one side only. One can find nothing to complain of in such delightful stories as those of the leg-of-mutton bouquets, if they are related in such a way as to asterisk them, farcical not for serious consideration. But otherwise the total idea tends to become ill-balanced, and when driven a little too fast under pressure of high popular excitement, topples over into extreme sensationalism. For an example of this one need go no further than the Dreyfus affair as dealt with by nine-tenths of the London newspapers.

On the French side of the Channel the tradition of popular taste is even more ill-poised, though to their honour

Digitized by Google

be it said that French travellers of the middle and lower middle classes correct their preconceived ideas more readily than the English. But wrapped in an insularity which—travelled Frenchmen are the first to admit it—is far more hide-bound than the Briton's, the average Frenchman nurses ideas of England formed on events which Englishmen have half forgotten. At Compiègne, Jeanne d'Arc is a living personality. At Bordeaux, Edward III. is vividly remembered as the hated conqueror. And the provincials who drift to Paris, and out-number native-born Parisians, rather narrow their ideas of foreign countries than enlarge them. Of recent years a genuine system of foreign correspondence has begun to develop itself in the Paris Press; and as it is on the whole fairly liberal-minded, one may hope great things of it. The old and, until a little while ago, still existing form of foreign news service in the majority of Parisian papers was an imaginative reporter sitting at home to dig a few facts out of the English papers and dress them according to taste. Papers which endeavoured to see justice and reason in the action of foreigners cost a penny or three halfpence, which is too much for the thrifty *bourgeois* to pay; and the *journalisme d'un sou* flattered the people with the constant repetition of the fine old ignorant misconceptions. From this state of affairs inevitably come vile caricatures, and, as the utmost concession, a grudging admission that the English public was led away (how blindly, *mon Dieu!*) by Mr. Chamberlain. Against this we have unhappily to set the stories circulated by one portion of the English Press—of English men and women insulted on the boulevards and in restaurants—stories which, having lived in Paris through much of the worst period of Anglophobia, I do not hesitate to describe as wicked lies; and the senseless proposal, instantly and nobly trampled on by the fair-minded among our English journals, but nevertheless finding practical adherents, to boycott the 1900 Exhibition.

No less distinct, and only less remarkable, because of the

Google

greater distance which separates the two countries and the lower position which Italy holds in the world's affairs, is the influence of the popular taste on the popular correspondence from Rome or Milan. Yet how different the quality! With our imagination fired by the thought of the innumerable art treasures of Italy, with the names of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Bellini ringing in our memory, with the splendour of ancient Rome trailing, sombre and majestic, across the mental landscape, our popular notions of Italy are the reverse of contemptuous. The very secret societies are endued with a terrible and attractive glamour; nay, we can even condone them as the pardonable exaggeration of a noble and popular struggle against unequal and oppressive Government. Respect for both the country's past and present is the name of the glass through which we consider Italy. We mourn the fall of the Campanile of St. Mark as if it were an English building, and we applaud the efforts of the country in face of its desperate social problems. In one respect only does our feeling towards Italian affairs take a less enthusiastic turn—namely, as regards the Vatican. An account of the recent negotiations between the Commission of Cardinals and Governor Taft, on the question of the Spanish Friars in the Philippines, was entitled in one first-class London daily, "Intrigues at Rome." That headline truly epitomises the English popular opinion of the Curia. Its diplomacy is intrigue. Its policy is dishonest before it is anything else, and the words "papabilis" and "Conclave," if they suggest anything, suggest schemers and cabal. Partly, perhaps, this feeling is due to memories of the luxury, pomp, and material splendour with which the Papal Court of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries strove to strengthen its grip on the Temporal Power, to realise its claim to the heritage of Octavius, letting slip the heirlooms of Peter. Largely it is the fault of the Curia itself, which discourages and indexes the aspirations of the liberals among its subjects, who would otherwise fight its battles and exalt its honour. Partly, again, it is due to the fundamental

Google

antipathy of the Anglo-Saxon temperament to Roman Catholicism. Yet even in the midst of much prejudice an exception is made in favour of the person of the present Pontiff. Nor does mistrust of the Vatican affect our popular esteem of Italy as a country at once old and young, striving to build out of the ruins of a glorious antiquity the fabric of future power; struggling only to find leaders; pregnant with and welcoming the birth of new ideas.

Possibly there is much misconception in this view. Not sufficiently is the enormous difference between Northern and Southern Italians taken into account; what is equal Government in one part of the country, may be rank tyranny in another. The secret societies are often—and this is particularly true of the celebrated Sicilian Mafia—nothing but the vulgarest blackmailing associations. Nor are the component parts of the nation more united than the old horseshoe nails which gunsmiths used to employ for making gunbarrels; a strip of wire kept the nails together, but furnace and hammer were yet needed to weld them into one well-tempered metal tube. Where, however, the affections are concerned, a little exaggeration is surely better than judicial lukewarmness. The popular sympathy of England was marked in Italy with pleasure. Dreams of greatness and imperial aspirations are natural to a vigorous people, especially if that people be striving to rise phœnix-like from ashes of ancient glory. The alliance which, in the public imagination at least, has so long existed between the two countries accorded excellently with those dreams. It was flattering to Italy's *amour propre* to be regarded as Britain's partner in the Mediterranean. And although the Italians were, it must be confessed, much hurt by Lord Salisbury's indifference to their interests at the time of the Anglo-French agreement on the hinterland of Tripoli, no difference that need be lasting has been made to the country's esteem of the English nation.

Nothing, for instance, could have been more earnest than the sympathy shown by both Press and people during his

Google

Majesty's illness. (I hasten to acquit the aforesaid illustrated journal of malice.) Questions of party policy may necessitate an antagonistic attitude—as was the case when the Socialist journals became pro-Boer in the South African War. But it is not going too far to say that Englishmen are better known and better liked in Italy than any other foreigners. And this favourable feeling is clearly reflected in nearly the whole of the Italian Press.

The case of the relations of England and Germany, as influenced by popular notions reacting on its journals, presents special difficulties. It may be doubted whether the man in the street has any very clear or uniform opinion about Germany. A few years ago the German commercial bogey loomed large in the popular imagination. But this has since been almost displaced by a larger bogey from America. On the other hand, the length of rope which we gave to German Anglophobe caricaturists and writers — a forbearance which was commented upon with amazement in France—seemed to bear witness to a fundamental indifference, even if not to an original tendency towards cordiality. Perhaps we have been inclined to judge of Germany solely through its Kaiser. Recent events have proved that we must correct this notion, even if we have not done so already. The popular disapproval in Germany when the Kaiser decorated Lord Roberts with the Order of the Black Eagle was very significant. And it was noticeable that the Government made practically no efforts to check the hideous lies about British soldiers which were circulated by the German Press.

How far this hostility of the German Press was the work of popular sentiment, I cannot tell by personal experience. But of the mutual working on each other of Press and people in Germany a striking piece of evidence has been given by Count von Berchem, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the time of Prince Bismarck, in a letter addressed to Dr. Lotz of Munich, who had written an article in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* on political mischief-making. Count von

Google

Berchem's letter was published in the same journal and quoted in the *Times* of July 22, 1902.

We Germans [writes the Count] are surely the most peace-loving of all nations. But since we have considered ourselves delivered from anxiety as to our own existence we have become extraordinarily susceptible to events abroad, and while in former times, before we felt ourselves firm in the saddle, foreign countries imposed on us out of all measure, we are apt now to fall into another extreme.

It is an interesting exercise for us to turn away from dull questions of home politics and bury ourselves in foreign affairs,[1] with little consideration for the feelings of other countries and less care for any effects our action may produce. Your excellent exposition affords proof that a want of care in the treatment of England by publicists has led on both sides of the Channel to an excitement which has no real ground in fact.

The attempts which are made here and there to combat these imprudences are met with phrases such as *Civis Romanus sum*, or, the "German people has a right to give expression to its feelings." This *civis Romanus sum* belongs to a time when the Romans claimed to rule the world and would allow no independent State a place beside themselves. This is a path along which we will not follow them, and could not even if we had the necessary infatuation. . . It should, therefore, be the aim of all patriotic circles to fight against the employment of dangerous catchwords which confuse and befool our youth and the general mass of the people more than long articles.

The letter goes on to point out that owing to the long peace the power of the Press has grown at the expense of the authority of the Government.

We are, therefore, judged abroad not by what the Cabinets whisper to each other, but by the attitude of our Press. If this is hostile to a foreign State, our opponents reply with some show of reason by going a step further and tracing the Press attack to official incitements. The quarrel is then begun, and the best official relations are of no effect, especially in dealing with States which have Parliamentary Government.

It may be urged that Count von Berchem's letter is designed to show that the Press first stirred up the people;

[1] I have ventured to underline this sentence as containing particular testimony to the influence of popular demand on the daily pabulum provided by the Press.

Google

and that judged by its Press the German nation is traduced. But it is certain that no Press—even a subsidised one, which is immediately found out and judged at the value of its subsidy—can utter a popular and united cry not founded on deep-laid popular inclination. When, therefore, exaggeration appears in a country's journalism it is not spontaneous, but, as I endeavoured to show in the case of the French and a part of the English Press, the direct consequence of continual one-sidedness developed in accordance with the popular prejudices and misconceptions of the people at large.

"Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But if the spread of democratic feeling renders inevitable the growth of the popular Press, surely the existence of this cognate growth, when carefully pruned, is very far from being regrettable. Properly treated, it is a body of life, not of death. *Civis Romanus sum* is only the ebullition of young animal spirits when a people makes the new discovery of its own strength and importance. The peoples have found a power of whose magnitude they are as yet unaware, and which is only a power for evil when the journals of a nation do not teach it the extent of this power by the sole means of which they can dispose, namely, by truthful representation in the little things of everyday life. It is impossible to speak too highly in praise of those English dailies and weeklies which have set themselves, no matter at what cost, to check half-truths and sensationalism. Jules Verne is reported to have said in an interview which appeared in a London daily, that the psychological novel was bound to disappear because the daily papers, by their treatment of common daily events, would provide all the psychological investigation that was necessary. Hitherto, perhaps, France and England alone have practised close mutual examination. But the increased facilities of travelling, and the necessity, arising from the stress of commercial struggles, of having intimate knowledge of other countries, will ere long bring all nations as close to each other in imagination as are England

Google

and France in fact. Not many months ago Monsieur Delcassé sent envoys to America to study the possibility of founding in the United States a French commercial college, where young French merchants may study American commercial methods, and adopt them when suitable for France. This is a process of education which is, or should be, going on every day in the Press, only on the vastly larger subject of the dealings of nation with nation. Neither can this education be achieved by the repetition of statesmen's reports, but by the truthful representation of inner life and thought and behaviour. The Press is to the nation what the governor is to the steam-engine, a corrector of irregularities, and an indicator of the speed of the working of the whole. And if the popular section of the world's Press do not check the growing tendency to one-sidedness, it will assuredly be found out and rejected for serious work, as the American Yellow Press has been found out. For the spirit of exaggeration is as far from the timid movements of the individual, as it is allied to the unwieldy emotions of the collected masses: it will be a terrible thing for the organ of the crowd if its voice be contradicted by the experience of the individual. As the influence of the people on the Press is excitative, the counter-influence on the people may and most surely should be corrective; lest it be said of any modern nation, as it was said of the heathen, no less than of their idols, "They have eyes and see not; they have ears and hear not; neither speak they through their throat."

OWEN M. GREEN.

Count von Bulow complains in the Reichstag (Jan. 20, 1903) that "By popular excitement the task of those in all countries who are responsible for the conduct of foreign policy is rendered much more difficult. Good old Horace said, 1900 years ago, *Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*, but it is the other way round nowadays . . . the *Achivi* do the mischief and the *reges* have to pay for it." The *Times* correspondent, in quoting this, rightly maintains the claim of "the educated British public" to criticise foreign affairs: but this does not justify the controversial use of "actual insults" by journals or by "poets run wild"; disputants, however earnest, should not be allowed to throw naked lights at one another in a powder-magazine. [EDITOR.]

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI

THE oldest, as it is the most interesting, entrance to Tivoli is by the Strada del Colle, the narrow, ill-paved street which winds up from the plain through the lower part of the town. For a thousand years and more this was the main entry. This way marched the legions of armed men when Augustus kept summer court and administered justice in the mountains; here passed Catullus and Horace, ambling on mules or borne in litters; here on a summer day, in 1469, Federigo of Montefeltro, the good Duke of Urbino, rode with Pope Pius IV., to escape from the heat of the dog days, and as they rode discussed whether the generals of antiquity were armed in the same fashion as those of their own day; the tall mediæval houses which still flank the narrow way must have seen their passage. But when, eighty years later, there passed into Tivoli another brilliant band, which came to no small purpose, the old road had been abandoned and it was by the Porta Avenzia or Santa Croce, to-day called Cornuta, where the tram line ends, that they rode in. Ippolito d'Este, born in 1509, whose father was Alphonso I., Duke of Ferrara, and whose mother was Lucrezia Borgia, had been declared Governor of Tivoli *in perpetuo*, by Paul III., the reigning Pope. Ippolito was already Bishop of Siena and Cardinal of Ferrara, besides holding half a dozen French ecclesiastical dignities.[1] He had officiated as ambassador to the Court of France and had made his name by his correspondence from thence with

[1] Giraud, "Cardinal of Ferrara."

Google

the Pope and other Italian statesmen, he was a close friend of Carlo Borromeo the saintly Archbishop of Milan, and though only forty-one, was a renowned *savant* and patron of art and letters, and as his letters to the French King show, he was in the confidence of the aged Pope.[1]

He took solemn possession of Tivoli in the spring of 1549. His *cortège* was of extraordinary pomp; he rode attended by 250 gentlemen, of whom eighty were titled and others of the best families of Italy, besides an elect body of *litterati* and distinguished doctors of all the sciences.

The city received its new ruler with every sign of satisfaction. A band of a hundred horsemen met him outside the gates, a hundred young men on foot were at the gate, and within the city a band of elders, headed by the chief magistrate, offered him the keys and he was triumphantly escorted through the streets in a car of honour, drawn by black slaves. "He was so gratified and pleased that his eyes were full of tears." And while trumpets sounded and salvoes of artillery were fired, a hundred children, dressed in white and waving palm branches, awaited him at the doors of the cathedral. The banquets and rejoicings lasted over a fortnight. The Cardinal was lodged in the municipal palace, and was struck with the charm of the position, but to a man familiar with the pleasure-grounds and *parterres* of French palaces, and with such bright and attractive apartments as those of his aunt, Isabella d'Este, at Mantua, the heavy mediæval building, which, standing on the edge of the cliff, was in some degree a fortress, must have seemed gloomy and dismal, and he resolved to raise there a villa which, in magnificence, should be second to none in Europe. For a large sum of money he acquired from the municipality the old palace and a wide strip of steep descent, covered by a portion of the town called the Valle Gaudente.[2] The architect and superintendent of the building was Piero Ligorio, and when the Cardinal died in 1571 the greater part of the house and the

[1] "Ribier," ii. 248.

[2] Zappi, "Memorie di Tivoli." MS. Library of the Jesuits.

Google

(From a water-colour drawing by E. Marck (Philippe)

Google

Digitized by Google
Original from

laying out of the grounds were finished. They were finally completed at a cost of a million scudi (about £200,000). The grounds are hemmed in with little houses clustering thickly on the hillside. Many of these are older than the villa and no doubt numbers of humble dwellings were swept away to make room for the Cardinal's splendid summer home.

At the bottom of the garden, the now blocked-up gate opened into the road from Rome, and from this entrance there is a clear view, through avenues of cypresses, up symmetrical flights of steps to where the villa, standing on the highest terrace, runs nearly the whole width of the grounds. It is an excellent example of good Renaissance work, and consists of three floors, each containing from six to ten apartments, with a long gallery at the back. From the upper part of the town it is entered from a small piazza, by a gateway leading into a courtyard, surrounded by what were presumably kitchens and servants' rooms. The main body of the building reaches to a lower level and from the court a broad stone stair leads down to the splendid first floor which is raised on a story of cellars and storehouses. The façade, which looks north-west, has two *loggie*, one above the other, richly ornamented with pilasters, cornices and balustrades in travertine, and from the first floor *loggia* a double flight of steps, or *perron*, leads down to the grand terrace. The building is dotted all over with small square holes; they are the places in which the original scaffolding was fixed and were left open, as it was intended to cover the whole of the walls, like the *loggie*, with slabs of travertine, but this was never done, and the holes now form nesting places for thousands of swallows.

The garden is laid out with exquisite symmetry and with that lavishness of decoration and largeness of conception which mark the late Renaissance. From the ample terrace with its noble balustrade, stairways and shady paths lead down on either hand, magnificent cypresses tower aloft, and from all sides comes the splash of fountains, of which there are said to be 365. Cascades and rivulets abound, all being fed by the

Google

waters of the Anio. This river is on a level with the house, and the Cardinal had its course turned at enormous expense to run with undiminished force through the villa's grounds. About midway, the gallery of the Hundred Fountains stretches across the garden. It is 800 feet long by 16 feet in breadth, the higher side is a wall of fountains, each headed by the alternate bearings of the House of Este, "the eagle white, the lily of of gold," as Tasso has it. At the base are bas-reliefs in stucco representing the metamorphoses of Ovid, the details of which are now indistinguishable. At one end of this gallery, looking towards Rome is a raised *plateau*, laid out with models, constructed of cement, of all the principal fabrics of ancient Rome. They are much broken, but the Pantheon, the mausoleum of Hadrian, the temple of Vesta and the Capitol can still be identified. There is the wolf suckling the founders of the city, and a symbolic figure of Rome with trophies. All this went by the name of *Roma Vecchia*, and sent out a thousand jets of water. At the other end of the gallery is the enclosure of the fountain called the *Ovato*, to which Michael Angelo gave the title of the Queen of Fountains. It was here that the aqueduct of the Anio debouched in a volume of water. Four *colossi* sculptured out of the natural rock supported a model of Mount Helicon on which Pegasus appeared in a bower of laurel with the water foaming at his feet. On either hand sat the Tiburtine Sibyl and an allegorical figure of Tivoli. Lower down, two gigantic river gods still recline and represent the Anio and the Albule. The water falls into an enormous shell and cool arcades of stone stretch away on either hand. Along these were ranged naiads who poured water from vases and played with dolphins. Traces remain of Pegasus, of one sibyl and several of the nymphs, the vacant pedestals of others, and over all, immense plane-trees, descendants of those which we are told the Estes planted here, fling their deep shadow.

Below the "Gallery," two massive and graceful curving stairways with broad shallow steps, enclose in their balustrades what was once the fountain of the Dragon. The balustrades

Google

The Fountain of the Argan

From a water-colour drawing by F. Hamilton Jackson

themselves form twisted aqueducts down which streams formerly dashed to the splendid fountain at the base, which can still throw water to a height of forty feet. Here the bursting streams played an instrument, and all round were trees fashioned in brass and stucco, wherein were perched mechanical birds which sang "each in his natural voice" till silenced by the appearance of a *civetta* or owl.

At the foot of the steep descent from the villa is a succession of deep tanks or fishponds, which receive the rush of water from all the fountains, and especially from a waterfall thirty feet high, which comes straight from the fountain of the Organ.[1] These tanks, which were doubtless once well stocked with lazy carp, are surrounded by massive stone borders on which huge vases stand at intervals. In the great cypress grove beyond, are the traces of another grand fountain group, that to the Goddess of Nature, in which was yet another organ, which the rushing waters caused to play "madrigals and other music."

The architect, Ligorio, by Cardinal Ippolito's desire, organised excavations at Hadrian's Villa, and the superb statues discovered there and in Tivoli itself, were placed in the villa. Some idea of the wealth of these discoveries may be formed from the list given by Archbishop Fabio Croce in 1664 of the marbles still remaining in the house and grounds.

A statue of Leda and the Swan. Bellona, a vestal, Ceres, an Egyptian idol in black marble, a crowned Bacchus, two fauns, busts of Hadrian and Antinous, the four seasons, Cybele with a tower upon her head, Pomona covered with fruits, Europa seated on a bull. By the fountain of the sea horses were Esculapius, Hygeia holding a vase, Pandora crowned with flowers, Pallas, two Amazons, Hercules, in a lion's skin, another Hercules, a sleeping Venus and two warriors. Around the fountain of the *Girandola* were statues of two nude Gladiators, Jove, Minerva, Helen appearing to Paris, Leda and the Swan, Jove, Neptune and Pluto dividing the world, Jove and Danaë. Inside the palace remained a Venus and Cupid seated on a dolphin, two fauns in tiger-skins, a Venus in the branches of a tree, busts of Constantine, Vitellius, Severus, and Meleager, statue of Marcus Aurelius, Venus with

[1] This fountain and the *Girandola* were constructed under Cardinal Ippolito's successor.

Google

Amorini, another Venus with satyrs, Pan crowned with flowers, Io sleeping, Saturn, Jove with the eagle at his feet, Claudius and his mother, five or six busts and a statue of the Dea Bona with a cornucopia and sceptre in her hand.

All over the garden are remnants of the pedestals which once supported these treasures of antiquity, their position is carefully combined with the planting, and the fountains and the cypresses placed in balanced groups are evidently part of the original scheme. Though it gives them so great an age, we cannot avoid the conclusion that they are the very trees planted by Ippolito on his immediate succession. Their height and girth are astonishing, and the effect they produce is indescribable. They tower like sentinels along the ramparts and terraced walks, their huge, rosy stems form avenues, they rise above the mass of vegetation and overlook the town and the surrounding country. In the spring, sheets of red, pink and white roses fall over the terraced walls, or wanton round the old branches, and the Judas trees flush into purple glory for a few short weeks.

From the double staircase and the *loggia* a doorway opens on the central hall which is adorned by a fountain in coloured stucco representing the Temple of the Sibyl. The long range of apartments is painted in fresco by the Brothers Zuccaro, Tempesta, Muziano, and Vasari, and in spite of time and neglect these paintings are still in good preservation. The central room was the banqueting hall. The ceiling displays a banquet of the gods, half-open doors are simulated with servitors entering, on the walls are beautiful garlands of flowers and fruit, the cornice has the eagle and lily in rich gold and white, over the door the shields of Este are supported by *putti*. On another wall we read the signature of the host, HYP. EST. CARD. FERRAR. On the ceiling to the left of the door leading into the gallery is a portrait of the artist, Federigo Zuccaro, as Mercury, which follows one everywhere with its eyes.

The rooms open into one another; on the left hand (entering from the garden), two small rooms are frescoed the one with

Google

Silent Sentinels

(From a water-colour drawing by E. Linder Jones)

Google

Original from

battles, Roman soldiers and the storming of a town, the other with classic scenes, Venus rising from the sea, Apollo with chariot and horses, river gods, nymphs and satyrs. The end room has a centre piece, Noah sacrificing after the Flood (in which the white eagle of Este sits complacently conspicuous among the saved animals), and Moses striking the rock, in allusion to the streams which had gushed forth at the will of the Cardinal. On the opposite side of the dining-hall is a saloon, adorned with frescoes representing the labours of Hercules, in compliment to the Cardinal's brother, Ercole, the reigning Duke of Este. In the room beyond, symbolic figures, Liberality, Generosity and Nobility, Honour and Immortality, suggest the fame and virtues of Ippolito. The west room was evidently the Cardinal's bedroom. From above, Glory looks down in company with Diana and Hermes. On the walls are painted shelves, on which appear a Cardinal's hat and a Bishop's mitre ; at one side is a small closet where an attendant might sleep. The last room is the Hall of Sports which is painted by Tempesta with incidents of the chase and rustic love-making, and has a frieze of excellently drawn birds ; peacocks, parrots, turkeys and a cockatoo. The door is guarded by a monkey and watch-dogs baying. The long gallery runs behind the whole suite. Fountains are placed along it and in the hottest weather it affords a deliciously cool promenade. At one end, a deep window with low seats overlooks the glorious view and a door and flight of steps leads down by a short cut to the Belvedere at the end of the terrace, where the ample quarter deck is terminated by a splendid *loggia*. Well might the Cardinal of Ferrara himself call this masterpiece of the very height of the Renaissance "an inn worthy of any prince, be he never so great." So it still remained in 1620 when it is described in a letter written by Fulvio Testi, to the Duke of Modena in Paris.

The jets of water [he writes] are infinite. A perpetual river divides in a thousand torrents which play before all who pass. Two fountains above all, exceed the wonderful. One conceals an organ, and any one who chooses

Digitized by Google

can make it play. The ancients never arrived at so exquisite a delight; they never knew how to make water vocal or to give a soul to insensate things. The other fount simulates what is called a *girandola*, and on feast-days and great occasions displays its beauty. The tumultuous water is chained in and escapes by finest channels till it resembles dust. Human genius has vanquished the elements and has succeeded in giving to water the effect of fire. Perchance the genius of the Cardinal d'Este has issued commands to Nature's self and it obeys . . . There succeeds to this the *coup d'œil* of ancient Rome and on the horizon, far away, you descry modern Rome, in a view which perhaps has not its equal in the world.

It would be difficult indeed to match the beauty and the interest of that panorama. The spectator feels as if lifted high into the air; behind him the brown, irregular buildings of the little town cluster down the precipitous slope, from beneath tower up the stately cypresses, in front the ground falls sheer down and far, far away stretches the Campagna, bounded on the one hand by the blue Sabine mountains, on the other lying like a vast sea, over which waves of sunshine and shadow sweep and fade in gold and blue and dusky violet.

> The champaign with its endless fleece
> Of feathery grasses everywhere,
> Silence and passion, joy and peace,
> An everlasting wash of air—
> Rome's ghost since her decease.

Across this plain Brutus and Cassius are said to have escaped to Tivoli after the murder of Cæsar; Zenobia traversed it to her long captivity here. Yonder stood the villa of Mæcenas, where Horace and the Antonines held their revels, a little further off lie the ruins of Hadrian's villa, on the right, blue Soracte holds classic memories on changeless heights, there are the sulphur lakes, once a centre for Roman *terme*, and further away yet, on the dim horizon, rises the bubble of the mighty Dome, the sign and assertion of the Kingdom of Christ.

We can gather some idea of the life they led in this earthly Paradise. The historian, Bulgarini, observes that Cardinal Ippolito not only enriched Tivoli with a villa which was the

Google

The Fishpond.

(*From a crayon drawing by O. Carlsen.*)

Google

Digitized by Google
Original from

forerunner of modern landscape gardening, but was also the benefactor of the city which in his reign shone with a splendour never since equalled. The poet Mureto has left a set of Latin verses in which he alludes to the desolation in which the Estes found the town and which may be translated almost literally.

Years came and went: that joy of bygone days,
Tibur, lay ruined, lost her old world praise.
Gone were her streams and orchards, gone the last,
The stately footprints of her splendid past.
Those scenes so oft the theme of classic lay,
Moulder'd unkempt, unsightly in decay.
Weeping their vanish'd joys, her sylvan daughters,
Wandered by mourning Anio's fainting waters;
A wayfarer in Tibur's heart might stand,
And, "Where is Tibur?" cry; so marr'd the land.
That godlike soul, the sacred choir's delight,
Hippolytus brooked not so sad a sight.
He bade the woodlands dress once more in green,
With far-flung leafage wantoning o'er the scene.
He bade fresh well-springs ooze from out the hills,
And in a breath, forth leapt the new-born rills.
Saved from the wreck of Time, hail the escape
Of marbles fair, to Phidias owing shape.
Brow-bound with olive wan, joyful once more,
Anio pours wealth into the common store.
Well may those hallowed rills, these woodlands vie
In wafting one great name unto the sky—
List to the breezes whispering along—
"Hippolytus" is still their tuneful song.

In the cathedral of San Francesco in Tivoli, in a modest tomb, lie the mortal remains of the Cardinal of Ferrara—Mureto's funeral oration is more than a mere empty panegyric. "Who," he says, "was ever more splendid and magnificent in every relation of life? What sumptuous edifices he raised, what works of antiquity he unearthed which but for him might never have been discovered. What illustrious artists he inspired to make fresh experiments. What princes, what lawyers, what great and powerful men he gathered round him, receiving them like a splendid cardinal, almost a king.

Google

How liberal and magnificent he was to the poor, you know, oh Tiburtines, who remember his continuous and daily almsgiving, and how when sickness came he sent every day to visit every person who was sick, so that none should be left out or lack what was necessary for the recovery of health or to keep their families during their sickness. No one more loved doctors and men of letters, no one had a greater number at his court and none treated them with more generosity. They could converse familiarly with him at his suppers and talk of public business and towards them and his dependants he behaved with such familiar and homely kindness, like an equal, joking and talking, correcting faults with paternal love, rather than with anger or pride. No one forgot injuries or ingratitude more easily and was so ready to accord fresh benevolence. He proved his piety and religion in every hour of his life and in the last moments of his mortal career, he called upon God's sacred minister, he confessed his sins and expressed his deep penitence for all in which he had come short, and then cast himself on the Divine mercy."

The splendour of Cardinal Ippolito's court, the many duties he performed, the consideration he enjoyed in France and the negotiations he had carried through between France and Italy, all gave him an overwhelming prestige in the eyes of the public, who were never weary of honouring and commenting upon his pomp and his generosity. [1]

"On feroit un livre entier," says Brantôme, "de ses générosités, magnificences et libéralités." [2]

Italy had reached a comparatively peaceful state, and though in 1556, Alva and his Spanish troops marched from Naples and invested Tivoli as a standpoint from which to threaten Rome, they were driven out again almost immediately by the Sienese soldiers of Pietro Strozzi, and their short occupation is not alluded to in any records of the Estes.

Ippolito died Dec. 2, 1572. He was succeeded by his nephew, Cardinal Luigi d'Este, who fully maintained the

[1] Campori, "Gli Estense," p. 25. [2] "Hommes illustres," chap. 94.

Google

magnificent traditions of the villa.[1] In 1578 the Cardinal received Pope Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagno), on a visit which lasted three days. The Pope was magnificently feasted by the city, and housed with great splendour by the Cardinal. The principal rooms in the villa were hung for the occasion with green and crimson velvet. The velvet curtains of the Pope's bed, brocaded with gold and seed pearls, had belonged to Henry II. of France, and were valued at 20,000 scudi. The Cardinal had caused a new fountain to be erected, the one below the chief terrace, and on the last day of the Pope's visit the engineer, Olivieri, exhibited a sudden upspringing of water in the form of a dragon (the crest of the Buoncompagni), much to the surprise and delight of the Pope.[2]

If Tasso was ever in Tivoli it must have been during the first years of Cardinal Luigi's reign. In 1571, when he was in his 28th year, he had paid a flying visit to Rome, the first since his boyhood. In 1572 he writes to his friend, Felice Paciotto, that he has entered Cardinal Luigi's service. He accompanied him on a mission to France in 1570, where he was presented to the King as the poet of the *Gerusalemme*. The Cardinal was back again in Rome in the course of that year. Il Debba, in an oration to Luigi d'Este in 1611, speaks of the greatest men of letters of the day being gathered at Tivoli during his reign, and the omission of Tasso's name is regarded by some writers as a proof that he never went to Tivoli. It seems, however, more unlikely that his master, who must have been at Este every summer to escape the heat of Rome, should not have had his favourite secretary with him. Tradition asserts that it was near the fountain to the goddess of Nature that Tasso recited to the Cardinal, to Mureto and other learned doctors, the first sketch of his *Aminta*.[3] A biographical dictionary of the eighteenth century points to the *Tempesta*, or Hall of Sports, as the room in which he wrote, and asserts

[1] Campori, "Gli Estense," p. 4.

[2] V. Platina, "Vita di Gregorio XIII."

[3] Campori, "Archivio Storico," pp. 270-274.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that the gardens of Este inspired him with the idea for the Enchanted Garden of "Armida" in "Jerusalem Delivered." *Aminta* was represented at Ferrara in 1578, in 1574 the later portion of the *Gerusalemme* was written, and it was not finished until 1575,[1] so that the exquisite scenes, the constant allusions to

> Cool shades and waters shrill,
> The fountain from the living stone
> That poured down clearest streams in noble store,

the "moving crystal" and

> The palace proudly built,
> That sits on top of yonder mountain's height,

probably were really transcripts of all around him, and this seems the more likely as the plains and frowning palaces of Ferrara, where he went on leaving Rome, are of so different a cast of scenery.

Among other celebrated men of whose sojourn at Este we have a record are Manuzio, the great typographer, Giorgio Vasari and in later days, Fulvio Testi, who began here his fine drama of *Zenobia* dying in the Tiburtine hills, which, owing to the death of the poet, lacks the last act.

While Ippolito, though always ready to spend nobly, yet knew how to give judiciously, and was careful to keep within his income, Luigi was always in debt. He had been over-persuaded, principally by his uncle, to enter the Church, but had no vocation for an ecclesiastical life, and gave way to dissipation and the most extravagant luxury. In 1577 and 1578, he kept in Rome a following of 349 persons, though at that time he was already borrowing of the Jews, and when he went to France in 1570 had been obliged to raise 4000 scudi. A few years later he spent 3492 scudi in the purchase of Turkish slaves, at 36 golden scudi each, who he intended should carry on the works at Tivoli. These slaves, who were

[1] "Torquato Tasso e gli Estense."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

secured with iron chains from neck to neck, did not work long in the gardens, but contrived to escape; they were afterwards recaptured and sold in Rome and Naples.

As years went on, the Cardinal lived more superbly than ever, but was obliged to sell several of his properties and some of his most precious treasures. In the last years of his life his creditors gave him great trouble, and he left his heirs debts to the amount of 200,000 scudi.[1]

The splendour of the villa d'Este lasted little more than a century and a half. The death of Cardinal Luigi in 1618, was the occasion for a fierce controversy as to its inheritance; the sacred college of Cardinals claiming it as its due, the people of Tivoli insisting that it belonged to them, because it had been built on ground originally occupied by the municipal palace. The dispute was referred to Paul V. and finally the municipality was paid a large sum of money and the palace descended to the collateral heirs of the house of Este, to which it still belongs.

Many of the treasures were removed soon after the death of the Cardinal. In 1780 Duke Ercole III. sold a great part and transplanted part to Modena. Some of the finest statues were brought to Rome and placed in the Capitol. Little by little the villa was abandoned. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Francesco IV. carried out some repairs and the architect and sculptor Bernini visited it in the years of its early decline. Immediately below the *plateau* where stands Roma Vecchia, is a fountain in the style of the seventeenth century, a canopy supported by pillars in stucco, which repeat the sacred column which Bernini had taken as the model for the pillars of his baldacchino in St. Peter's. The fountain of the organ, too, has received additions verging on the *barocco;* nymphs with swirling draperies occupying the niches on either side of the beautiful little Renaissance temple garlanded with fruit. In the seventeenth century the Dukes of Modena constituted certain gentlemen of Tivoli the superintendents and

[1] "Muratori, Archivio Estense," Campori, p. 24.

Google

directors of the palace. Up to 1850 it had a franchise and was not affected by the *dazio* or gate-tax.

In our own day it was rented for many years by Cardinal Hohenlohe, who spent over £2000 in renovating and making it habitable, and who used to lend it to Liszt. For six or eight years the great musician spent there some months of every summer and more than one account is left of his life in the great cool rooms. He occupied the three rooms at the end of the palace looking towards Rome, his midday repast was often laid on the upper terrace and he would spend hours at his grand piano, composing or playing: playing Chopin, "the magic notes falling like the liquid spray from the fountains without," or he would mimic the Angelus from the *campanile* of the town, the music of the swaying bells rising and falling and tossing high in the evening air.

All are gone now, and garden and villa are alike deserted except for a few workmen's families which quietly inhabit the upper stories. The livelong day there is no one to be seen save a woodman, a gardener or an artist, except for a couple of hours at midday when the sightseers from Rome pass hastily through. Everywhere are signs of decay. Full of life and stir as it was, it is silent now. Damp has dimmed the frescoes, the stucco is crumbling away, many of the fountains are dried up, for the bulk of the water was turned away again long ago to meet the needs of the growing town. Empty pedestals mark where stood Mars and Hercules, Diana or Leda, massive stone tables and seats still show where the Cardinal and his friends sat in council, or talking "with familiar and homely kindness," only the cypresses and plane-trees grow more stately as years pass, and the glorious outlook remains unchanged.

To realise the full charm of Este it is worth while to stay the night at Tivoli, and to linger after sunset in the gardens. Then it must be a prosaic mind, indeed, that fails to conjure up some vision of what has been. Behind the range of violet mountains, the sun sinks in rose and gold: that last ray

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

On the Higher Terrace

From a water-colour drawing by F. Hamilton Jones

Google

Google
Original from
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

might well be struck from the golden shields of the Roman guard, those shadows might have gained their depth of purple from Hadrian's imperial canopies. All round us the gathering darkness is thrilling with the past. The brocaded robes of a Cardinal rustle by us on the terrace, by the ponds down there, surely pauses some stately figure, feeding the carp in the interval of talk and leaning on the shoulder of a tall young man in the close dark dress and cap of a scholar and a poet. Or a group is gathered, listening to the first recital of words whose music is to echo through the centuries. Up the crumbling stairway the rugged form of the immortal Florentine artist comes dreaming under the rising moon. Within the palace the frescoed rooms are all aglow with gorgeous hangings, with gold and porcelain and gleam of statue. The sound of feasting and laughter, the thrum of music echoes in our ears, as Tasso or Mureto improvises for the entertainment of the patron and his court. All tells of the large, grand charity, of the genial and cultured hospitality of the princely house—Fancy fails, and once more "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." The night birds cry, the night wind rustles through the groves, the scanty fountains plash in their basins. Silent sentinels stand the black cypresses: they bend towards the departed sunset, as if they, too, watched intently for the ghosts upon that vast plain, teeming with a thousand memories.

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

Google

THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET

ONE day last autumn, on opening an old album of my mother's, I found in her handwriting a transcript from the autograph copy of the first draft of the "Pleasures of Hope," which had been sent to her to test the genuineness of the autograph in June 1848. A long prelude (afterwards replaced by the well-known lines (1-30)), "At Summer eve . . . Glory's bright career"—is the same which Dr. Beattie afterwards printed in his "Life of Thomas Campbell." I was thus reminded of the keen interest which once attached to everything which Campbell wrote; and I felt ashamed, considering our near relationship, that I had of late years paid so little attention to him. In some reminiscences written by the poet in later life and published by his biographer, he says, speaking of his time in Edinburgh:

> The "Pleasures of Hope" came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my "Pleasures of Hope" got on, my pupils fell off. I was not friendless, nor quite solitary at this period in Edinburgh. My aunt, Mrs. Campbell, and her beautiful daughter, Margaret—so beautiful that she was commonly called Mary, Queen of Scots—used to receive me kindly of an evening, whenever I called, and it was to them, and with no small encouragement, that I first recited my poem when it was finished.

The persons who composed this audience, "fit though few," were my grandmother and my aunt. My father might also have been there, had he not been cruising about the Mediter-

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]

ranean in quest of Bonaparte. For it was the year before the Battle of the Nile.

Apart from personal considerations, the time seems to have arrived for a fair estimate of Campbell's merits. More than three generations have come and gone, since, at the age of twenty-two, he suddenly rose to the height of literary and poetic fame.

I. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, when Burns had been dead three years, and Cowper was dying, two volumes of poetry claimed the attention of British readers, one published in Bristol and one in Edinburgh: the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Pleasures of Hope." The latter was received with acclamation, the former with derision. And yet it was with the Bristol volume that the promise of the future lay.

(1) It was unfortunate for Campbell that, when his ambition was roused to the production of a serious poem, the prevailing taste should have induced him to adopt a form so soon to be discredited. The star of Pope still held the meridian, while that of Wordsworth was hardly visible above the horizon; and in consequence of some serio-comic pieces which he wrote at college, young Campbell had been dubbed by his companions "the Pope of Glasgow." His essentially lyric genius was thus diverted into an alien channel.

His native gift of melodious speech had been cultivated from boyhood through the assimilation of classical poetry, Latin, Greek, and English, and through the practice of translation in verse. But the first outburst of an original poetic vein in him came during the two summers which he spent in the West Highlands and in the Island of Mull. The communion with nature, begun in childhood, was then revived and greatly enlarged, and those were the years that opened for him

> The promise of the golden hours,
> First love, first friendship, equal powers.

The two poems "To Caroline," which still find a place in our

Google

anthologies, were produced in these his seventeenth and eighteenth years.

(2) Another and a nobler passion quickly supervened—the love of freedom and hatred of oppression. Campbell was present at the trial of two men accused of sedition and condemned on what appeared to him insufficient evidence. From that hour he was devoted to the cause of liberty. Fire drives out fire, and milder ardours were now eclipsed in the manly resolution that breathes in the lines:

> Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
> The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade.

Here then was a true poet, fully answering to Tennyson's description:

> Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love:—

And he was expected to cast his warm imaginings and fervid thoughts into the mould of the "Essay on Man." The result was a series of fine passages, with here and there an unforgettable line. But the poem as a whole is rather tacked together than created. Campbell had not the architectonic gift. But to which poet of the early nineteenth century was it really given? Even in wandering through Wordsworth's great "cathedral," we linger in the side chapels to worship phantoms of delight and reverend forms, paternal or pathetic, but are apt to lose ourselves in the vast unlighted spaces of the main building.

(3) The youth had been at a loss for a profession. Divinity was unattractive, medicine repellent, and the law was impossible without capital, which he could not command in consequence of his father's losses through the American War. Private tuition, the usual resource of the Scottish student, he had never contemplated as an employment for a lifetime. Now his path was clearly marked towards a literary career. In the first flush of his success he made some engagements with Edinburgh publishers, and started on a Continental tour.

Google

Even the brittle peace of Amiens was not yet, and plans for foreign travel had to reckon with war. He was disappointed in his hope of making personal acquaintance with Wieland and Burger, perhaps also with Schiller and Goethe; and after a long pause at Hamburg he took refuge with a college of Scotch monks at Ratisbon. From the walls of that city he witnessed a fierce encounter between French and Austrian troops, and saw the battlefield after the engagement—not comforted by Red Cross ambulances. To the excitement and the horror of that twofold sight we owe the lyrics of "Hohenlinden" and the "Soldier's Dream." (Though he visited the valley of the Iser, he was not present at the battle of which he wrote.)

At Hamburg, and afterwards at Altona, then a Danish town, he consorted with some of the "men of '98," especially one Antony Macan, with whom he used to walk along the banks of the Elbe. Thence came the inspiration for the "Exile of Erin," and, to judge from internal evidence, also for another poem, which has attracted less attention than it deserves. The "Death-boat of Heligoland," based on a Scandinavian legend, and more vituperative than is usual with Campbell, except in defence of Poland, may compare favourably in poetic fire and verve with other lampoons of revolutionary poets on Tory administration.

Once more, the time he spent in Denmark and the outbreak of the war which sent him home have much to do with the production shortly after this of "Ye Mariners of England" and the "Battle of the Baltic." Residence abroad had added a glow of patriotism to the poetic *stimuli* of love and liberty. These lyrics, which are now reckoned amongst his titles to fame, probably appeared to him at the time only as sparks from his anvil. For he was meditating two laborious works: one dull but remunerative—a continuation of Hume's and Smollett's history; the other an ambitious and somewhat perilous venture, an heroic poem to be entitled "The Queen of the North," and—*Horresco referens*—in praise of Edinburgh!

Historical reading in preparation for these grand attempts

Google

may, however, have suggested to him the subject of "Lochiel's Warning."

He also made a serious study of German poetry, and even spent three months over the philosophy of Kant. But the namesake of Dr. Thomas Reid, the Scottish philosopher of common sense—who christened him, and (with the author of the "Wealth of Nations") was his father's friend—could not be impressed as Coleridge was by the new metaphysic. On the other hand, the romantic movement in German poetry made an impression which may be traced in some of his subsequent work.

Returning in a vessel bound for Leith, but chased into Yarmouth by a Danish privateer, he made his first visit to London; but was soon recalled to Edinburgh in consequence of his father's death. Suspected of seditious tendencies, he succeeded in clearing himself. "Ye Mariners" had by this time been written.

(4) Early in 1803 he left the Northern metropolis for the Southern capital. This bold step was partly due to the encouragement of Lord Minto, the only patron Campbell ever knew. It was a relationship which he could not bear for long. Sir Walter Scott, always his kind and generous friend, wrote of this long afterwards in the famous Journal:

> Tom Campbell lived at Minto. But it was in a state of dependence which he brooked very ill. He was kindly treated, but would not see it in the right view, and suspected slights and so on, where no such thing was meant. There was . . . a kind of waywardness and irritability about Tom that must have made a man of his genius truly unhappy.

There was still something *farouche* about the former Glasgow student.

In London he found the employment he looked for and made new friends. He was kindly received at Holland House, and the Whig notabilities who gathered there had tact enough to bring out his social gifts without jarring on his naïve independence.

(5) After some months of restless bachelorhood he married

Google

his cousin, Matilda Sinclair, on October 18, 1803. The seven years that followed, although chequered with illness and exhausting work, were the happiest of his life. After twelve months in Pimlico he settled with his wife at Sydenham, then a country village, where the birth of two boys, in both of whom, especially the younger, Alison, he took all a father's pride, and the warm friendship of congenial neighbours, completed the environment of a peaceful English home. In 1809 he ventured again before the public with "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Ye Mariners," "Glenara," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lochiel," "Hohenlinden," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and in a new edition early in 1810 he added a beautiful poem produced in the interim, "O'Connor's Child."

"Gertrude of Wyoming" is a pastoral poem of an original type in the Spenserian stanza, handled not heroically as by Spenser, but in a quieter vein, more resembling the manner of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." The subject, an incident in the American War, seems to have harmonised with some suggestion from a German tale, and is more or less akin to such romances as St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" or Chateaubriand's "Atala," which are conceived in the spirit of Rousseau. But the substance of the work is Campbell's own. His sympathy with American independence, his hatred of oppression and impatience of the burden of conventionalisms, and his abhorrence of a cruel criminal code, combine with an intense appreciation of all that is genuinely human whether in civilised or uncivilised life to create an atmosphere of singular purity and charm. The story is slightly sketched, and there is little of realistic detail, but the contrast between the life of the affections abstracted from all that can degrade or vulgarise, and the solitary strength of the "Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear," is drawn with equal delicacy and firmness.

II. His muse was still in her ascendant, and it is time to take stock of his achievement so far. No friend, however daring, could venture nowadays to endorse the high encomiums of Scott and Goethe. And it is with hesitation that I record

Google

the fact that I once heard Robert Browning—most generous of poets, most chivalrous of men—speak of Campbell as a "great man." He is not great, but he has elements of greatness. That poems so different in kind as the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude" should have been produced within ten years, each having its distinct and incommunicable flavour and *cachet*, is of itself a remarkable proof of versatility. And, to speak more generally, the range of the few poems I have named is not a narrow one. But there is more to say.

(1) His work has the ring of absolute sincerity. There is heart in it. A native generosity breathes in every line, giving assurance of that primal sympathy "which, having been, must ever be."

It cannot be said of him that "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart." He was not self-centred or self-sufficing, nor in any high degree self-conscious, nor largely contemplative. He was nothing if not a social being. To that he owed much of his strength and weakness. His was not the poetry of self-pity, nor could he have filled huge canvases, as Byron did, with the Brocken-like image of his own magnified personality. His interest was in his brothers and sisters of mankind. Their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and their wrongs, alone gave inspiration to his verse.

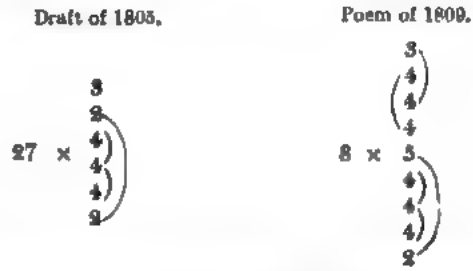
(2) He is a learned poet. Sydney Smith observed of him, "What a vast field of literature that man's mind has rolled over"; and Charles James Fox, who was no mean scholar, when introduced to him at Holland House, said afterwards, "I like Campbell, he is so right about Virgil." He had absorbed the marrow of Greek poetry as a youth at Glasgow, and in later life "a Homer and a salt herring" were indispensable to his comfort at breakfast-time. How many young Grecians of to-day, with the help of a century of commentaries, could improve on the translation of Aesch. Cho. lines 22–69, which he wrote in his seventeenth year? It is too long for quotation, but is given in the "Life," vol. i. p. 121.

Had it not been for the *afflatus* which came over him in

Google

consequence of his friend Hamilton Paul's suggestion of the "Pleasures of Hope," he had intended to bring out an edition of Greek plays which might have landed him in a Professorship, possibly at St. Andrews! The classical texts printed by the brothers Foulis, now treasures of the bibliophile, were then accessible in Glasgow at the fountain-head. In later years he learned Spanish and attempted Arabic. He tried no direct imitation of classical forms, no Pindaric odes, no "barbarous experiments," but he had learned from his Greek masters the secret of uniting brevity with clearness and subtlety with simplicity.

He was an excellent critic, especially of his own work. He wrote much which never saw the light. Scott characteristically complained that he was "a great corrector"; but, in some cases certainly, he corrected with good effect. There is an instructive difference between the first sketch of the "Battle of the Baltic" confided to Scott in a letter of March 27, 1805, and the finished piece as published in 1809. Twenty-seven stanzas of six lines each have been condensed into eight stanzas of nine. The change of form may be indicated as in the following scheme—the figures denoting the number of accents in each line, and the brackets marking the lines that rhyme together:



All the more striking expressions are retained; most of what was weak, and there was much, has been ejected; and the introduction of the central long line (μεσῳδός) to balance the concluding short one (ἐπῳδός) is a stroke of rhythmical skill of which Sophocles would have approved. In the second stanza, lines 1 and 3 fail to rhyme. This is hardly observed, and the poet showed good judgment in not tinkering a fine phrase to

Google

remedy a trivial flaw (Cp. *Lycidas*, lines 1, 15, 22, 51). I could add something about trochaic movements and the use of syncope, but it might be "to consider too curiously, to consider so."

(3) Campbell is a poet of the centre. If he betrayed some personal waywardness, his muse was not wayward, and is apt, therefore, to be censured as commonplace. But that is an erroneous notion. Extravagance and oddity may win applause more readily, but the poetry which lasts is that which comes sweetly off from Nature and goes straight from the heart to the heart. The best work of Campbell will stand this test, and he is not to be disparaged as a poet, because in spite of constitutional susceptibilities, he remained true not only to the cause of liberty and humanity, but also "to the kindred points of heaven and home"—a good son and brother, a faithful friend, an affectionate husband, a most tender father.

III. I have now to account for the undoubted fact that, after so brilliant an opening, this poet produced so little, and during the last thirty years of life wrote scarcely anything to justify his early reputation.

(1) One obvious cause was his absorption in journalism and in literary tasks that brought him profit but no renown. He was anything but indolent. In his letters he speaks of working from four to six hours at a stretch and as much as ten or twelve hours a day. One cannot labour like that over prosaic themes and hope to keep the freshness of poetic inspiration. As Campbell himself has said of Smollett's later years:

> He seems to have felt that he could depend for subsistence more securely on works of industry than originality, and he engaged in voluntary drudgeries, which added nothing to his fame whilst they made inroads on his health and equanimity.

This remark occurs in the only prose work which Campbell undertook spontaneously, the series of lives prefixed to his selection from the English poets. The little volume in which these morsels are collected is still worth reading; see especially the lives of Gray, Akenside and Cowper. Some writers of introductions

Google

to more recent anthologies might have done well to consult them.

(2) Another hindrance to original work and growth was the society of London. Campbell was before all things, as I have said, a social being. He was witty and brilliant in conversation, and he was welcomed everywhere. The evenings at Holland House may have been more stimulating than distracting; but certain journalistic *soirées* were a different thing. To travel by coach from Sydenham to London and back on literary errands, talking all the way, and to give whole mornings to writing for the *Star* newspaper could not fail to turn his powers aside into shallower channels. Plain living and high thinking—a wise passiveness—even if such a thing were possible for Campbell—could not be made compatible with such a life. When to this is added his liability to a form of insomnia called *comavigil* (in Italian, *dormiveglia*) which haunted him for many years, it will appear less strange that his genius did not hold its bent.

The hack-work was at first rendered necessary by pecuniary circumstances. He was dependent on his own exertions for support, and he married early. And although afterwards, with the addition of a Crown pension, his income was by no means contemptible, he never quite escaped from money difficulties. He was not exactly improvident, for he was always looking forwards, but it was in anticipation of future gains. His charities were boundless, and he contributed largely to the support of his mother and two sisters, the elder of whom he survived only by a year.

(3) But there was another cause more potent to disable him. *His heart was broken.*

Sir Walter Scott, when the shadow of his own misfortune was closing round him, remained sufficiently at leisure from himself to care for the reputation of a brother poet. One June evening, when the purpling sunset lingered over the Ochills, he walked forth amidst the very scenes which had suggested "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Soothed by

Google

the beauty of the hour, he repeated to himself a verse from Campbell's "Turkish Lady":

> Day its sultry fires had wasted,
> Calm and cool the moonlight rose:
> Even a captive's bosom tasted
> Half oblivion of its woes.

And he proceeded to speculate, as he had done ten years before, on the reasons of Campbell's limited performance.

But in London, some months afterwards, Scott heard news of Campbell which threw a different light on his unproductiveness. The following entry occurs in the Journal for April 28, 1828:

> Tom Campbell is in miserable plight,—his son insane, his wife on the point of becoming so: "I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros!"

"Go now, and meditate the tuneful Muse!" Of many instances of generous and truehearted feeling in the most generous of men, this remark of Scott's made in the solitude of his chamber and confided to his diary, is one of the most striking, and certainly the most pathetic. Few authors have been thus solicitous for the renown of another. Only the greatest have justified Plato's saying, "Jealousy has no place in the celestial choir." The reader will have observed that in speaking of his friend Scott always uses the caressing diminutive—"Tom."

But to return to our story: Sir Walter did not know all. In 1810, the two children who had spent an evening with neighbours at Sydenham, returned in a torrent of rain protected by a cloak which had been infected with malignant fever. The younger, Alison, the namesake of Campbell's life-long friend, died in a few days, and the first-born, Thomas Telford, called after the famous engineer, was never afterwards quite himself, and grew up only to be placed in a private lunatic asylum. Mrs. Campbell died ten days after the date of the above entry in Scott's private journal.

The following incident, communicated to Dr. Beattie by

Google

Mr. Buckley Williams, occurred in the same year. Mr. Williams wrote:

I became first acquainted with Mr. Campbell in consequence of his cousin, Capt. Robert Campbell, having married a lady of Montgomeryshire. He asked me to dine with him at the club, and while we took a walk together, he asked me many questions about Wales . . . observing that he had long intended to visit the Principality. "You have told me," said he, "about the early bards; . . . can you give me some anecdote of a modern Welshman?" I told him the following: In Towyn, Merionethshire, dwelt Griffith Owen, an excellent performer on the old Welsh harp. He had seen more than eighty winters, but sorrow was in store for him. His wife was seized with mortal illness, and within a few days carried to the grave. His son very shortly after became a raving maniac. One clear, cold, frosty night a gentleman was crossing Towyn heath, and saw before him some object moving. Coming nearer he heard a low groan; and there stood, tottering with age, the venerable figure of Griffith Owen. "Griffith!" said the gentleman, "what can have brought you at such an hour to this dreary place?" The old man instinctively replied in a Welsh triad, "*My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung!*"

In an instant the words shot through Campbell's heart. It came home to him like an electric shock. He could not, he said, disguise his weakness—he cried like a child.

The poet gradually recovered a measure of equanimity and even of outward gaiety, and at one time it seemed as if the breakage might be "handsomely pieced," to use Scott's phrase in another connection. But this hope also failed him through some misadventure, and the inward buoyancy was never renewed. Can we wonder that his later publications were disappointing to his friends, or that he was grievously disappointed at the reception of them; or that some superficial weaknesses, due to temperament and antecedents, should have exposed him to the mockery of another Scotsman of genius, who dealt to him the same hard measure as to dear Charles Lamb?

Not that the later poems were by any means valueless. There is one at least which has been justly admired not merely as a *tour de force*, but for the human feeling which pervades it: "The Last Man." The pathetic view of life and the stoical ending repeat in deeper tones, and with a larger intention, the "sorrowful mood" in which long since he had mused on the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lost home of his ancestors. The probable origin of this poem may be inferred from an incident in the Life. No one had yet thought of the gradual cooling of the sun. But Campbell, in 1813, had greatly enjoyed a conversation with Sir William Herschell, to whom he had alluded as one who had given "the lyre of Heaven another string." Sir William, who had "looked further into space than any other man," told his eager listener that the solar system was less secure and stable than Laplace had thought. This roused the poet's imagination, and in talking to Lord Byron he mentioned some of the gloomy pictures thus called up. Byron's poem of "Darkness" embodied some of these ideas, and Campbell seems to have been unaware of the coincidence until after publishing the "Last Man" in 1824, as his editorial contribution to the "New Monthly Magazine." He was distressed at the appearance of plagiarism, but immediately recalled his conversation with Lord Byron. This carries back the original conception of the poem for several years, and makes it probable that the leading motive was suggested by the talk with Sir William Herschell.

Amongst Campbell's titles to remembrance, he himself would have advanced his passionate advocacy of Poland, and the idea of a University for London, which he was the first to conceive and promulgate. Another academical incident which banished private grief for a while, was his twice-repeated election by the students of Glasgow University as their Lord Rector. In this office he anticipated some reforms which have since improved the position of the Scottish student.

The poet of the "Seasons" survives, but is seldom recognised, as the author of "Rule Britannia." It remains to be seen whether a corresponding destiny may not be in reserve for the once celebrated "Bard of Hope."

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOLITUDE

AN ELEGY

ENDED are many days, and now but few
Remain; since therefore it is happy and true
That memoried joys keep ever their delight,
Like steadfast stars in the blue vault of night,
While hours of pain (among those heavenly spheres
Like falling meteors, the martyr's tears)
Dart their long trails at random, and anon,
Ere we exclaim, pass, and for aye are gone;
Therefore my heedy thought will oft restore
The long light-hearted days that are no more,
Save where in her memorial crypt they shine
Spangling the silent past with joy divine.

But why in dream of this enchanted mood
Should all my boyhood seem a solitude?
Good reason know I, when I wander there,
In that transmuted scene, why all is fair;
The woods as when in holiday of spring
Million buds burst, and flowers are blossoming;
The meadows deep in grass, the fields unshorn
In beauty of the multitudinous corn,
Where the strait alleys hide me, wall'd between

Google

High bloomy stalks and rustling banners green;
The gardens, too, in dazzling hues full-blown,
With wafted scent and blazing petals strewn;
The orchards reddening thro' the patient hours,
While idle autumn in his mossy bowers
Inviteth meditation to endear
The sanctuaries of the mellowing year;
And every spot wherein I loved to stray
Hath borrowed radiance of eternal day;
But why am I ever alone, alone?
Here in the corner of a field my throne,
Now in the branching chair of some tall tree
Drinking the gale in bird-like liberty;
Or to the seashore wandered in the sun
To watch the fateful waves break one by one;
Or if on basking downs supine I lie
Bathing my spirit in blue calms of the sky;
Or to the river bank am stolen by night
Harkening unto the moonlit ripple bright
That warbles o'er the shallows of smooth stone;
Why should my memory find me all alone,
When I had such companions every day
Jocund and dear? 'Twixt glimpses of their play
'Tis a vast solitude, wherein I see
Only myself and what I came to be.

Yet never think, dear spirits, if now ye may
Remember aught of that brief earthly day,
Ere ye the mournful Stygian river crost,
From our familiar home too early lost,—
O never think that I your tears forget,
Or that I loved not well, or love not yet.
Nor ye who held my heart in passion's chain,—
As kings and queens succeed in glorious reign—
When, as a man, I made you to outvie
God's work, and, as a god, then set you by

Google

Among the sainted throng in holiest shrine
Of mythic creed and poetry divine;
True was my faith, and still your loves endure,
The jewels of my fancy, bright and pure.

Nor only in fair places do I see
The picture fair now it has ceased to be:
For fate once led me, and myself some days
Did I devote, to dull laborious ways,
By soaring thought detained to tread full low,—
Yea might I say unbeauteous paths of woe
And dreary abodes, had not my youthful sprite
Hallow'd each nook with legions of delight.
Ah! o'er that smoky town who looketh now
By winter sunset from the dark hill-brow,
Under the dying trees exultantly
Nursing the sting of human tragedy?
Or in that little room upstair'd so high,
Where London's roofs in thickest huddle lie,
Who now returns at evening to entice
To his fireside the joys of Paradise?
Once sacred was that hearth, and bright the air;
The flame of man's redemption flickered there,
In worship of those spirits, whose deathless fames
Have thrilled with stars of heaven to hear their names;
They that excell'd in wisdom to create
Beauty, with mortal passion conquering fate;
And, mid the sovran powers of elder time,
The loveliness of music and new rhyme,
The masters young that first enthrallèd me;
Of whom if I should name, whom then but thee,
Sweet Shelley, or the boy whose book was found
Thrust in thy bosom on thy body drowned?

O mighty Muse, wooer of virgin thought,
Beside thy charm all else counteth as nought;

Google

The revelation of thy smile doth make
Him whom thou lovest reckless for thy sake;
Earthborn of suffering, that knowest well
To call thine own, and with enamouring spell
Feedest the stolen powers of godlike youth
On dear imagination's only truth,
Building with song a temple of desire;
And with the yearning music of thy quire,
In nuptial sacrament of thought and sense
Hallowest for toil the hours of indolence:
Thou in thy melancholic beauty drest,
Subduest ill to serve thy fair behest,
With tragic tears, and sevenfold purified
Silver of mirth; and with extremest pride,
With secret doctrine and unfathomed lore
Remainest yet a child for evermore,
The only enchantress of the earth that art
To cheer his day and staunch man's bleeding heart.

O heavenly Muse, for heavenly thee we call
Who in the fire of love refinest all,
Accurst is he who hark'neth not thy voice;
But happy he who, numbered of thy choice,
Walketh aloof from nature's clouded plan:
For all God's world is but the thought of man;
Wherein hast thou re-formed a world apart,
The mutual mirror of his better heart;
There is no foulness, misery, nor sin,
But he who loves finds his desire therein,
And there with thee in lonely commerce lives:
Nay, all that nature gave or fortune gives,
Joys that his spirit is most jealous of,
His only-embraced and best-deserving love,
Who walketh in the noon of heavenly praise,
The troubled godhead of his children's gaze,

Google

Wear thine eternity, and are loved best
By thee transfigured and in thee possest;
Who madest beauty, and from thy boundless store
Of beauty shalt create for evermore.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

by Google

ATHENE ON GREEK COINS

DR. LERMANN, of the Munich Museum, has lately enriched our classical archæology and numismatic lore by a very interesting treatise dealing with types of Athene on Greek coins. His labour extends to various cities which adopted the Athenian model, he assigns dates to the different issues of coins, and deals also with the imitations of Athenian coins current in parts of Asia. These are all questions which will bear new light, and Dr. Lermann seems particularly qualified for the task he undertook both by his grasp of the matter in hand and the thoroughness of his method. While adhering to some extent to the views of his master, Furtwängler, he has his own very clearly defined conceptions, as we shall see in the following pages, and he is led by them to deductions which will probably open a field to fresh investigations. The young archæologist holds out great promise, and we wish him success in his present researches in Greece and Asia Minor.

A closer investigation of the excellent treatise before us, as far as the space allotted will admit, is attempted in this essay, in which for the sake of clearness, we adopt the author's own headings, divided into three parts. The first of these treats of the oldest types of Athene in Greek coins.

I

It was natural for the ancients, being deeply imbued with religious feeling, to place their coinage under the special

Google

protection of the national deities. The habit of associating money with the tutelar deities was an old one: the temples were the earliest Grecian money-institutes; in the words of Curtius, "the gods were the first capitalists in Greece." The external expression of this tendency found utterance in the symbol of god or goddess on the current coin; this was not till comparatively late, however, and by a very gradual process. Till late in the sixth century reproductions of animal figures for the most part were depicted on coins, to be construed by the votary as symbolical of the adored personage.

It is highly probable that Athenian coins, too, bore some animal symbol, perhaps an owl, before the goddess Athene figured thereon, though this is a mere matter of conjecture. The earliest authenticated Athenian type represents the goddess Athene on the obverse, while the reverse, instead of the incuse solely, bears the image of the owl. We may note here that Athens was foremost in introducing both innovations, adding, however, that coins stamped both on the obverse and reverse were not introduced in any city before the middle of the sixth century, and that the first representations of human types on coins occur at about the same period.

Historical comments throwing some light upon the origin of this first type are not entirely absent; it seems legitimate to place it earlier than Hippias, for the questionable monetary operations authentically ascribed to him left but little trace on it; we may be permitted therefore to look earlier for the date.

Unusually long sequences of coins, all bearing the image of Athene and the owl, remain characteristic of Athens after their first introduction; this fact indicates an increase of expenditure probably coinciding with extending commercial business and a larger importation and output of silver. We know further from Herodotus that Pisistratus endeavoured to maintain his uncertain position by a lavish outlay, for which the means were furnished by the ore found in the mines of Laurion; in addition to this, Athene was undoubtedly the

Google

special protectress of Pisistratus; he returned to Athens under her auspices about 550 B.C., renewed the sacred contests in her honour, and is credited with having added the splendid outer court on the Acropolis to the ancient temple dedicated to her. There would have been nothing unusual after this, in his setting the effigy of his deity on coins, and we may infer that he so did. Having gained some clue as to a likely date for the first Athenian type of the goddess, we come to examine the coin, a head of Athene, right, wearing the plain Attic helmet, the forehead receding, the nose strongly marked, the eye somewhat slanting. The workmanship is coarse and primitive, which probably inclines Mr. Head to place the origin of the type as far back as Solon's time, about 594 B.C. The rough execution of the coin at once strikes the examiner, but here we must not lose sight of the fact that we have before us one of the first attempts to depict the human figure on coins, also, that the history of all art shows *technical* dexterity as the follower, not the precursor, of artistic ideas. The owl on the obverse, on the other hand, is far less primitive, and may be classed with other animal symbols on mercantile coins of the same epoch, such as the Aeginetan tortoise, the Corinthian Pegasus, and others. The somewhat voluptuous style is peculiar to Ionian-Attic art, a further characteristic of which is expressed in the large fixed eye, quite out of proportion to the rest of the face. In the hair, earring, and shape of the helmet, more indications of the date assumed coincide, so that summing up all the distinctive marks of the coin, we find nothing at variance with artistic views prevailing at Athens about the middle of the sixth century. The Attic type also occurs on coins of the Thracian Chersonesus, bearing on the one side a lion looking backwards, the sign of the city of Miletus, and on the other the head of Athene. These coins form two distinct groups, of which the oldest is assigned to 511 B.C., while the latter probably dates from 493 B.C.

Google

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

II.—*The origin and spread of later archaic types of Athene in Attic coins.*

Having followed the traces of the types of Athene from Pisistratus up to the time of the Persian wars, the question arises as to when and how the plain, rough and inartistic style above described, gave place to a new and more elegant conception, of which the olive branch on the goddess's helmet gives the first indication. The old type, now out of all proportion to technical and æsthetic progress since the time of Pisistratus, probably owed its long-continued preservation to commercial and political views. Archæological experts show us the coinage riveted in constitutional forms through all the upheavals of the Peloponnesian war, uninfluenced even by the perikleian radiance. The peculiar fact that the coinage should thus have passed unaltered through those seething political phases admitted of a remoter origin being given to it. In addition, a tendency has arisen recently in numismatic circles to place the older type higher up in the sixth century, and this naturally led to the younger archaic type being equally credited with an earlier date. A fortuitous occurrence, however, renders it possible to verify the existence of the older type even at a later date than the first decade of the fifth century, where we last left it. In 1886, the excavations on the Acropolis brought to light a small hoard of about 60 silver coins. Among this hoard, 86 tetradrachms were found to belong to the old type and one tetradrachm to the younger; the latter most probably, however, lay in another spot and was only placed with the remaining coins in the museum at Athens. The coins showed traces of having come in contact with fire; they were covered with a thick coating of dust and rust, and the emblems were distended and out of shape, as under action of great heat. The conflagration, as all indications concur to prove, was the great fire at the time of the destruction of Athens by the Persians, 480 B.C. Taking into account the circumstances of the find, as we have been told them, that it

Google Original fr UNIVERSITY OF M HIGAN

was "in a heap together," under a fallen column between the Erechtheion and the northern wall of the citadel, this conclusion seemed, to all experts, indubitable. In the discussions which followed the discovery, one opinion inclined to describe the hoard as a votive offering; our author conceives the most explanatory and simple idea that it was dropped either by a fugitive Athenian citizen or by a marauding Persian, and thus became involved in the catastrophe which swept over the citadel. This solution allows us to assume that the coins found were current in the year 480 B.C., thus adding another landmark to the history of the older type. In attempting to fix the beginning of the younger archaic type, the year of the battle of Marathon appears improbable, given the conservative leanings of Athenian traders and financiers, little inclined to any radical change. It needed the vigorous and re-awakened life pulsating through the nation after the second Persian invasion, the spirit that prompted the ruthless sacrifice of the archaic maiden effigies on the Acropolis, for the decisive step to be taken, to which the date of the re-building of Athens may safely be given. In conception as well as in execution, the new type still preserves some of the almost homely aspects of the older coinage, with the marked difference that Ionian tutelage is discarded and gives place to Athenian sway. The smiling expression and somewhat receding profile are still symbolic of the old style, and it is necessary here to bear in mind that this younger type was but the beginning of the movement that thrust aside the old archaic model. Athenian artists, moreover, would in all probability have shrunk from marring the image that recalled to their memories the palmy days of Athens. The new type shows a favourable comparison with a famed work of somewhat earlier date, the maiden statues above mentioned, in a simpler arrangement of the hair above the forehead and a more natural treatment of the eye, here narrow and long. In the Athene of the western pediment in the temple of Aegina, we find the old characteristic bands of wavy hair; these are less conspicuous and more pleasing

Google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in the girl's head from Aegina, the eye in the latter is also typical of more modern treatment. The Athene head of the eastern pediment shows a still greater affinity to the new type in the cut of the eye and shape of the head, but diverges from it in the formation of the thin lips and in the anatomical treatment of the face. The lips in the coin are full, and the chin and cheeks rounded. All trace of the hair in the sculpture is gone, and this is much to be regretted, for it would have shown more forcibly the close connection of dates between the two in spite of the disparity of style; our author assumes for the sculpture a like arrangement of hair to that of the coin. A further work bearing points of resemblance to the type, and chronologically speaking, in close proximity, is the group, dating from about 479 B.C., of the tyrant-avengers. These points of resemblance appear notably in the treatment of the fleshy parts in the head of Harmodios; we meet with the same full, life-loving lips, the same structure of the eye with heavy lids; a more individual formation nevertheless appears in the profile of Harmodios, while the lengthy lower portion of the face and short nose reveal the masterhand of Kritios in his most characteristic manner.

Among contemporary works, we find reproduced in the red figures of vases, countersigned by the artists Euphronios, Duris, Hieron, and Phintias, the identical peculiarities of our coin in the set of the eye, the arrangement of the curls, and the shape of the skull and face. In the heads of Thetis and Peleus the resemblance with the decadrachm is very decided. A coin of great importance, the so-called demarateion, the ten-drachm piece of Syracuse with the image of Arethusa, has some of the indications of an incipient revolution of style in the disposition of the wavy masses of hair and line of the brow, as well as in the cut of the eye. A hardness in both pieces is tempered in the Syracusan coin by a bolder treatment, which finds expression in the looser fashion of the hair, a less stereotyped cast of eye and in an attempt at a truer delineation of the mouth, by abandoning the archaic smile.

Google

More harmony is certainly attained here than in the Attic coin, by the combination of the more modern fashion of the hair with the conventional smile. Doric traditions in Syracuse had prepared the way for breaking with the archaic tenets to which the Attic taste, with fond reminiscence of Ionian culture, still clung; artistically, the western Greeks were thus undoubtedly in advance of their compatriots.

Contemporary with our decadrachm are the following: the nymph's head from Velia, also bearing a close resemblance to the demarateion, coins from Segesta, the Ainos coins, the Arcadian coins, with undisputed affinity to the demarateion in the long jaw and the profile and hair. Corinthian types of the same epoch, we may note, mostly preserve the ancient element in the treatment of the eyes and hair.

III

So far we have traced the salient features of our type with allied coins and works of art, and have seen that the archaic heritage, though losing its prestige, is in a measure common to all. It embodies the somewhat clumsy treatment that is yet so full of charm, for how else can we explain the ever fresh attraction these pieces bring to bear upon us? Their sunny artlessness gives the key to their fascination.

Whether Ionian softness prevails in the rounded contours or whether it is supplanted by the virgin timidity and confidence of the newer art with its backward lingering glances, its hesitating steps, its cherishing of the old, its repetition of the slanting profile, receding jaw and the culminating smile, we have an unending pleasure in dwelling on these coins. A certain strain of grandeur moreover underlies them all, unquestionably the reflection of the stirring times that saw their birth and the creation of the Aeginetan sculptures. Three important mints existed in Greece at this period, the Aeginetan mint, the Corinthian and Attic mints. While the Corinthian stater was diffused chiefly throughout Sicily, the

Google

Akarnanian cities and the coasts of the Gulf of Corinth, the Aeginetan pieces circulated principally in the Peloponnesus and Cyclades. After Aegina had lost all importance and Corinthian commerce in the west could no longer maintain itself, the Attic coinage naturally superseded the others; the Athenian tetradrachm in fact, was the commercial coin *par excellence* of the old world, extending as far as Athenian trade reached. Hence its existence in all the regions where Attic civilisation penetrated, in Egypt, Asia Minor, Thrace, and the Hellenic east. The western colonies of the Athenians reproduced the type in a perfection short-lived, indeed, but equal to the best productions of the present mint. Foremost among these colonies is Thurii, founded about 443 B.C. near the site of the ruins of Sybaris, by Greeks from the neighbouring cities. Thurii adopted the head of Athene on its coinage. Now it is interesting to see that while Athens, for obvious reasons, preserved the severity of its type long after other arts had reached their farthest development, Thurii marched with the times. The coins issued about 440 belong to the older Phidian epoch and show at the first glance that the old-fashioned style is gone, the traditional smile banished, the guileless charm of the archaic model has been replaced by austere beauty and nobility. Phidias, as we know, was at work on the Parthenos at this period, and his influence is nowhere more clearly evident than on these early issues of Thurii, bearing the old symbols of the olive-branch on the helmet.

New Sybaris, founded immediately after Thurii, depicted the head of Athene on its coinage, and in that of Kymé, the oldest Greek settlement on the Italic coast and also the first Campanian city coining money, we find repetitions of the same type. In Neapolis a stater was reproduced identical with the Thurian coin; the reverse showed a bull with a man's head and the legend ΝΕΓΟΛΙΤΕΣ. From Neapolis the type spread through Campania; the most remarkable productions of these branch mints were coined at Hyria and Nola. The strong resemblance between the coinage of Naples and

Google

Campania found a solution by the discovery by Imhoof of dies employed for the reverse type of both Neapolitan and Campanian pieces. In the same manner, Nola presumably assimilated the Thurian type and uninterruptedly coined it as late as 311 B.C. The Thurian head of Athene also occurs on the small silver coins of Phistelia; on an obol of this city, the sacred bird, standing on an olive-branch, adorns the helmet.

Poseidonia, Velia, and Syracuse all adopted the type from Thurii; the early issues of Velia are rare, however, but the later type with the Skylla on the helmet is more common; in Syracusan coins we have the small gold pieces. A considerable revolution in artistic taste thus emanated from Thurii, spreading rapidly through Greater Greece and Sicily, carrying the invigorating breath of Phidian genius to distant Greek centres. Naturally it was the master's early style which first found imitators, then the Parthenon frieze and the Dioscuridæ set their mark to the coiner's art with the same jubilant, all-convincing fiat that pervades those marvellous works.

A remarkable anomaly lies in the fact that artists began to set their names on the coins designed by them at the identical period—about 440 B.C.—when the designers of vases no longer signed their work, an omission that came not from less assiduity, but had its significance in a recognition of the excellence, *per se*, of the productions, not needing corroboration from an autograph. We find the first artist signing his name among pieces of the early Thurian type; his mark Φ also occurs on pieces from Neapolis, Velia, and Terina, and later in the younger Thurian type with the Skylla on the helmet. We may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that this artist, like others, emigrated to the new colony from Athens, and was a scholar of Phidias.

The Attic gold coinage shows, on the whole, a normal rate of progress. Here, also, the old-fashioned traditions prevail in the early issue; the eye is on a par with the reproductions in old silver pieces, the incuse square of the reverse, though still existing, shows signs of vanishing. For the date of these

Google

early gold pieces we have the testimony of Aristophanes in the "Frogs," according to which gold was coined in Athens shortly before 405 B.C. J. Sise and other authorities give the date as 407–6 B.C. In the year 407 the Athenians were increasing their fleet considerably; to meet the necessary expenses they melted down the gold figures of Niké and other votive gifts in the Acropolis.

In the second issue of gold coinage the severe type is still evident, including the plain helmet with the olive leaves and the hair simply parted; from the whole style of these pieces we may be justified in placing them at least a hundred years later than the first group, viz., about the year 295 B.C. The delicate neatness and finish of the fine silver decadrachms is absent in these pieces of coarse execution, a reason in itself for not giving them an earlier date than the beginning of the third century. We also have the corroborating notice that in the year 295, Athens being split in two factions, the sacred vessels and utensils of the Acropolis were melted down by Lachares, the leader of the war party, to obtain the necessary means for defence. The second Attic gold coinage coincides chronologically with the termination of the older silver period, which ended in Alexander's time. Among the pieces extant in this group we have staters, hektons, and their fractions; all these show a mark to the right of the owl, viz., a basket reversed; the specimens showing the owl facing have the basket under the claws. It is evident from the large amount of coins of both species reproduced by Alexander and his successors, and current in all parts, that the demand for tetradrachms and gold staters by no means ceased with the epoch mentioned, though many mints altogether ceased coining larger pieces. The mint at Athens remained closed for above one hundred years.

The renowned Athene type, however, lived on in the south and south-east, in Egypt, North Arabia, Northern Syria, and Cilicia. In these countries the absence of any important coinage opened a rapid access to Athenian money, largely needed

Google

for exigencies of trade with Greece and the payment of the Greek contingents in the Persian and Egyptian armies. The Oriental reproductions of Attic coins are easily distinguished by faults in die-cutting; occasionally, also, the hair above the forehead is very coarsely rendered, in some the old Athenian inscription is replaced on the reverse by Semitic or Phœnician characters.

With the advent of Phidias began that new era, not only in sculpture, but comprising all the allied branches of art, transfusing the whole cultured world with its potent glow. In numismatic art the highest perfection was reached, as a glance shows us in looking at the beautiful work and happy invention of pieces of the Phidian epoch. The figure of Athene now received its stamp for all ages, at the same time that other great works of the master were copied and perpetuated down to the Roman dominion. The last and most decisive change from the old method is that inaugurated by the appearance of relief figures otherwise than in profile. Somewhat uncertain and awkward at first—a tetradrachm of Syracuse shows a want of accuracy and perspective knowledge in the delineation of the chariot and four horses—the technique soon masters the hitherto unpractised postures, and we see in a coin of the artist Enainetos a chariot rendered with perfect correctness, and the Niké wreathing the driver, also in a foreshortened attitude, making the further wing stand out like a screen behind the figure.

When the mint at Athens was reopened after two years' interval, a copy of the head of Athene Parthenos was issued in tetradrachms and drachms of a large size; this type, in various stages of decadence, is produced almost as late as the middle of the first century B.C., and occurs on the third and last issue of gold coins. Some traits in the powerfully modelled face recall the ideal original, though much of its transcendent beauty and harmony is missing.

AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA

I

WHEN we stand upon the portal of a new century a glance back may serve to reassure us for a gaze forward; although we must acknowledge that in the nineteenth century, as indeed in the eighteenth also, the drama did not pass through a splendid period of expansion such as made glorious its history in the seventeenth century. We are forced to remark that in the course of the last two hundred years the drama had lost its literary supremacy, partly as a result of its own enfeeblement, and partly in consequence of the overwhelming competition of prose-fiction, which was able to perform in the nineteenth century even more than it had promised in the eighteenth.

But we are encouraged to note that a score of years before the century drew to an end the novel was beginning to show signs of slackening energy, while the play was apparently again gathering strength for a sharper rivalry. In German and in English, in Italian and in Spanish, young writers of ardent ambition were mastering the methods of the theatre and were recognising in the drama the form in which they could best express themselves and in which they could body forth most satisfactorily their own vision of life, with its trials, its ironies, and its problems. Even in French, in which language the drama had flourished most abundantly during the middle of the century only to languish a little toward the end, the final

Google

years were to be illumined by the triumphs of a young poet, possessed of a delightful fantasy and initiated into every secret of stagecraft. And afar in the Scandinavian land, which seems so remote to most of us, there still towered the stern figure of the powerful playwright whose stimulating influence had been felt in the dramatic literature of every modern language.

Thus we catch a glimpse of one of the most striking characteristics of the modern theatre—its extraordinary cosmopolitanism, which made possible the performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and of *The Doll's House* in every quarter of the globe. Not only can we find French and German plays acted frequently in London and New York, but we are glad to record that the English-speaking stage was again exporting its products, and that Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* was performed in Berlin, Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* in Paris, and Mr. Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in Rome. Even more noteworthy is the fact that the playgoers of New York had been permitted to see an English play, *Hamlet*, acted by a French company, a German play, *Magda*, acted by an Italian company, and a Russian play, the *Power of Darkness*, acted by a German company.

An educated man to-day is more than a native of his own country: he is also a citizen of the world, just as the educated man was in the middle ages when all Europe was governed by the Church of Rome and by the Holy Roman Empire, and when all men of learning wrote in Latin and studied the same Roman law. The spread of instruction, the ability to understand other languages than the native tongue, and the intelligent curiosity of the more cultivated public, have brought about a unity in modern literature like that which was visible in mediæval literature before the Renascence came and before the population of Europe was segregated into separate peoples, hostile and intolerant. We have not let go the idea of nationality, and indeed we cherish it unceasingly; but we are not now afraid to see the idea of cosmopolitanism grafted on it.

In the middle ages the drama was almost the same

Google

everywhere; and a French mystery was always very like an English mystery, just as an Italian sacred-representation was very similar to a Spanish sacramental-act. So at the beginning of the twentieth century the forms of the drama are almost identical throughout the civilised world. In structure there is little difference nowadays between an English play and a Spanish—far less than there was when John Webster and Lope de Vega were almost simultaneously putting upon the stage the pitiful story of the sad Duchess of Malfi. There is a flavour of the soil about *The Doll's House*, about *Magda*, and about *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; the first is unmistakably Scandinavian, the second is indubitably Teutonic, and the third is frankly British; but in form there is little to distinguish them from one another—just as there is nothing in the structure of any one of them to differentiate it from the *Gendre de M. Poirier*, or from the *Froufrou*, written in French during the same half-century.

II

The cosmopolitanism of our civilisation at the beginning of the twentieth century, the eagerness of artists of every nationality to profit by what they can learn from their fellow craftsmen in other capitals, the widespread international borrowing—these are not the sole causes of the similarity of structure observable in the pieces of the chief living playwrights of to-day. There is another reason to be detected by extending our glance into the past history of the drama and piercing beyond the middle ages into antiquity. If we do this we cannot fail to see that this likeness of the English play and the German play to the French play is due in part to the fact that in all the modern languages the drama has reached an advanced period of its evolution, when it has definitely specialised itself and when it has been able to disentangle itself from the other and non-dramatic elements with which it was perforce commingled in the more primitive periods.

Google

The history of the drama is the long record of the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else. The essence of the drama is a representation of a human will exerting itself against an opposing force; and the playwright has ever been seeking the means of presenting his conflict without admixture of anything else. The tragedy of the Greeks, elaborated out of rustic song and dance, retained to the end the evidences of its origin, not only in the lyrics of the chorus but in their vocal music and in their sculpturesque attitudes. The drama of the Elizabethans, descended directly from the mysteries and moralities of the middle ages, was often prosily didactic, one character being permitted to discourse at undue length, in much the same fashion as the mediæval expositor, and another being allowed to deliver a bravura passage, lyric or rhetorical, not unlike the tenor solo of Italian opera, frequently delightful in itself but always undramatic.

The stage of the Elizabethan theatre was sometimes in the course of a single play made to serve as a pulpit for a sermon, a platform for a lecture, and a singing-gallery for a ballad; and it would be easy enough to single out scores of passages, even in Shakespeare, which exist for their own sake, and which are not integral to the play wherein they are embedded. But Shakespeare could, when he chose, anticipate the more modern swiftness and singleness of purpose; and sometimes when he was inspired by his theme, as in *Macbeth* and *Othello*, he put all his strength in the depicting of the central struggle which was at the heart of his play. He excluded all accidental and adventitious superfluities, of which the most of his fellow playwrights never thought of depriving themselves. There is also to be remarked in the Elizabethan plays generally a narrative freedom which is epic rather than dramatic. So in the plays written under Louis XIV. there is to be observed, more especially in Corneille's tragedies, an oratorical tendency, a proneness to formal argument, which is equally aside from the truly dramatic.

Google

But this confusion is not peculiar to the drama, and it is to be studied in all the other arts also. As M. Émile Faguet has put it clearly, "literatures always begin with works in which the various species are either fused or confused, depending on the genius of the authors; they always continue with works in which the distinction of species is observed; and they always end with works which embrace only the half or the quarter or the tenth of a single species." In other words, there is always increasing differentiation; there is an advance from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous; and M. Faguet gives as a typical example the simplification of Greek comedy. He asserts that the lyrical-burlesque of Aristophanes was more or less a medley of every possible species—"true comedy, farce, pantomime, *opéra-bouffe*, ballet, fairy spectacle, political satire, literary satire"; and yet in the course of less than a century, little by little, whatever did not belong strictly to pure comedy was eliminated. The chorus was cast aside, taking with it the opera, the ballet, the fairy-spectacle; and with the departure of the parabasis personal satire went also, taking eloquence with it. So the lyrical-burlesque of Aristophanes was slowly simplified into the comic drama of Menander, which is but "the witty and delicate depicting of average manners." Latin comedy followed Greek comedy slavishly; but French comedy, although it inherited the classic traditions, still further differentiated itself into sub-species, Molière, for example, showing how pure comedy could sustain itself without the aid of farce.

The simplification of the primitive play, which was carelessly comprehensive in its scope, has been the result of a steadily increasing artistic sense. It is due chiefly to the growth of a critical temper which is no longer content to enjoy unthinkingly and which is educating itself to find pleasure in the purity of type. This more delicate appreciation of æsthetic propriety is likely to be gratified only in the higher efforts of the dramatist, in those plays which plainly aspire to be judged also as literature. We need not look for anything of the sort

Google

in the more boisterous popular pieces which make no pretence to literary merit. In sensational melodrama, for example, we are none of us shocked by the commingling of farce and tragedy; and in operetta we are not even surprised by the admixture of lyric sentimentality and horse-play fun-making. But the more literary a play may be, the more elevated its quality, the more carefully we expect it to avoid incongruity and to conform to the type of its species.

It seems now as though the unliterary plays, like melodramas and operettas, would always owe some portion of their popularity to sheer spectacle, to extraneous allurements devised to tickle the ears or to glut the eyes of the unthinking populace. But it is evident also that the critical spirit of the more cultivated playgoers is now inclined to resent the inclusion in the literary drama of anything foreign to the main theme, whether this extraneous matter is didactic or lyric, rhetorical or oratorical. They prefer that the stage should not be a platform or a pulpit. In Athens under Pericles, and in London under Elizabeth, the poets who wrote plays were addressing audiences which had not read the newspapers and which might welcome instruction nowadays needless. The impatient playgoers of our own time can see no reason why they should not profit by the invention of printing; and they are quick to resent any digression from the straight path of the plot. They are frankly annoyed when the author ventures to halt the action that he may deliver a sermon, an oration, or a lecture, that he may declaim a descriptive report or an editorial article. They have not come to the theatre to be instructed, but to be delighted by the specific pleasure that only the theatre can give.

III

This elimination from our latter-day stage-plays of all the non-dramatic elements which are so abundant in the earlier periods of the drama has been accompanied, and indeed greatly

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

aided, by certain striking changes in the physical conditions of performance, and, more especially, in the shape and size and circumstances of the theatre itself. The modern playhouse is as unlike as possible, not only to the spacious theatre of Dionysus in Athens, with its many thousand spectators seated along the curving hillside, but also to the Globe theatre and its contemporary rivals in London and in Madrid, which were only unroofed courtyards.

The plays of Sophocles were performed outdoors, where the wind from the Ægean Sea might flutter the robes of the actors; and the plays of Shakespeare and of Calderon were performed in buildings open to the sky, so that a sudden rainstorm might interfere sadly with the telling of the tale. The English and the Spanish playwrights were like the Greek in that they all had to depend on the daylight. The pieces of Molière were performed by candle-light in a weather-tight hall and on a stage decked with the actual scenery, which had been lacking in London and Madrid as well as in Athens; and this is one reason why Molière was able to perfect the outward form of the modern play. The comedies of Sheridan and of Beaumarchais were produced originally in theatres externally similar to ours of to-day, but huge in size, villainously ill-lighted with oil-lamps, and having a stage the curve of which projected far beyond the proscenium-arch. It was on this space, beyond the curtain and close to the feeble footlights, that all the vital episodes of the play had to be acted, because it was only there that the expression of the actor's visage could be made visible to the spectators.

The most marked differences between our more modern playhouses at the beginning of the twentieth century and their predecessors a hundred years ago are due to the improvement in the methods of lighting, gas giving a far better light than oil, and the later electricity having many advantages over gas. As a result of the newer means of illumination the actor can now stand on whatever part of the stage it is best for him to place himself upon, and he is no longer forced to come down to

Google

the centre of the footlights so that his features may be in the full glare of the "focus" (as it used to be termed). The footlights themselves are of less importance, since there are now "border-lights" and "bunch-lights," and since the whole stage can be flooded with a sudden glare or instantly plunged in darkness at the turn of a handle or two. The space that used to curve out into the auditorium has been cut back to the curtain; and the proscenium opening has now assumed the form of a picture-frame, within which the curtain rises and falls and before which no actor has any occasion to advance.

This change is far more momentous than it may seem at first sight—indeed, it is probable that its influence will be far-reaching. Only in the score or two years since the proscenium has become a picture-frame have all the audience been seated in front of the performers. Until then the acting had always taken place in a space more or less surrounded by the spectators and in closest proximity to them. In Greece the chorus and the three actors played their parts in the orchestra, around which the citizens sat in tiers that rose high on the sides of the hill. In England in the middle ages the performers may have presented the major portion of their mystery on the separate pageants, but not a little of the action was represented in the neutral ground around and between the pageants, and therefore in the midst of the assembled sight-seers; and in England, again, under Elizabeth, the stage was but a bare platform thrust out into the yard, with some of the spectators sitting along the edges of it and with the most of them standing on three sides. In France after the *Cid* of Corneille and until after the *Semiramis* of Voltaire a portion of the audience was also accommodated with seats on the stage. And in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, the stage curved forward into the auditorium far beyond the stage-boxes, the spectators in these being able to see the actors only in profile.

But in the eighteenth century the stage had been so far withdrawn that the use of the curtain became general to mark

Google

the division into acts. The absence of a curtain had forced Sophocles and Shakespeare to end their pieces by withdrawing all the characters from the view of the spectators; and even Molière and Voltaire, perhaps in deference to the presence of those who sat on the stage, always marked the end of an act by a general exit of the performers. Not until the nineteenth century was well advanced did the dramatic poets begin to avail themselves of the advantages of "discovering" one or more characters in sight as the curtain rose, and of dropping it at the end of the act upon several characters grouped picturesquely.

The modern playhouse differs from its predecessors of past ages in the power to illuminate every part of the stage. Sometimes we are inclined to suppose that gorgeous spectacle, elaborate scenery, and ingenuity of mechanical effects are characteristics of our latter-day theatres only; but when we consider the records we soon find that this is not the fact. The late M. Nuitter, archivist of the Opéra in Paris (than whom there was no higher authority), once assured me that there was no spectacular device in which the Italians of the Renascence had not anticipated the utmost endeavour of the moderns. Lionardo and his followers foresaw all that could be done in this direction; and they invented many a marvel for the royal processions and for the court-ballets with which their princes liked to amuse themselves. It was in Italy that Inigo Jones learned the secrets of the wonders he was wont to display in the beautiful masques for which Ben Jonson found fit words.

IV

The Italian scene-painters and their apt pupils in France and in England could accomplish all that is within the reach of the most liberal of modern managers—excepting only the ability to show the result of their labours properly illuminated. The power of directing at will whatever light may be desired confers an advantage upon the modern stage-manager denied to

Google

his predecessors; and it is certain to impress its mark upon the drama of the next half-century—just as every other changing circumstance of the theatre in the past has necessarily registered itself in the history of the dramatic literature that followed it. What will hereafter be shown on the stage within the picture-frame is likely to be increasingly pictorial and plastic.

The dramatist will profit by his ability to reach the soul through the eye as well as through the ear. He will be tempted to let gesture supplement speech, or even on occasion to let it serve as a substitute. In real life the action precedes the word; and it is sometimes so significant that the explanatory phrase which follows is not always needed. Lessing had seized this truth, which Diderot had half suggested; and he urged that the playwright should leave much to the player, since there were many effects which the actor could produce better than the poet. Herbert Spencer has remarked upon "the force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs"; and he noted that it was far more expressive to point to the door or to place the fingers on the lips than to say "Leave the room" or "Keep silent." The more accomplished the playwright chances to be, the more often he will have simple ideas to communicate forcibly, and the more frequently will he speak to the eye rather than to the ear.

In the ill-lighted theatres of old, the dramatic poet had to take care that his plot was made clear in words as well as in deeds; and he was tempted often to let his rhetoric run away with him. But in the well-lighted modern houses he can, if he chooses, let actions speak louder than words. Being able to reach the playgoers through their visual as well as their auditory sense, he sometimes plans to let a self-betraying movement do its work without any needless verbal elucidation. He recognises that there are moments in life when a silence may be more eloquent than the silver sentences of any soliloquy. He is well aware that a sudden pause, a piercing glance, an abrupt change of expression,

Google

may convey to the spectator what is passing in the minds of the characters more directly than the most brilliant dialogue. He has noted not only that emotion is often inarticulate when it is keenest, but also that a mental struggle at the very crisis of the story can often be made intelligible by visible acts; and he knows that the spectators are far more interested in what is done on the stage than in what is said.

At first sight it may seem to some as though this utilisation of the picture-frame must result in making the drama in the immediate future even less literary than it is to-day. This will surely appear to be the case to those who are accustomed to consider the drama as though it were merely one of the divisions of literature—or, indeed, as though it were a department of poetry. But the drama, although it has often a literary element of prime importance, does not lie wholly within the boundaries of literature; and it has always exercised its privilege of profiting by all the other arts, pictorial and plastic, epic, lyrical, and musical. Above all, the drama is what it is because of its specifically dramatic qualities; and these qualities can be exhibited wholly without rhetorical assistance, as every one will admit who has had the good fortune to see the *Enfant Prodigue*. In fact, many a noble drama—*Hamlet* for one—has a pantomime for its skeleton and calls on literature only to furnish its flesh and blood.

The dramaturgic art being distinct from the poetic, it can on occasion achieve results impossible to the lyric poet or the epic. Indeed, its ability to do this is the sole reason for its existence. What need of it would there be if it was no more than the echo of another art? As Lessing asked with his customary directness: "Why undergo the painful toil of the dramatic form? Why build a theatre, disguise men and women in costumes, task their memories, pack all the population in a playhouse, if my work, when acted, can produce only a few of the effects which could be produced by a good narrative read by each at the fireside?" And the younger Dumas pointed out how an effect made in the theatre is sometimes so unlike any produced by a good narrative read at the fireside

Google

that a spectator seeking to recover, by means of the printed page, the emotion that had stirred him as he saw the piece performed, is sometimes "unable not only to find the emotion again in the written words, but even to discover the place where it was." A word, a look, a gesture, a silence, a purely atmospheric combination, had held him spellbound.

But we may go further and insist that literature has a broader scope than is carelessly allowed it; and it is not lightly limited to mere rhetoric. It is not confined to phrase-making only. Literature goes deeper than style or even than poetry. It includes invention and construction; it is concerned with the meaning and with the propriety of the thought contained. It deals with philosophy and with psychology also. Now, if we take this larger interpretation of literature, we need not fear that the drama is likely to be less literary because the stage has receded behind a picture-frame. But it is likely to be less rhetorical, less oratorical, less lyric, less epic, more purely dramatic.

V

Whether it shall be less poetic also will depend not on any circumstance of the actual theatre—the use of a picture-frame, or the power of controlling the lights of the stage—but on the attitude of the next generation toward the ideal. If the growth of the useful arts, if the advance of scientific discovery, if the spread of democracy, if any or all of these things shall tend to destroy our desire for the higher life—if there is, as Sir Leslie Stephen has asserted, "something in the very nature of modern progress essentially antagonistic to poetry and romance," then the drama of the future will be unpoetic, as all literature then must needs be. The drama will lack poetry just as every other form of art will be devoid of it, no more and no less. If, however, romance springs eternal in the human breast, if poetry is ever young, if beauty is born again with every springtime, if Sir Leslie is wrong in his prophecy and if Lowell was right in believing that "while there is grace in

Digitized by Google

grace, love in love, beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them and bear witness of them"—then the drama will have its full share of poetry in the future as in the past.

But we may venture the prediction that the poetry hereafter to be found in the drama will be less extraneous than it has often been hitherto. There may seem to be less of it, but what there is will belong absolutely to the theme. It will be internal and integral; it will not be external or merely affixed. It will reside rather in the conception of the story and in the relation of the several characters than in the language they may address to one another. The poetic playwrights of the future will be more likely to profit by the example set by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, which is as beautiful in idea as it is in phrasing, than to follow that given in *Measure for Measure*, the subject-matter of which is abhorrent, unworthy, and in itself unpoetic, however splendidly it has been draped in verse.

Such poetry as there may be in the dialogue will be there, not for its own sake chiefly, but because it helps to enlighten the situation—to illustrate character or to reveal motive. The action of the play will no longer pause for a rhetorical excursus like the satiric verses of Jaques about the seven ages of man. The set speech, the oratorical display, the *tirade*, as the French term it, will tend to disappear; and such lyrical passages as the poet may feel hereafter that he must have, he will lead up to so artfully that they will seem to be useful to the story, just as Shakespeare made Othello's description of his wooing, surcharged as it is with poetry, appear to be absolutely necessary to the proper presentation of the subject.

We can predict with almost equal certainty that poetry will not be wasted on unpoetical themes, as has happened only too often in earlier periods of the drama. The vivacity and the brilliancy of the verse in certain of Massinger's dramas, and even in a few of Beaumont and Fletcher's, should not blind us to the fact that the subjects are often sordid, and that some of these plays would have been solider pieces of work if

Google

they had been wrought in honest prose. This use of verse by the Elizabethan dramatic poets, even when the subjects they had selected were frankly prosaic, was unfortunately responsible for much of the unreality we can discover now and again in their plays. A beautiful theme may demand beautiful verse; but a tale of every-day life can best be told in the language of every day. Some of the Elizabethans seemed to find in blank-verse a warrant for an arbitrary disregard of the facts of life and for a freakish distortion of natural human motives. This is one reason why certain plays surviving from that glorious era lack plausibility and sometimes even sincerity. Fortunately prose has now established itself firmly as the fit medium for such plays as are not avowedly poetic in theme. Some dramatic poets at the beginning of the twentieth century are not ready to abandon prose even when they aspire to enter the realm of fantasy; and it has also been the medium chosen by a poet like M. Maeterlinck for his melodious dramas, ever vague, often monotonous, and frequently formless, but at times rich in mystic beauty and in symbolic suggestion.

Prose, again, is what Ibsen has used in all his later social dramas, poetic and, indeed, almost allegorical as some of them have been in intention. Here we have another evidence of his profound artistic sense; for the fight Ibsen wished to wage prose was the best weapon—a prose rhythmic, modulated, flexible, picked clean of all verbiage, and adjusting itself sinuously to the thought it had to express. A prose that achieved its purpose so perfectly had almost the beauty of poetry; and there was a like perfection in the structure of his plots, as masterly as they are straightforward.

The art of the drama, so an acute American critic has pointed out, is parallel to the art of the great builders "in the sequence of its parts, its ordered beauty, the inevitableness of its converging lines, its manifestation of superintending thought." In the dramaturgic art, as in the architectural, the latest form may be only a reversion to a primitive type newly adjusted with all the modern improvements; and as our towering

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

steel-frame buildings are in fact only the humble frame-house of our forefathers wrought in metal instead of timber, so the constructive methods of Ibsen are closely akin to those of Sophocles, however different the ancient play may be from the modern in subject-matter.

In the effort to grasp this severity of form, the playwrights of the twentieth century will be influenced also by the steadily increasing interest in personality. The lyric, which is ever the expression of an individual emotion, is now far more widely cultivated than any other species of poetry; and in prose-fiction there is an irresistible tendency toward a more careful and a more minute delineation of character. In the drama, an intrigue of which the convolutions shall seem artificial or arbitrary will be incompatible with any depth of character-analysis. The interest in personality is perhaps a chief cause of the insistence upon a strict adherence to the admitted facts of life, and of that relish for realism and for the subtleties of psychology which may be called the predominant characteristics of serious prose-fiction at the end of the nineteenth century. It is probably also one of the springs of that desire to understand sympathetically members of other classes than our own, which is likely to exert an obvious influence upon the drama of the immediate future.

If the dramatist is to respond to this interest in personality, and if he is to reflect the social movement of his own age, then he will have an added reason for striving to deal boldly with his main theme, avoiding all complexity of plot-mongering which is necessarily inconsistent with any sincerity of character-drawing. He will acquaint himself with the methods of Scribe; but he will not allow himself to hold Scribe's theories too exclusively. Scribe had adjusted situations so adroitly, one impinging on the other, that he had no need of a serious study of men and women. Indeed, he had no room for anything of the sort; and in his workshop, as in so many others, machinery had ousted human beings. Then the younger Dumas, brought up in the play-factory of his father, was able

Digitized by Google

to make the mechanism less intricate, and so to provide room for a little emotion and a little humanity. At last Ibsen, trained in the theatre itself and familiar with every device of French stagecraft, made his profit out of all his predecessors and perfected a technique of his own, which represents that advanced condition of an art when the utmost ingenuity is utilised to avoid artificiality and when complexity is made to take on the appearance of simplicity.

Thus it is that Ibsen stretches back across the centuries to clasp hands with Sophocles; and a comparison of the sustaining skeleton of the story in *Œdipus the King* with that in *Ghosts* will bring out the fundamental likeness of the Scandinavian dramatist to the Greek—at least in so far as the building of their plots is concerned. Inspired in the one case by the idea of fate and in the other by the doctrine of heredity, each of them worked out a theme of overwhelming import and of weighty simplicity. Each of them in his drama dealt not so much with action in the present before the eyes of the spectator, as with the appalling and inexorable consequences of action in the past before the play began. In both dramas these deeds done long ago are not set forth in a brief exposition more or less ingeniously included in the earlier scenes; they are slowly revealed one by one in the course of the play, and each at the moment when the revelation is most harrowing.

The influence of Ibsen has been felt in all the theatres of civilisation, and none the less keenly by playwrights who would deny that they were his disciples, who dislike his attitude, and who disapprove of his subjects. His influence has been exerted both upon the manner of the contemporary drama and upon its matter. His technique is the last word of craftsmanship; yet it never flaunts its surpassing dexterity in the eyes of the playgoer, for it has the saving grace that its ingenuity is so abundant that it can conceal itself. And Ibsen has shown how this technique could be employed in the depicting of modern life with its inconsistencies, its reticences, its un-

Google

willingness to look into itself. His social plays—tragic, some of them, deep and searching always, yet sometimes freakish and unconvincing—stand as a complete answer to those who think that the drama is now only the idle amusement of men and women who are digesting their dinners.

An idle amusement the theatre often is now, as it always has been in the past; and the stage is only too often occupied by empty spectacle. Yet the drama in its graver aspects, the drama as a contribution to literature and as a form of poetry, is not dead, nor is it dying. Indeed, there is evidence that it is on the threshold of a new youth. Signs of its refreshed vitality can be found by whoso cares to keep his eyes open and his mind free from prejudice. It bids fair to win back the attention of many who have been taken captive by the flexibility and freedom of prose-fiction. It cannot do all that the novel may accomplish; but it can do many things that the novel is striving vainly to achieve.

Only the future can decide whether or not the drama is successfully to contest the present supremacy of prose-fiction. Years may elapse before the play shall evict the novel from its apparent primacy; or it may never be able to resume its former superiority. The two most obvious characteristics of the century that has gone are the spread of democracy and the growth of the scientific spirit; and in the century that has just begun we may discover that the drama, which has always been democratic of necessity, shall prove also to be more satisfying than prose-fiction to a people bred to science. Even now we can see that not only the plays of Ibsen but also those of Björnson and Sudermann, of Verga and Echegaray, of Hervieu and Pinero, stand forward to show that the drama can deal adequately and suggestively with some of the problems of existence as these present themselves tumultuously to-day in our seething society.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Google

THE RIDDLE

SO these seven children, Ann, and Matilda, James, William, and Henry, Harriet and Dorothea, came to live with their grandmother. The house in which their grandmother had lived since her childhood was built in the time of the Georges. It was not a pretty house, but roomy, substantial, and square; and an elm-tree outstretched its branches almost to the windows.

When the children were come out of the cab (five sitting inside, and two beside the driver), they were shown into their grandmother's presence. They stood in a little black group before the old lady, seated in her bow-window. And she asked them each their names, and repeated each name in her kind, quavering voice. Then to one she gave a work-box, to William a jack-knife, to Dorothea a painted ball; to each a present according to age. And she kissed all her grandchildren to the youngest.

"My dears," she said, "I wish to see all of you bright and gay in my house. I am an old woman, so that I cannot romp with you; but Ann must look to you, and Mrs. Fenn too. And every morning and every evening you must all come in to see your granny; and bring me smiling faces, that do call to mind my own son Harry. But all the rest of the day, when school is done, you shall do just as you please, my dears. And there is only one thing, children, I would have you remember.

Google

In the large spare bedroom that looks out on the slate roof there stands in the corner an old oak chest; aye, older than I, my dears, a great deal older; older than my grandmother. Play anywhere else in the house, but not there." She spoke kindly to them all, smiling at them; but she was very aged, and her eyes seemed to see nothing of this world.

And the seven children, though at first they were gloomy and strange, soon began to be happy and at home in the great house. There was much to interest and to amuse them there; all was new to them. Twice every day, morning and evening, they came in to see their grandmother, who every day seemed more feeble; and she spoke pleasantly to them of her mother, and her childhood, but never forgetting to visit her store of sugar-plums.

It was evening twilight when Henry went upstairs from the nursery by himself to look at the oak chest. He pressed his fingers into the carved fruit and flowers, and spoke to the dark-smiling heads at the corners; and then, with a glance over his shoulder, he opened the lid and looked in. But the chest concealed no treasure, neither gold nor baubles, nor was there anything to alarm the eye. The chest was empty, save that it was lined with silk of old-rose, seeming darker in the dusk, and smelling sweet of pot-pourri. And while Henry was looking in, he heard the softened laughter and the clinking of the cups downstairs in the nursery; and out at the window he saw the day darkening. These things brought strangely to his memory his mother, who in her glimmering white dress used to read to him in the dusk; and he climbed into the chest; and the lid closed gently down over him.

When the other six children were tired with their playing, they filed into their grandmother's room for her good-night, and her sugar-plums. She looked out between the candles at them as if she were unsure of something in her thoughts. The next day Ann told her grandmother that Henry was not anywhere to be found.

"Dearie me, child, then he is gone away for a time," said the

Google

old lady, "but remember all of you, my dears, do not meddle with the oak chest."

But Matilda could not forget her brother Henry, finding no pleasure in playing without him. So she would loiter in the house thinking where he might be. And she carried her wood doll in her bare arms, singing under her breath all she could make up about him. And when in a bright morning she happened on the chest, so sweet-scented and secret it seemed that she took her doll with her into the chest, just as Henry himself had done.

So Ann, and James, and William, Harriet and Dorothea were left at home to play together. "Some day they will come back to you, my dears," said their grandmother, "or maybe you will go to them."

Now Harriet and William were friends together, pretending to be sweethearts; while James and Dorothea liked wild games of hunting, and fishing, and battles.

On a silent afternoon in October Harriet and William were talking softly together, looking out over the slate roof at the green fields, and they heard the squeak and frisking of a mouse behind them in the room. They went together and searched for the small, dark hole from which it had come out. But finding no hole, they began to finger the carving of the chest, and to give names to the dark-smiling heads, just as Henry had done. "I know! let's pretend you are Sleeping Beauty, Harriet," said William, "and I'll be the Prince that squeezes through the thorns and comes in." So Harriet got into the box and lay down, pretending to be fast asleep; and on tiptoe William leaned over, and seeing how big was the chest he stepped in to kiss the Sleeping Beauty and to wake her from her long sleep. Slowly the carved lid turned on its quiet hinges. And only the clatter of James and Dorothea came in sometimes to recall Ann from her book. But the old lady was very feeble, and her sight dim, and her hearing extremely difficult.

Snow was falling through the still air upon the roof; and

Google

Dorothea was a fish in the oak chest, and James stood over the hole in the ice, brandishing a walking-stick for a harpoon, pretending to be an Esquimaux. Dorothea's face was red, and her eyes sparkled through her tousled hair. And James had a crooked scratch upon his cheek. "You must wriggle, Dorothea, and then I shall swim back and drag you out. Be quick now!" He shouted with laughter as he was drawn into the open chest. And the lid closed noiselessly down as before.

Ann, left to herself, was too old to care overmuch for sugar-plums, but she would go solitary to bid her grandmother good-night; and the old lady looked wistfully at her over her spectacles. "Well my dear," she said with trembling head; and she squeezed Ann's fingers between her own knuckled finger and thumb. "What lonely old people we are, to be sure!" Ann kissed her grandmother's soft, loose cheek. She left the old lady sitting in her easy chair, her hands upon her knees, and her head turned sidelong towards her.

When Ann was gone to bed she used to sit reading her book by candlelight. She drew up her knees under the sheets, resting her book upon them. Her story was about fairies and gnomes, and the gently-flowing moonlight of the narrative seemed to illumine the white pages, and she could hear in fancy fairy voices, so silent was the great many-roomed house, and so mellifluent were the words of the story. Presently she put out her candle, and, with a confused babel of voices close to her ear, and faint swift pictures before her eyes, she fell asleep.

And in the dead of night she rose out of bed in dream, and with eyes wide open yet seeing nothing of reality, moved silently through the vacant house. Past the room where her grandmother was snoring in brief, heavy slumber she stepped light and surely, and down the wide staircase. And Vega the far-shining stood over against the window above the slate roof. Ann walked in the strange room as if she were being guided by the hand towards the oak chest. There, just as she might

Google

think it was her bed, she laid herself down in the old rose silk, in the fragrant place. But it was so dark in the room that the movement of the lid was indistinguishable.

Through the long day the grandmother sat in her bow-window. Her lips were pursed, and she looked with dim, inquisitive scrutiny upon the street where people passed to and fro, and vehicles rolled by. At evening she climbed the stair and stood in the doorway of the large spare bedroom. The ascent had shortened her breath. Her magnifying spectacles rested upon her nose. Leaning her hand on the doorpost she peered in towards the glimmering square of window in all the quiet gloom. But she could not see far, because her sight was dim and the light of day feeble. Nor could she detect the faint fragrance, as of autumnal leaves. But in her mind was a tangled skein of memories—laughter and tears, and little children now old-fashioned, and the advent of friends, and long farewells. And gossiping fitfully with herself, the old lady went down again to her window seat.

W. J. De la Mare.

Google

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

I.—MACHIAVELLI'S DESPATCHES FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

SO many books have been written about the Great Boer War that a reviewer, who seeks to interest his readers in yet another work upon the same subject, is bound to offer some attraction of a novel and peculiar kind, which may lead an undesiring world to consider a rather tabid affair from an unexpected point of view. Here, the excuse seems to be valid. The publication of Machiavelli's "Boer and Briton" was the sensation of last season. Sky-signs and sandwich-boards cannot have failed to impress the title at least upon all who have eyes to see; and the controversy which raged around the work in all the newspapers hardly can have faded from the memory. This book purported to be the despatches which Messer Niccolo Machiavelli, as the official representative of the Signory of Fiorenza on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, sent home to his Government. But as soon as "Boer and Briton" began to be asked for at the libraries, a mysterious paragraph, it may be remembered, appeared in our columns, denying that these were the original and authentic despatches of Machiavelli; and we added that, in due time, proof of the validity of this astounding allegation would be forthcoming. Instantly, every one who could manipulate a pen performed

Google

his function. Stationers put up their prices, and compositors worked overtime. Newspaper rooms at clubs and free libraries were besieged. At the Universities, the Unions seethed with bursars, bedels, bachelors, baronets, benedictines, bores, and all kinds of dry-bobs, bounding to the writing-rooms to express opinions on irrelevant subjects to long-suffering editors. The *Daily News* said that "Boer and Briton" was "the writing on the wall." The *Pall Mall Gazette* split four infinitives to show that it was the work of Dr. Leyds. Certainly it was virulently Anglophobic. The *Clerkenwell News* published a statement from "A Constant Reader" to the effect that Mr. Henry Harland had said to him that the despatches really were Mr. Laurence Housman's, adding, "and there are others." Messrs. Gay and Bird naturally came out incontinent with a cryptogram proving that Machiavelli also was the author of the Kabbala and the Second Book of Chronicles; and Mr. J. Holt Schooling furnished the monthlies with statistics of a number of Taal words which he had found in "Boer and Briton." After nine days, the wonder lost its charm. The citizens of Macdonaldville, Pe., roasted a negro lad alive. The products of the Education Act of 1870 rushed to peruse in the columns of the *Worldly Christian* special telegraphic bulletins of the progress of his contortuplications at the stake; and "Boer and Briton" lapsed into the twopenny box.

Now comes the publication of the present volume, which we have no hesitation in calling quite conclusive. This book, we learn from the preface, does contain the "others." Machiavelli has lived up to his name; and these are the actual despatches which he indited from South Africa. He tells us that, when he returned to Fiorenza to arrange about the publication of his book, the Signory were between the horns of a dilemma. The feeling of the Continent was Anglophobic. It would hardly do (financially) for Fiorenza to pose as Anglophile; and Their Magnificencies of the Signory feared lest Machiavelli's despatches should cause unpleasantness. That astute politician immediately offered to render them fit for

Google

publication. He proposed to put them into such a form as would be consonant with the European Concert, and, at the same time, would make them serve as a valuable advertisement for the real despatches against the time for their subsequent publication. In short, Machiavelli has machiavellianly played upon the twentieth century precisely the same trick as that which he played upon the sixteenth in the matter of the *colpo di stato* of Senigaglia. In both cases the despatches, which he originally sent to the Signory from the seat of war, were as veridical as he knew how to make them. In both cases he was induced, on returning to Fiorenza, to publish (shall we call it ?) a revised version, in the interests of (let us say) the book-trade. Subsequently, when the Little Florentines and Little Englanders respectively were simply bursting with unctuous rectitude, and the attention of the library public was excited, he gave, and he gives, to the world the genuine article on which he naturally prefers to base his reputation as historian. We do not see that he could have done otherwise, considering the name he bears. With these premises we address ourselves to an appreciation of his book.

So far, no serious treatise on the Great Boer War has been brought before the public written by a man who died before the outbreak of hostilities. This in itself is sufficient to make Machiavelli's work extremely interesting. One is always glad to know how our mere mundane matters strike those down there. And further, the writer's military experiences during the previous campaign in the Romagna, and his knowledge of Italian affairs during his own critical lifetime, should make his judgment on political and military subjects worthy of our careful attention. These despatches, written from the front, practically form a complete history of the rebellion. Their value to us, however, does not lie so much in the accurate narrative of facts, but rather in the novel point of view from which the facts are observed and criticised. Even people who were neither Englishmen nor Boers got excited about this conflict, and discussed it with

Google

personal interest, taking one side or the other. Now a really impartial historian ought to take both sides—this is so very much better than taking neither side. Here, then, is the explanation of the strange fact that contemporary historians are seldom successful. They may know the facts, but they cannot estimate their value. They cannot get far enough away to distinguish the molehills from the mountains. Probably, before the South African campaign, no historian ever was in a position to write, as an eye-witness, an account of affairs which took place four hundred years after his own demise. The interval is sufficient to adjust the historic perspective; and, if Machiavelli were so placed, his position surely was unique. It will be wiser here not to enter into a detailed criticism of purely military questions. These have been treated adequately elsewhere. Nor need we pause longer than to offer a chortle of admiration to the prescience of the historian of the sixteenth century gibing at the ineptitudes of the War Office of the twentieth, in the chapter where he advises the Signory of the greater advantages to be derived from keeping military attachés at Lord Kitchener's headquarters rather than at the Florentine Embassy to the Court of St. James's. "Se ne ha contentare costui, e non lo ufficio di guerra, e per questo le cose che si concludessino de lo ufficio di guerra possono bene essere ritrattate da costui, ma quelle che si concludessino da costui non saranno gia ritrattate da lo ufficio di guerra," says Machiavelli in almost the identical words of a former advice which he dated from Cesena on December 14, 1502.

But it is in the broader political possibilities that Machiavelli's opinions have their peculiar value. He begins by recounting the position of affairs between Dutch and English which culminated in Kruger's ultimatum. The Boers were prepared to assume the offensive and invade English territory before the loyalists could be reinforced from home. Machiavelli compares this state of things with the operations preceding Waterloo, when Wellington and Blucher were attempting to hold a long frontier line against the advance of Napoleon.

Google Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Napoleon kept his plans secret, and thus was able to concentrate his forces on a particular point of the frontier. He was then able to break through and imperil the English position before the concentration of the defensive forces from the more distant portions of the frontier could be effected. Very similar was the position at the outbreak of the Great Boer War. A concentration of the forces of the burghers and their mercenaries upon any particular point of the long frontier line of Natal and Cape Colony undoubtedly would have been able to force its way into the neighbourhood of Cape Town, gathering supplies from Dutch friends in the Colony. It is very interesting to note how severely Machiavelli blames the Boers for this failure to concentrate at the outset, because it is usually held that the Boers were particularly successful at the beginning. Machiavelli says that they ought to have done much more. What they lacked was a strong man to force them into combination at some point on the Vaal where the English could not oppose their passage. A Boer victory at the beginning, in the very heart of Cape Colony, would have had an enormous moral and intellectual effect on the Dutch population; and would have done more to render difficult the subsequent operations of the English, than even the fall of Ladysmith or Kimberley.

The whole episode of Mafeking fills Machiavelli with scorn and indignation. To begin with, the Boers never ought to have besieged it. It would have been of little value to them if they had secured it. The English, on the other hand, recognising this, ought to have made no attempt to relieve it. Its fall could in no wise have damaged their position. Machiavelli has no sympathy with the sentimental excitement which pervaded England over Mafeking; and the soul of the artistic Florentine passionately declaims against the wholesale desecration of peacock's plumes which ensued. This leads him into a long digression on the power of sentiment in modern warfare. He vituperates us for confusing issues. The object of the belligerent is to damage the enemy. He ought to do so in every possible way. He ought not to fight as a gentleman,

Google

but merely as a man. Ultimately, you cannot fight a man without hurting him. If you must fight, hit hard and be done with it, says Machiavelli. Of course he does not forget the argument upon which so much of the sentimental outcry in England purported to be based, namely, that after the war England desired to turn the Transvaal and the Orange Free State into prosperous and contented British Colonies. He asks the rather pertinent question: Was this an excuse or a reason? In both cases it was unsatisfactory. In both cases it was ridiculous. Logically, England could best make the republics into contented and prosperous Colonies by annihilating the Dutch element in the population. Practically, she could best do it by killing the largest possible number of them, and taking their effects for her trouble. Of course it is out of the question that we should accept Machiavelli's reasoning here. It is also impossible to contravene it on his own grounds. We can do no more than make the statement that we look at the matter from a different point of view, and disagree with him. To sweep the concentration camps into the sea (to use a Boer idiom) would have been repugnant to every Englishman. In practice, we also may believe, it would have been repugnant to Machiavelli. He was not the man to live down to his ideals. Then, too, we had no Duke of Valentinois in command of our forces.

Machiavelli draws a very interesting parallel between the hero of *Il Principe* and Lord Kitchener. Well! Duke Cesare Borgia is a fascinating character, at a safe distance. But it seems to us rather hard on Kitchener that he should be made to pose as a reincarnation of Cesare. No doubt they both were strong and modest men. No doubt they were naturally loathed by vain homuncules. But the points of difference in their characters are something more than the differences between a Genovese and an Englishman. There is a fundamental sense of humour in Kitchener which is utterly lacking in Cesare's deadly earnest. We only permit a man to be strenuous on condition that he can also be frivolous upon occasion.

Google

Machiavelli, in estimating the quality of the man, was not in a position inferior to that of the ordinary man in England to-day. He lays stress and blame on that sympathetic side of Lord Kitchener's character, which are very pleasant to us to read, because we accentuate the stress and cancel the blame. One or two of his anecdotes about these sympathetic proclivities have a charming air of truth, though they must of course be fictitious. Anecdotes of great men always remind us that we know nothing about the inner workings of their hearts. Probably very few people actually have seen Lord Kitchener's heart. This is not to his discredit. A man's heart is one of those things which ought to be shut away in his breast all through his life. It is not healthy to show it too often.

The comparison which Machiavelli draws between Messer Ramiro d' Orco and Mr. Kruger is most unjust to the former, in our humble opinion. Messer Ramiro certainly was a callous ruffian; and he certainly tried to rig the corn-market for his own advantage. Incidentally he was a murderer, a traitor, and a thief. But he never made a serious attempt to stagger humanity; and he never left his aged wife to die on the charity of his enemies, while he absconded to a life of luxury with a treasury of two millions sterling.

Machiavelli has gained a reputation, among those who have not read his books, which damns him as a type of wily rascal. Of course that reputation is totally undeserved. Like most prominent people whom the world condemns, he is not half as bad as many reputable men whose obscurity hides their faults. He is honest; he is not hypocritical. If only he were less logical, one could agree with him more often.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

III

"IS that your hermitage,"—exclaimed Alistair Seaton at last—"that building like a little Greek temple, at the edge of those long woods?"

"Does it look too small for you? said Rupert Glanville, laughing. "Don't be disheartened till we get to it. Wait and see."

By this time it was late in the afternoon. The travellers had been delayed by the breaking of one of their springs, which had luckily occurred near a village where they changed horses, and which had taken the local blacksmith some hours to mend. They had lunched meanwhile on the moor, between the bell-heather and the blue sky. They had talked over old days; they had amused themselves with the humours of the village. The scampering pink-legged children, the men with their broad smiles, and the old women with the wildness of evening hills in their faces, had deepened in their minds the sense of their distance from what is called the world; and the solitudes, when they resumed their journey, had been yet more completely solitary. At last there had risen into view stretches of green woodland; and the unfenced road was now descending towards them. In one place the woods parted; between them was the bloom of the sea; and, white against the dark foliage, the building like a little Greek temple formed an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

odd and incongruous object in the primitive and lonely landscape.

"Look," said Rupert Glanville, as they approached it; "in the portico of the temple is a goddess. Do you think she is Pallas Athene, and would you like to talk Greek to her? Myself, I shall try the vernacular. Ah, Mrs. O'Flanagan, and it's glad I am to see you again," he shouted, leaning from the carriage, as soon as he came within earshot of her. The goddess, who wore a weather-beaten bonnet, responded with a low curtsey; and the carriage, instead of stopping, swept into the shadow of the trees. The surface of the road now suddenly changed. It was smooth and gravelled; on either side was an undergrowth of luxuriant rhododendrons; and a mile or so farther on the carriage, turning sharp round a corner, drew up before a building—a mixture of dilapidation and grandeur—which was something like the little Greek temple on a very much magnified scale. The echoes of a portico, more capacious than the entire dwelling of Mrs. O'Flanagan, gave them a hollow welcome; and stucco was peeling everywhere like a patient after scarlet fever. The doors, however, were almost at once thrown open by servants whose clothes and demeanour had all the air of London; and Alistair Seaton realised that his friend's hermitage was, in some ways, a different place from what he had been led to anticipate.

On entering, his steps resounded in a bare vestibule, furnished only with a couple of marble tables, on which stood some busts and some small Roman altars. From this he followed his host into an inner hall, where his eyes were met with a vision of statues, a double staircase, and eighteenth-century copies of huge Italian paintings. A moment later he had passed into a small library lined with the glimmer of books in old calf bindings, and full of a homely sense of habitation and intimate comfort. The window was open, there were flowers in china bowls, and a table prepared for tea was shining with Irish silver.

"So this," said Alistair Seaton with a half humorous laugh, as he contemplated a dish of crescent-shaped French rolls, "so

Google

this is the hermit's cell! My dear Rupert, you're a deceiver. I feel like a monk in the desert who has been seduced into an enchanter's garden."

"At all events," said Glanville, "you needn't be afraid of the rolls, and, while you eat them, I'll you what the history of this place is. It was built in the beginning of the reign of George III., by an ancestor of my mother's—a sacred and celebrated Bishop of the Protestant Church of Christ, as established by law in Ireland. He was a prelate of the finest taste, and an excellent classical scholar. He kept several mistresses, and he travelled in a coach and six. He spent half of his life in Italy; and there, I may tell you, should you doubt the sincerity of his religion, he suffered imprisonment for the sake of his Protestant principles, which induced him to insult the Host as it was carried through the streets of Florence. My treasures from Asia Minor have been sent here by sea—to a very fitting home; and I hope we shall find them in the orangery. When you've finished your tea we'll go there."

The open window admitted them to a balustraded terrace, along which, in a row of tubs, orange-trees were enjoying the summer. The air which agitated their leaves was warm and smelt of flower-beds; and the waves below, beginning to turn pink in the sunset, with a leisurely gentle murmur were raking the shingle into their hollows. In the orangery, whose Italian *façade* looked at the sea through myrtles, the expected treasures were found—statues, pillars, vases, and a multitude of other objects, already arranged in some sort of rude order. The friends hung over them with the interest of eager antiquaries; and, promising themselves to renew their inspection the following day, passed into the open air again, and made a tour of the premises.

"Do you see," said Rupert Glanville, "that cupola on the brow of the hill? That is the Bishop's observatory. It still contains a good reflecting telescope; and whenever, my dear Attar, you feel tired of the earth, you can polish up the speculum, and have a look at the moon. On the opposite

Digitized by Google

slope, a little behind the house, the building with a tower, which has a great copper ball at the top of it, is a Protestant church, built by the same good Bishop; and inside the ball his episcopal heart is buried. In addition to the majority of my servants, there are Protestants in a village on the coast; and when I am here there is service in the church occasionally. Being a naturally devout person, perhaps you will condescend to worship there. Hark," he exclaimed presently, "that noise is the dressing-bell. By this time my palate is getting back its fastidiousness."

Alistair Seaton, whose habitual fare was simple, but who had, nevertheless, a homely fastidiousness of his own, and was, as he had shown that morning, hardly able to eat when it was outraged, was divided at dinner between wonder at the delicacy of his friend's repast, and reflections that his friend, though he criticised every dish, and discovered minute faults in what most men would have thought perfection, could breakfast off hard bacon with a better grace tham himself.

"I little thought this morning," he said at last, "that we should be ending the day like this—with silver plates, and a *soufflé* worthy of Bignon's. Anybody would fancy, Rupert, that, instead of renouncing the world, you had only retired into a corner of it to eat all the good things by yourself."

"As I was saying," replied his friend, "to somebody at a ball in London, the way to see through the world is to enjoy the best it can give you. If circumstances mortify the flesh for me, I accept the fact and forget it; but to mortify the flesh unnecessarily is not to subdue but to irritate it; and nothing can put the spirit in a position more absurd than that does. If you'll have no more port, we'll go outside for our coffee."

Outside, coffee and cigars were ready for them. The skies shook with starlight. The orange-trees were dimly visible. Masses of vague shadow suggested the woods and gardens; and up through the darkness before them came the rustle of the Atlantic sea.

At length, after a long pause, Rupert Glanville spoke.

Google

"May I," he said, "praise the merits of my own establishment? We could not have better coffee, and we couldn't have dined better in London. We have taken the spoils of Egypt with us, but we have left its bondage behind us. Don't you feel peace, as Sancho Panza said of sleep, wrapping you all round like a cloak? The ambitions," he continued, "the rivalries, the anxieties, the preoccupations of life—the rattle of its demented streets—they can none of them come near us here, or disturb this velvety silence."

"My excellent hermit," exclaimed Seaton, "you're an Epicurean at heart after all!"

"An Epicurean," replied Glanville, "is a man who thinks life can be made self-sufficing, I don't. I'm no more an Epicurean because I enjoy this velvety silence than a man whose head aches with fever is when he lays it on a cool pillow."

Seaton laughed softly. "One would never," he said, "take you for a man whose head ached with anything. I've always looked on you as the healthy and ideally happy man—happy in your circumstances, and still happier in your natural temperament."

"Yes," replied Glanville. "Fortune has dealt well with me; my health is perfect; and my spirits are obstinately buoyant. But, nevertheless, Alistair, ever since I knew you I've suffered in secret from a malady that never leaves me. You needn't start like that. I'm not going to tell you that I've a cancer under my waistcoat. Lean back—do—and be comfortable. The malady from which I suffer is mental. It is merely the malady of the age. It is incubating in the minds of multitudes who never suspect its presence; and in the case of others, it so affects the entire nature that the springs of all happiness are poisoned by it."

"And what," said Seaton, "according to you, is its nature?"

"My own diagnosis of it," replied Glanville, "is this. The only life that can really satisfy man is made up of two parts—the religious part and the intellectual. When the mind is

Google

healthy these two parts are in agreement, and support each other. Now they are at daggers drawn. Each destroys the food that the other feeds on."

"I never," began Seaton, "I never thought that you——"

"You never thought," said Glanville, "that there was much religion in me to speak of. Yes—yes—I know that. But I take religion in a deeper sense than you do. The opposition between religion and the intellect does not express itself only in saying that God exists, and in saying that God does not—in wishing to say one's prayers, and in thinking that it is foolish to say them. It expresses itself also in two hostile ejaculations, which sum up for the sick mind its own daily experiences—how full life is! and how empty! Let me illustrate this by my own case. You used to tell me at Oxford, when you laughed at me as a dilettante sceptic, that the cure for doubt is action. The saying is Goethe's; but it's nonsense all the same. I've been a man of action myself. As the newpapers say, I've worked hard for my country. I've immersed myself in affairs that are commonly called great; and I've had the satisfactions of success."

"Yes," said Seaton, "and you deserved them. I won't flatter you to your face by telling you what I think of your talents, but at least I may express my sense of the devotion with which you have used them."

"Well," resumed Glanville, "as you know, I have dealt with the affairs of our empire during a critical and anxious time. No one worked harder than I to sustain and even augment its greatness. If any country is to be great, let that country be our own. This was my feeling and principle as a man of action; and—damn it!—it would be so again. But even during that time of struggle my mind was constantly whispering what now, when the struggle is over, it insists on saying aloud, What is the struggle worth? What is its object? Nothing. The question of empires—shall this one grow, or shall that one?—is merely a question of which kind of weed shall grow over the surface of a dirty and paltry pond. And

Google

what my mind says when I think of the struggles of empires it says also when I think of the struggles, the loves, the life, the fate of the individual. My mind doesn't rant when it says these things, or cry or maunder. It says them coolly and precisely, as if they were demonstrations of Euclid; and the result is that it has made me a laughing philosopher, when, if you will only believe me, I had far rather be an adoring one."

"I don't know," said Seaton, "if you laugh at things quite as completely as you think you do. On your own confession, you don't laugh at the protest made by part of your nature against the philosophy which your mind inflicts on you."

"That's perfectly true," said Glanville. "That's the heart of the whole situation. Though I can't refute this philosophy, my nature refuses to acquiesce in it; and yet, according to the ordinary canons of thought, one can only escape acquiescence by repudiating the intellect altogether. Everybody to-day is conscious of this difficulty, clearly or vaguely; our religious and moral philosophers occupy themselves with nothing else. But what I complain of in every one of them is this—from transcendentalists and idealists down to what you call materialists. They none of them face the difficulty. They one and all of them shirk it. The religious thinkers shirk the logic of denial. The irreligious thinkers shirk its consequences. When I wrote a book on philosophy before I went into politics you thought me an ingenious dilettante. I was not. My effort was not successful, but my purpose was eminently sincere. It was to get to the root of a malady from which I myself was suffering, and from which I saw the world was suffering round me. Time went on, and politics and affairs absorbed me; but the sense of *malaise* was there, though I was not able to attend to it—like a sting in the leg inflicted by he knows not what, which a public speaker feels when he is addressing a meeting, and which he longs, though he is quite unable, to go home and examine. I have come here that I may face and examine this old difficulty over again; and when you call me an Epicurean because I luxuriate in a sense of rest here, I may tell you that

Google

the completest rest that a man can possibly feel is sometimes leisure to join issue with some intimate trouble. I think at last I am beginning, if not to find a cure, at any rate to see the way in which a cure may some day come."

"I have found a cure already," said Seaton, "if only you would let me teach it to you."

"My dear fellow," said Glanville, "I know what your cure is perfectly. It's merely another form of shirking. Don't fall on me now because I said that. We'll have it out together to-morrow, whilst we are still alone, and can quarrel and be rude with impunity."

"Why do you say, 'while we are still alone'?" asked Seaton.

"Because," replied Glanville laughing—"because (I didn t tell you before, for if I had you wouldn't have come here), because to-morrow and the week after I'm expecting a few people."

"What sort of people?" asked Seaton. "Smart people?"

"They wouldn't say that they were," replied Glanville; "but all the same one or two of them wouldn't perhaps be pleased if *you* were to say they weren't."

"Rupert," exclaimed his friend, with real mortification in his voice, "you're a thoroughly dishonest person! You've brought me here under false pretences. You know how I hate society. When these people come, there'll be an end of all our talks."

"On the contrary," said Glanville, "when they come, there'll be a beginning of them. And now to compose you, as soon as you go to bed, will you let me give you a chapter of my own autobiography, which explains how the malady of the age gradually affected myself? It's not long, and has the merit of being true and dispassionate."

Before they mounted the stairs, through the whispering silence of the house, Rupert Glanville put into his friend's hands, together with a candlestick and a pair of old silver

Google

snuffers, a short type-written document, consisting of a few pages.

IV

Alistair Seaton woke betimes next morning, with a pleasant sensation of oddly compounded luxury. Sunlight was flooding the room through blinds which fluttered softly, and showed in wavering shadow the bars of half-opened windows. Above him was the domed canopy of a gilded Italian bedstead. His body lay in linen which smelt of lavender; and along with the sunlight came from the air outside a murmur of waves, and the freshness of new-mown grass. He lazily looked around him. Oval portraits in pastel hung on the faded walls. Chests of drawers and cupboards in old Japanese lacquer, which had swallowed up his wardrobe of rough Scotch homespun, blinked at him. There were several shelves well laden with books; and beyond the foot of the bed he could, above the gilded carving, just see the colour of flowers which stood in a bowl upon his writing-table. He reflected on where he was—in what a singular and unexpected retreat—once again alone with his old friend, from whom by the chances of life he had been long separated, and who now was one of the most fortunate and successful men of his time. His spirits rose, and filled him with a sense of adventure and holiday. Presently moving his hand, he felt something near the bed clothes. It was the leaves of his friend's manuscript, which he had till now forgotten, and which, the night before, he had been too sleepy to read. He took it up, and found it to be as follows:

"*An Example of the Effects Produced on Personal Character by a Gradual Assimilation of Modern Knowledge of the Universe.*

"Many people when they think and talk of themselves, behave like a man who stands in front of his own house, admiring its grandeur or its beauty, or sighing over its

Google

romantic desolation; and hugging himself on the credit which it reflects on his own family. To behave in this way I have myself lost all temptation. When I stand in front of my own life, and consider it, except for the fact that I possess an internal knowledge of it, I hardly recognise it as my own. It appears to me a part of the general vital process, and interests me not as the life of any man in particular, but merely as an example, brought directly under my own vision, of the nature which a human being brings with it into the world, and of the changes produced in it, on the one hand by its own principles of growth, and on the other by the action of definite external circumstances.

"This short chapter of autobiography is therefore merely a bald scientific memorandum; and the class of external circumstances with which alone it deals consists of those changes in our knowledge and conception of the universe (man himself being included in it) which are daily distinguishing more and more clearly modern mental conditions from those of all previous ages, and especially from those of the ages during which Christianity developed itself. I shall deal with my own life, as submitted to these circumstances and affected by them, just as I might deal with some species of vine or turnip or tobacco-plant, transplanted into a new climate or treated with some new manure.

"For this purpose I must begin with a brief description of my congenital and early character. This will show—what is here an important fact—that I was a normal and healthy specimen of human nature; and, as such, an instructive subject of observation.

"My congenital disposition was happy, and extremely active. A sense of the humorous was very early developed in me; and also (as was the case with Berkeley) a sense of what is illogical in argument. As soon as I could spell I became a voracious reader, and I rode my pony as eagerly as I read my books. Further, though I was by no means what is called a good boy, I was naturally an eminently religious one.

Google

God and Christ were as real to me as the nursery windows, and I said my prayers with the fervour of an infant Samuel.

"What followed was strictly normal. As the faculties of the man began to stir in the temperament of the boy my religious convictions grew deeper, and acquired a wider scope by association with a sense of the poetry and romance of life. This change was stimulated, when I was still in my Eton jackets, by a profound but unfortunate passion for a dark-eyed widow of forty, which drove me into waste places at the far end of the shrubbery, and put me on intimate terms with the stars, the sea, and the sunsets. Other developments followed. Ambitions of various kinds began to form themselves in my mind like clouds. I desired alternately to be a poet, a soldier, and a statesman; and in each capacity I rewarded myself with the devotion of some ideal woman, and endowed myself with the faith of a knight in quest of the Holy Grail. In every direction the world revealed vistas, all of them full of inexhaustible possibilities, and all reaching away to the glories of a world beyond. It is true that in accordance with the inconsistencies, distinctive of human nature, my conduct was far from being always coincident with my standards and aspirations; but my sense of, my belief in, and my sympathy with the noble, the beautiful, and the sacred, formed incomparably the keenest feelings of which I have ever had any experience. When I add that throughout this period with all its hidden vicissitudes I was mentally and physically animated with the abounding vitality of youth, I have said enough to show that when I reached the threshold of maturity I was, as I have said before, a sound and healthy specimen of the average human being. I was endowed with an unquestioning faith in the value and significance of life, and with a vigorous and eager impulse to play a worthy part in it.

"Such was my condition at the time of my going to Oxford, when the first change in it, of which I was conscious, began. The change, however, unsuspected by myself, had been initiated long before.

Google

"A new conception of life, based upon new knowledge, penetrates into different minds by different channels or crevices, determined by the circumstances of the individual, just as the water breaks through a number of different dams in various courses, determined by the materials of which the dams are constructed. In my own case the course was determined by the homely fact that, like most English children of my own class and generation, I was brought up a member of the English Church, and never entertained a doubt, till I was twenty, that this Church, as represented by the moderate High Church party, embodied religion in its purest and most unassailable form. I no more doubted the truth of it than I doubted the existence of the sky. Under these circumstances, such knowledge and intellect as I possessed first revealed their presence as the possible opponents of my orthodoxy, in an instinctive contempt for nearly all the controversial arguments which I heard in my devout boyhood enunciated from Anglican pulpits. The moral appeals of the preachers often touched me deeply. As they reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, I trembled; but the arguments by which they attempted to defend the Christian beliefs which I shared with them merely excited my laughter. Indeed, my first conception that such a thing as unbelief was possible was derived from their proofs that God really existed, and from their onslaughts on the shallow infidel. I received the sacrament of the altar with undiminished awe from their hands; but if I had been in search of a serious intellectual guide, I would have gone, in preference to them, to the clown at the nearest circus.

"Let me now turn to Oxford. The new influences to which I was there submitted were three: firstly, there was that of the Broad Church system of theology, amongst the professors of which the head of my college was eminent; secondly, there was that of the current philosophies of history; and thirdly, that of philosophy in a narrower sense of the word, which forced me to examine into the character of our knowledge of the external world; whilst during my vacations there soon

Google

began to be another. This was the influence of the leaders of contemporary science, and a circle of scientific friends, whose acquaintance I made at the house of one of my uncles.

"The following were the most important conclusions which were now offered for my acceptance.

"In the chapel of my college and in the lecture-rooms of my college tutors I learned that the Bible was a volume as human in its origin as the Koran, that Adam was a myth, that Genesis was a compilation of legends, and that the prophets were merely the Emersons and Carlyles of their day; whilst the Gospels sank to the level of imperfect and fragmentary memoirs abounding in errors as to fact embroidered with pious fancies, and owing their accounts of the resurrection and the miraculous birth of Christ not to the evangelists at all but to other and later writers, who differed so much in their details as to render the evidence valueless. In a word the religion which I had hitherto without hesitation assumed to be divinely revealed, to be true in every one of its doctrines, and to offer to the human soul a unique vision of God, was now presented to me as one amongst many cognate forms in which men had endeavoured to embody certain elements of their common nature.

"Meanwhile the scientific thinkers who frequented my uncle's house made me familiar with another order of facts, which the divines and philosophers of my college acknowledged indeed, but imperfectly apprehended. These facts were the immensity and apparent eternity of the universe, the insignificance of the earth as compared with this enormous whole, the shortness of the period covered by human history compared with the ages for which mankind has existed, and the length of this period when compared with the few thousand years to which the orthodox Christian story of the fall and the redemption had confined it. And to these must be added others in which they culminated and which clenched their significance—the evolution of species from a single common origin, the organic connection of man with all other living things, the association

Google

of life and thought with their precise organic equivalents, and their invariable disturbance or extinction when the organism is dissolved or injured. From which facts, as I was not slow to see, two conclusions followed, and the men of science had no hesitation in proclaiming them. One was that God—if such a name were permissible—was merely the impersonal sum of the forces and uniformities of the universe; and the other was that man, no less than the lower animals, came into life with his body, and died for ever with the death of it.

"These new teachings of scholarship, philosophy and science, though they shocked me at first, and struck me for a time as absurd, I soon learnt to accept, if not as entirely true, as at all events supported by facts which it was impossible to forget or to disregard. Facts, however, are like food. It is not enough to take them into the system. Before they can produce any effect on the character they must often undergo a long and arduous process of digestion; and this, in my own case, was retarded by the following cause.

"In the Broad Church philosophers, and the men of science also, much as in some ways their several teachings impressed me, I discerned an absurdity even greater than that which had struck me so long ago in the orthodox instructors of my boyhood. The Broad Church divines continued, as practical teachers, to call themselves Christian priests, to administer the sacraments, and solemnly recite the creeds, though according to their principles there was no efficacy in the one, and very few articles that were not false in the other. Similarly the men of science, though disbelieving in God and the soul, professed themselves impassioned supporters, not indeed of the Christian religion, but of the moral code of Christ; and somehow contrived to unite in their own persons the principles of the Hell-Fire Club with the prejudices of the Methodist pulpit. Now as practical teachers of moral and religious doctrines, for the old-fashioned orthodox clergy I had had nothing but reverence. I had laughed at them as reasoners only. The Broad churchmen and the men of science I

Google

respected, as reasoners and as discoverers. I laughed at them only as moral and religious teachers: but in this later capacity their absurdity struck me as supreme. For Broad churchmen who looked on Christ as merely a human being, morally faultless perhaps, but conditioned by the limitations of his age, to intone Sunday by Sunday their belief that he was co-equal with the Father—for men of science who believed that human beings, alike as individuals and as a race were merely vanishing bubbles on the flux of the universal substance—for such men to unite in solemn assertions of the infinite significance of morality, seemed to me to be either the most clumsy and profligate of frauds, or else—which was more likely—the feeblest and most illogical of self-delusions.

"At all events, the absurdities, of which my new teachers were guilty, struck me as so much greater than those of the orthodox clergy that my old faith was at first shocked only, but not shaken; and I found myself clinging to it with a heightened rather than a diminished fervour. During my first year at Oxford I frequented a ritualistic church, which, little as I liked its ritual, and little as I valued or even thought about the personal abilities of its clergy, seemed to me a rock of refuge amongst the rising waters of doubt; and I tightened my hold on the rock for a reason of which I was not then conscious—that little by little I felt myself slipping away from it.

"Such, indeed, was actually my condition. In spite of the tenacity with which I clung to my old faith, the historical and scientific facts which I was utterly unable to doubt, and the principles of free criticism which I was utterly unable to reject became every day of the week more and more familiar to me; and every Sunday made the orthodoxy of the High Church preachers ring in my ears more hollow and more perversely futile, like noises heard in a dream. When I had been at Oxford for about a year and a half the Sunday came on which I knelt for the last time at their altar. I felt that the faith of my fathers had fallen in ruins about me: it had been unroofed and dilapi-

Google

dated by the pitiless hands of knowledge, whose action I deplored, but could neither resent nor condemn; and like an evicted tenant I prepared for an intellectual emigration. My religious faith, however, still remained unshaken. Only my belief in a supernatural religion was gone. God, the soul, and the whole world of the spirit were still living realities for me: and I presently found consolation in a kind of mystical theism, of which orthodox Christianity—so I told myself—was only the discarded husk. For a year or so I continued to imagine that this change was extremely satisfactory—that religion was now for me a very much finer thing than it had been in the days when it was cramped by untenable dogma, and bound to the rotting timbers of false and impossible history. My beliefs now resembled those of my Broad Church teachers, except that I did not profane them by pretending that they were the Christianity of the churches; and I had the satisfaction of looking on the men of science as mental barbarians, because they denied principles which alone could give meaning to their morality, and which did not conflict—so I told myself—with any of their genuine discoveries.

"But now once more my previous experience repeated itself. Whilst I thought myself secure in my possession of this new and delightful creed it was secretly being undermined by a series of sub-conscious processes. These processes were not due to the acquisition of any new knowledge, or the onslaught of any new arguments, but merely to the silent assimilation of what I had learnt, and of what had been urged on me already. Little by little my mind, instead of being the passive recipient of this, seemed to make it its own, and use it for its own purposes. The first of the ideas which was vivified in this way was the idea of the incalculable magnitude of the universe, and the littleness of the earth and man. It became my constant companion, my familiar demon. It would not leave me. The seas became puddles; the continents paltry parishes; the houses cardboard toys: and men microscopic dolls. And along with the idea of life's littleness, the idea of its transitori-

Google

ness entered, and also took up its abode in the innermost citadel of my thoughts. In order that the fate of humanity should have any importance at all, I felt that the human soul must be endowed with some mode of life other than that of the organism through which alone experience reveals it to us, and be amenable to other laws and susceptible of other developments than those which it eludes or misses in the process of its organic dissolution. I began, in fact, to feel the importance of religious belief, not perhaps more keenly than I had ever felt it before, but in a much more comprehensive way. I felt it to be essential not to religion only, but to everything in life that was beautiful, great, or stimulating; I felt that the want of it made love, ambition and poetry as meaningless as it made prayer; and robbed of their inmost quality not the saint's face only, but the scent of the rose and the blueness of the summer sea.

"But just as the heightened vehemence of my late adherence to orthodoxy had been accompanied and caused by a sense that my faith was slipping away from me, so was my enlarged consciousness of the importance of religion of some sort—my consciousness that it is the soul of everything that is distinctly human—and my moments of exaltation which assured me of God and of immortality—accompanied by a secretly growing conviction that these moments of exaltation, and the faiths which they attested, were dreams. Day by day I began to perceive more clearly that, in spite of error of detail, the scientific interpretation of the universe was indubitably true as a whole, and was drawing all the phenomena of living, no less than of lifeless things, into its net of steel: and more than by anything else this perception was quickened by the attempts of the defenders of religion to disprove the fact, or to obscure it. All their arguments, as I took them one by one, seemed to me to consist of ignorances, lies, and evasions, and shrill ridicule of discoveries which these *crétins* themselves, in a year or two, were compelled to admit as genuine. And all the facts and principles that science was bringing to light,

Google

and was every day corroborating with new examples, were for me focused in two overwhelming conclusions. One was that the origin and the end of all living things—plants and animals —is the same; and the other was, that of all the common origin is a cell, and the common end death. These two conclusions advanced upon me like a creeping tide, masking its rise in retreats, but still steadily rising, and engulfing my faith, now structureless, as though it were a castle of sand.

"When I first realised clearly that such was indeed the case I experienced no feelings of vague elegiac regret, but a sharp concentrated pain, which would sometimes attack me in scenes of the lightest gaiety, and make me desire to kill myself. What touched me most directly was not the loss of God, but the disappearance of all the higher interests of life, the purely religious loss being a sublimation of this and a summary of it. I was like a living man stupefied by finding himself in a city of the dead; and I passed through a period during which, had I listened only to my reason, I might actually have put an end to my existence.

"I was withheld from this course, however, by something stronger than reason,—by something whose dictates are untranslatable into any terms of thought; and this something was my temperament. Little by little my temperament, naturally happy, though it did not in any way arrest the destructive operations of my reason, assuaged the pain which it inflicted on me, and enabled me to laugh again in a blighted and disenchanted world. I despised life; but it was tolerable—sometimes pleasant and even exciting; and it was nearly always ridiculous.

"Suddenly, when I was in this condition, my temperament asserted itself afresh; and I found myself one day taken off my feet by a genuine passion for a woman. Everything that love-poets have described took place in me with the most charming punctuality. As if by magic, my sense of the importance of things revived. I felt myself again partaker of the infinite, the sacred, and the eternal: and reason for a time was good enough

Digitized by Google

to refrain from its criticisms. By-and-by it began these again, but it found me in a new condition. The cause of this further change was simple, and extremely common.

"At the time to which I now refer I was only a younger son, and the divine object of my affections ended by prudently disappointing them. She had, however, reinvigorated the element of transcendental faith in me; and just as her favours had seemed to me a spiritual sacrament, so her defection affected me like a spiritual tragedy. The difference between goodness and badness seemed more appalling to me than ever. When, therefore, my reason renewed its exact demonstrations that nothing was important in this life of disappearing experiences, and that the joys and sorrows of love were on a level with those of digestion, I set myself anew to examine and combat these arguments, whose premises seemed so true, and whose conclusions so false, to fact. I again studied the question of the credibility of dogmatic Christianity. At the same time I directed my attention anew to a feature of the situation which had struck me from the very first—that the very philosophers and men of science who were foremost in enunciating the conviction that science was inconsistent with Christianity, and indeed with any form of religion, were foremost also in declaring that some substitute for religion was a necessity; and I set myself to consider what their proposed substitutes were. I wrote a book in which I analysed each of them; and I showed that each was as illogical, as full of superstition, as inconsistent with the facts of science, and, considered scientifically, as ridiculous, as any of the dogmas and doctrines whose place it was designed to take. The major premise on which I tried to take my stand was this: Human life cannot be wholly devoid of meaning. There must be some permanent difference between right and wrong. If then, I proceeded to argue, there is any theory which explains and alone suffices to explain this difference, it must be true. Theistic religion does explain it completely; every proposed alternative to theistic religion is absurd; therefore the

Digitized by Google

explanation offered by theistic religion must be true. I thus tried to effect a reconversion of myself, and to scourge myself back by reason into the beliefs from which reason had scourged me.

"The success of my attempt did not equal my expectations. The reason of this lay in the instability of my major premise, or the fulcrum of my argumentative lever. In other words my sense of the importance of life tended to give way under the argumentative strain which I put on it. It was saved however from total collapse by two events, which relieved the strain for a time by removing my hand from the lever.

"These events were the deaths first of my elder brother, and not long afterwards of my father. I was thus placed in a practically new position. On leaving Oxford I had entered on the profession of diplomacy, and was attached when my brother died to the British Embassy at Rome. But political events in England had begun to attract my attention. With my father's approval I came home, and soon found a seat in Parliament. My successes in the House of Commons, though at first not great, were sufficient to feed my ambition. The world flattered me, and mothers marked me as their prey. The large fortune which came to me on my father's death exhibited my talents to the Government in a fresh and very flattering light. The difficulties of my party for many years at home, and then for some years abroad, roused me to efforts which were at all events honest and unremitting, and which brought me at last to the forefront of public life.

"Under these circumstances the latent malady of my mind gave me less pain than before, because I had less time to attend to it. Engrossed as I was by the particular affairs of the moment, my attention, to a great extent, was distracted from what lay behind them; just as a man who is escaping from death in a burning house is distracted from the question of whether he is dying of heart disease. That was all. Practical activity is no cure for mental doubt. At best it is a temporary anæsthetic. My malady still remained with me,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

like the Spartan's fox under my clothing: and through all my activities, anxieties, and the frequent elations of success, a voice would constantly whisper from the inner recesses of my mind, 'All effort is vain. There is no meaning in anything.' As time went on the whisper of this voice grew louder. In my public life I felt myself an actor before painted canvas; and behind this canvas was nothing but death and darkness. The good of my country—goodness in the life of the individual—I was sensitive to these; but the feeling was skin deep only. My inward self appeared to have lost all feeling, as though my malady were ending in an inward mortification of my soul, or as though I were going back to the protoplasm out of which my race had emerged.

"My worst symptom was this: that my condition had ceased to pain me: but it caused me nevertheless a constant dull uneasiness. For a part of each day the excitement of society distracted me: but in leisure moments, when I was alone, I was invariably driven back again to the source in which my malady originated—to a study of science—of the genesis of man—of the conditions and operations of his will; and gradually a new thought—a new demon—possessed me.

"This was not the transitoriness of man's life, but the necessity of all its processes. Not only was his life swallowed up in the flux of things, but his will was swallowed up in their uniformity. Of the trinity of denials—There is no God, There is no soul, There is no will—it seemed to me now that the third person was revealed to me—an unholy spirit which made my body its temple. This thought made every moment a moral death, without there being any need for me to anticipate the moment of dissolution. Could this view of existence which was thus forced upon me be true? Was there no escape from it? In the presence of such a question, the squabbles of nations, the re-drainage of towns, or the claims of Ireland to a parliamentary bear-garden of its own, proposals to teach the brats in the London slums the language used by the brats in the slums of Berlin and Paris—

Google

began to irritate me like the mere buzzing of flies: and I determined that I would, as soon as an opportunity offered, retire from public life for a time, and balance my accounts with realities.

"The condition in which I shall enter on this task is as follows. Though I am no longer able to ascribe any value to life, or assent to the reality of those differences between good and evil which has lain at the root of all mental civilisation, I desire to do this; and were it possible for me to make the first preliminary movement, I should be supported by an army of instinctive faiths and feelings, which are not dead, but are helpless, lying drugged or chained in prison. What prevents my making this movement is an obstacle which is purely intellectual. If my faith in life is to revive, feeling will be one of its elements; but feeling must be associated with an assent to certain facts as facts: an assent to the reality of the proposition that the world of spirit—of God, of the soul, of freedom—is a real world, and not a fancy. How is it possible to find a place for this world in the microcosm of one's own mind without rejecting the whole sum of that positive knowledge the truth of which mankind, by experience, is each day more clearly learning? How can the free and the immortal find a place in the determined and the transitory?

"To myself, so far as I at present am able to understand the matter, I put it in a nutshell, thus: Science shows us that twice two equals four. Religion teaches us that twice two equals five. How are these two propositions to be reconciled? This is the supreme question in which all modern knowledge converges. Here is the primary difficulty—here and nowhere else. And how do the modern apologists of religion meet it? Some of them do not see it at all. Others see it, but having seen it, they try to hide it. None of them throws a single ray of light on it. The most respectable of these apologists are men like Carlyle, Emerson, Tolstoy, and a school of orthodox divines, who endeavour 'to create a soul under the ribs of death,' by an insistence on the beauty, the depth, and so

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

forth, of the moral side of life. But they are arguing beside the mark. 'My dear men,' I feel inclined to say to them, 'all that you can tell me I know as well as you do. The feelings you extol I have felt as deeply as you have. The life you praise I have led, and am anxious to lead again. I don't want you or anybody to assure me that it is beautiful or comforting. I want to be shown how, without throwing all reason to the winds, my intellect can adopt it as true, or even as not demonstrably false. You will never solve this problem until you concentrate your minds on it, and recognise that it is the fundamental problem: and until you have solved it, all your ethical enthusiasms are, for me at all events, the mere gesticulations of madmen.'"

(To be continued.)

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

MARCH 1903

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

- THE NAVY AND THE MAN IN THE STREET 1
- THE CRETAN EXPLORATION FUND 6
- ON THE LINE 7

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY:

1. *By* COUNT N. BANFFY (*Hungarian ex-Premier*) 17
2. *By* DR. STANISLAUS RITTER VON STARZYŃSKI (*Polish Conservative Party*) 21
3. A CONCLUSION. *By* MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL 26

LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM—III——JULIAN S. CORBETT 40

SOME COMMENTS ON GENERAL DE WET'S "THREE YEARS WAR"——BRIG.-GENERAL SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B. 54

GERMAN POLICY IN SOUTH AMERICA——W. B. DUFFIELD 65

THE EXCAVATION OF A LEVITICAL CITY—GEZER (*Illustrated*)——MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. W. WILSON, K.C.B. 82

HUMAN PERSONALITY AFTER DEATH——ANDREW LANG 94

THE RESTORATION OF OXFORD——REV. JAMES H. F. PEILE 110

A MORNING'S WORK IN A HAMPSTEAD GARDEN——PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN 130

A NEW LIFE OF FRANÇOIS VILLON——HENRY DAVRAY 142

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS—II—III 151

THE STOCK EXCHANGE, AN ECHO FROM TWICKENHAM ——PAPALIS 158

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE—V—VI 165

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (FEBRUARY).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES :

An Essay on Criticism

Three Years War

On the Line

LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM—JULIAN S. CORBETT

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY:

1. *By* DR. ALBERT GESSMANN (*Christian-Social Party*)

2. *By* DR. ADOLF STRANSKY (*Young Czech Party*)

3. *By* HERR KOSSUTH (*Hungarian Independence Party*)

"ASIA AND EUROPE"—EDWYN R. BEVAN

THE PEOPLE AND MODERN JOURNALISM—OWEN M. GREEN

THE VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI (*Illustrated*)—EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS

THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET—PROF. LEWIS CAMPBELL

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOLITUDE—ROBERT BRIDGES

ATHENE ON GREEK COINS (*Illustrated*)—BARONESS AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA—PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE RIDDLE—W. J. DE LA MARE

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE—III—IV

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter ;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration ; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London W.*

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE NAVY AND THE MAN IN THE STREET

THE British Navy is not only the possession and the pride of a great nation; it is the sole guarantee of their daily bread, their personal liberty, and their political existence. The world's history shows no parallel to our present position; it is a truism which has been uttered again and again, and which should be repeated until every child in the country knows it by heart, that from the moment when we cease to command the sea, we exist only upon sufferance, and from the moment when our Navy is crushed by an enemy England is no more the seat of an empire or a nation, but an island off the coast of Europe, crowded with forty millions of starving and helpless people.

To grapple with a situation such as this needs all the skill, all the courage, and all the foresight that any one nation can possibly hope to have at its disposal. To understand the gravity of our position does not, however, require anything more than an ordinary intelligence working upon information which is accessible to every one of us. It is, therefore, natural that the citizen of ordinary intelligence and information—the Man in the Street, as some one has named him—should be anxious to know if the best is being done that can be done to ensure his national life, not against loss or injury—other countries share these risks—but against sudden and total collapse. It is not his business to know

Google

or to dictate the method, it is his duty to see that the end is kept always in view and pursued untiringly.

This duty of general supervision, general inquiry and general criticism is naturally fulfilled with more activity and thoroughness at one time than at another. Its importance is sufficiently shown by the fact that our present naval strength, such as it is —and no one contends that it is unnecessarily great—is due largely to successive awakenings of public opinion, and the naval programmes which followed them. If then the Government and the Admiralty find it easier to maintain a proper standard of preparation when pressure is brought to bear upon them from outside, it seems to follow that we should do the best for them and for ourselves if we were to organise this outside force and ensure that its pressure should be steady and unrelaxing. The Man in the Street must take himself seriously, since others take him so, put his shoulder to the right wheel, and push with unanimity and judgment.

A step in this direction has been taken. On February 16 a Conference was held in London to discuss "the desirability of creating a North Sea squadron and of establishing a naval base on the east coast." The room was closely packed with a thoroughly representative body of men, and there could be no doubt that whatever differences of opinion on minor matters may have lain beneath the surface, interest in the Navy was with every one present a matter of deadly earnest. Admirable speeches were made by the Chairman (Mr. Haldane), Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Beckett; and if no conclusion was reached on the question ostensibly before the meeting, it was none the less evident that a consensus of opinion was arrived at on matters of the highest importance. We do not think we can have been mistaken in our impression that the following points were made and assented to as clearly and emphatically as if they had been put to the vote and carried in a more formal manner:

(1) That the possession of an invincible Navy is the first and by far the most vital principle of English policy.

Google

(2) That this doctrine logically carries with it another—that of "the primacy of the Navy," as Mr. Wilkinson has named it. This has been long admitted, but is unquestionably not acted upon as it should be, and it is probably in the vigorous assertion of this doctrine that effort can be most usefully expended at the present moment. We are now devoting to the Navy and Army on a normal footing the enormous sum of eighty-two millions a year; of this fifty-one millions go to the Army and only thirty-one millions to the Navy. Even after making every allowance for the necessities of our Indian Empire there remains a disproportion which is indefensible. It is difficult to trace it to its origin: it may be that inferior tools are always more expensive than good ones; and the Army as an instrument is unquestionably the less well designed of the two: or it may be that the Army has more direct touch with the class of men who fill our Cabinets, and is able to obtain preferential treatment from Chancellors of the Exchequer: whatever the cause the fact is there, and it is significantly paralleled by the extravagance of life in a smart regiment as compared with the standard of living in the older and more efficient service. The primacy of the Navy is violated by this disproportion: Mr. Wilkinson put the matter strongly, but aroused no sign of anything but approval when he said that "those who were thinking about these questions looked to the Government not to treat the Army and the Navy as two establishments which had equal claims, but to let the Admiralty give to the Government its strategical theory of what the Navy required to make us secure, and then to leave what was left over for the War Office." Sir Charles Dilke, who followed, added the significant comment that this "could only be done by a Revolution in Army Reform."

(3) The third point was the co-ordination of the two Services for the purpose of national defence. An amendment to the Address had been drafted, dealing with this question: but it was announced that it had been abandoned in consequence of Mr. Balfour's recent statement as to the proposed

Google

improvement and development of the national Intelligence Department. A reform of great importance has thus been effected. It was time: for, as Sir Charles Dilke reminded the meeting, the Admiralty and the War Office have lately been guilty of putting before the Colonial Conference two entirely different views of Imperial Defence. It now only remains for the Army to act as a loyal colleague to the Navy, taking up the position, not of a collection of vested interests, but of a second line under the same supreme command and devoted to the same supreme object.

(4) The office of the Man in the Street is not to meddle with the higher strategy, nor to dictate to the experts to whom the making and using of our naval force is committed. Lay opinion and lay criticism there may well be, as there has always been: the Navy owes much to the bold speech of men like Mr. Arnold Forster, Mr. Corbett, and Mr. Wilkinson. But these are really not laymen; they have made themselves experts, and are easily recognised as such by their weighty and reasoned method, and the sound historical learning on which they base their arguments. There are others, with whom the Man in the Street need have little to do: croakers, gadflies, men with a grievance, men who are "agin the Government," men whose bonnet would be unwearable without a bee in it. These may do good: a liberal-minded admiral has even been heard to say that their buzzings, though always wrong, always end in something being put right. But for the Man in the Street they are dangerous and uncongenial counsellors.

(5) On one other point the meeting was to all appearance very nearly but not quite unanimous. Mr. Maxse, to whose energy and public spirit the Conference was understood to owe its origin, is well known to be actuated, if not dominated, at the present time by a strong belief in the hostile intentions of Germany towards England. In opening the meeting as honorary secretary, he read aloud a message from Mr. George Meredith setting forth views to the same effect. It was significant, and, as it seemed to us, satisfactory to the audience,

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that this line was not pursued by the principal speakers. The chairman emphatically laid down the position that "We have no hostile feeling against Germany. The last thing we wish to do is to provoke demonstrations upon Germany's part by offering what might appear to be demonstrations on our part. We wish to be in friendly relation with everybody as far as possible, but we do desire most emphatically to maintain command of the ocean." Mr. Wilkinson spoke of the awakening effect upon us of the increase in the German navy, but he treated it as an addition not to the strength of an individual enemy, but broadly to the non-English naval forces of the world, with any combination of which we must be able to deal. Our business in short is with security, not with enmities. We welcome the call to be "armed, stationed, and alert," and are cheered, if a little surprised, to hear it sounded by the stirring voice of one whom we have long delighted to listen to in a different sphere. But, frankly, we regret the mention of Pan-Germanism: if the Austrians believe it, as our readers this month and last may see that they believe it, to be an unreal thing, the madness of a few irresponsible fanatics, surely we may dispense with it even as a national stimulant. It is true that a more highly placed authority has announced that Germany's future lies upon the water; but even if a definite meaning must be given to those words—and one would think the general meaning a fit enough description of the needs of a rapidly growing inland population—there is good reason to believe, as Mr. Duffield shows on a later page, that it is America with her Monroe Doctrine that is the real obstacle to be cleared away from before the advance of German world-power. At any rate, we have nothing to do with threats or panic: "the realm of England is not so easy to be won." Let us build doggedly and train determinedly; but let us not speak with our enemies until we speak with them in the gate.

Google

THE CRETAN EXPLORATION FUND

IT will be no news to those interested in Art and Archæology that the present Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy includes a room devoted to the display of drawings, casts, and photographs illustrating recent discoveries in Crete. Of these excavations and their results—among the most striking and valuable contributions ever made to the history of civilisation—accounts were given to the public in this REVIEW by the explorers themselves: by Mr. Hogarth in January 1901 and by Mr. Evans in March of the same year. It is therefore probable that some among our readers may be willing to respond to the appeal now being made for further funds to complete the great work so fruitfully begun. The sum asked for is not large: about £1500 is required to complete the excavation of the Palace at Knossos and other works at Palæokastro: if another £1500 could be raised it would be possible so far to recoup Mr. Evans for the large personal outlay which he has incurred. The list of sums already received amounts to about £850. The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW will be glad to receive subscriptions at 50A Albemarle Street, W., or they may be paid to the account of "The Cretan Exploration Fund" at Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard Street, E.C., or sent to the Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. George A. MacMillan, at St. Martin's Street, W.C.

Google

ON THE LINE

HAVE we a poet? said jesting Clarke, and stayed not for an answer. If we had no other, we have at any rate the author of **The Princess of Hanover** (Duckworth, 5*s.* net). Mrs. Woods has written verse before; scholarly verse born of conscious art, and so obviously experimental in form as to be suspicious to ninety-nine readers and proportionately welcome to the hundredth. Such were her sombre and magnificent "Song of Home-Coming,"[1] and her more recent "Nocturne in Westminster Abbey."[2] In the present work—a blank verse play in five acts—there is the same free and original use of metre, but this is rendered unobtrusive, as it should be, by the overpowering dramatic interest of the piece. It is only by comparison with more ordinary modern blank verse that the speeches seem so direct and so fitting in style: just as when all are at their ease we do not observe the fact till some one more awkward or ill-dressed enters the circle.

Mrs. Woods shares with Stevenson the belief in a direct and spirited opening. We are not speaking of the "Overture" —which like all good overtures and proper prefaces, is very obviously written last and should be read last—but of the first half-dozen pages of Act I. scene 1. There is unhappily among us more than one kind of patriotism and of loyalism, but this is beyond reproach and beyond resistance: a man may be

[1] MONTHLY REVIEW, *October* 1901.

[2] *Cornhill Magazine, January* 1903.

Google

as political, as fastidious, or as impartial as he will, but if he be an Englishman at all this will run through his blood and give him, for the moment at least, a glimpse of greatness and national life. Here is the speech in which the Electress Sophia —a true descendant of Shakespeare's Old Gaunt—rebukes her boorish sons and her daughter-in-law—the latter, like her husband, "doesn't want" to be Queen of England.

Thou'lt not be Queen of England?
No, for by Heaven that needs a royal heart!
What were it to be Queen of England? Answer,
Shade of the illustrious dead, answer, Elizabeth!
Were it to pack, distil into one brain
The master-thought of millions, in one bosom
To house a love great as a million loves
And manifold as they; one word, "My People,"
Being in your mouth, what mother, spouse, child, lover
Mean upon other lips—your soul's main utterance
And key to your entire life?
Then comes the reward.
Consider it, women, you whose happiness
Is lightly blown from ephemeral joy to joy,
Maidenhood, beauty, motherhood, ere it fall
Unwinged and spent with half your years. Consider
What 'twere to be a Queen,
A Queen of men, not marketable serfs.
Perchance you lean out from your balcony
One spring day, in the prime and rapture of youth,
And mark the immense crowd billowing beneath,
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you theirs, lifting you to the height
Of their heart's throne—all fathers, lovers, friends,
All yours and yours for ever.
These are the Immortals,
Not to be changed by mutability
Of the inconstant blood, or alienated
By circumstance, or in the unfeeling grave
To slumber careless.
You the years will change,
The small mechanic hours, you will grow old,
Dim-hearted, cinder-grey, will drop your playthings
One after one—Ay, but on any day

Google

Choose you come forth, outstretching crooked hands
Like those youth mocks, whispering with faded mouth
Such as men scorn, "My People"—and lo, the Immortals!
A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
Claiming you with the old rapture, lifting you
To the height of their heart's throne, yours as in youth,
Yours on through age to death, sons, lovers, friends.
—This were for her that had a Queen's heart.

Since 1897, since 1887, we have been waiting for those lines—the lasting memorial of feelings that could never be directly recorded. Immortal kingship among the passing generation of men that die, frail human kingship sustained by the immortal life and love of a great people—this is a high theme touched with fine imagination: we read the name "Elizabeth," and hear a greater echo from the lips of an infinitely vaster multitude.

Of the play as a play we need say little; it is a terrible and moving story, full of strongly drawn characters. In times to come it will probably be acted, and will hold the stage; but not so long as the managers disbelieve in their public, and search only for placarded names, pantomime, and painted rhetoric.

A History of Siena. By Langton Douglas. (Murray, 25*s*.)—The past generation of readers and travellers would have been astonished at the production of such a volume as this, attractively bound, beautifully illustrated, large in print and margin, with marked internal evidence of exceptional industry and ability, all offered at the shrine of a small town in Tuscany.

The Italian city-republics, of which Siena is a peculiarly characteristic example, were, throughout the Middle Ages, far ahead of the rest of Europe in government, in wealth, in culture, and in art. Their material opulence, their richness in booty, discovered first by roving bands of piratical *condottieri*, was afterwards, now four hundred years ago, proclaimed to the world by the soldiers and courtiers who accompanied

Google

Charles VIII. in his memorable progress through Italy. After him came the horde of French, Spanish, Swiss, German, and Hungarian adventurers, a second irruption of barbarians, who for three hundred years and more fed upon the produce of the country. That drain has at last been stopped, and we English, in our turn, have become the invaders. Our object is not spoliation, but inspiration. We have discovered the political, literary, and artistic culture of the mediæval Italian cities. Monographs in English on these fascinating subjects follow each other in rapid succession. Perhaps the climax, in decoration and in understanding, has been reached in the homage paid by Professor Douglas to "Sena Vetus."

His attitude is not, however, one of deferential awe towards everything mediæval. He regards the past with intelligence, rather than sympathy. He has small respect for the asceticism of the monk, or the swooning ecstacies of the saint. His comment on such matters is that "sanity, temperance, moderation—these were not the characteristic qualities of the Middle Ages." In the same spirit he insists that the long and bitter feud between Florence and Siena was not political and religious, but commercial; that it was not due to divergent convictions as to the relative importance of Church and State and had small connection with Guelf or Ghibelline ideals, but was based upon competition for the trade which flowed to the Roman market by the great road that passes first through Florence, and then through Pisa, on its way. The Sienese, he says, were a nation of armed shopkeepers.

> We see these merchant-nobles, these swarthy knights who bore their standard to victory on the blood-stained banks of the Arbia, dealing in wax and pepper, negotiating bills of exchange, and selling good coin and bad coin in the markets of Troses and Provins, of Paris and London. And then we see them on their way homewards, laden with good silver, and bringing with them in their caravans piled-up bales of cloth of Flanders. And lastly we watch the slow-moving cavalcade enter the Camollia Gate, and wind up the narrow streets of Siena, until it comes to a halt in front of some Gothic palace, where husbands, and sons, and lovers meet the women who had watched and waited for them through long weary months. . . . These *grandi* of Siena, *milites et*

Google

mercatores, were more useful members of society than the barons of England and France, who spent their time in hawking and hunting and feats of arms.

In mediæval Italy, then, the sword was at least as much a commercial as a political or theological weapon. It was drawn, as a rule, from motives of pecuniary gain. The period which in other countries has been called the Age of Chivalry, the Age of Faith, was, in Italy, the age of barter and monopoly, of usury and false coinage, propagated by the merchant-knight and his clerkly man-at-arms.

Not only was the soldier influenced mainly by monetary considerations, but so also was the artist. In the fourteenth century when Siena, larger than London or Paris, was at her greatest in population, wealth, and importance, Sienese art, in the hands of Duccio di Buoninsegna, Simone Martini, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, and Giacomo della Quercia, was superior to that of Florence, or indeed any other town. At this time, while Rome was enthralled by her vulgar and ridiculous Rienzi, Siena produced St. Catherine, a great world-factor, soon to be followed by San Bernardino and Pope Pius II. It was only when Sienese merchants were prospering that Siena became one of the chief centres in Europe of religion and art.

Professor Douglas complains that the fame of Florence has been unjustly raised by the fame of her admirers.

> Whilst Florence has had the ear of the civilised world, from the days of Dante to the age of Vasari, and from the age of Vasari to our own time, there has been no Sienese historian or critic who has caught the ear of Europe.

Though doubtless this is partly the fault of Siena, whose claims are not equal to those of Florence, the smaller town deserves more attention than it receives. It is more picturesque and more mediæval than Florence, has a distinct individuality compared with the somewhat cosmopolitan, modern Tuscan capital; and its collection of treasures in architecture, painting, sculpture, and mosaic, contains specimens of world-wide celebrity.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When Mr. Barrie was christened, of the fairy godmothers who attended, one came in the disguise of a baby and one wore the wings of a bird. There was also a fairy godfather in the shape of a dog. About babies, birds, and big dogs, he knows everything.

We have been babies too, but we might just as well have been birds or puppies for all the good it does most of us. In fact we can understand barking and chirruping more easily than the language of the nursery, and the remarks of a person of two years old are as much or as little intelligible as Chinese to the general public. Yet once we also spoke that strange tongue of cooing sounds, of noises almost as sweet as songs. We have forgotten; our own children dwell afar from us in a foreign country; but when an echo of it comes wafted on the wind, forthwith we begin to dream.

The first part of "Sentimental Tommy" held such an echo. **The Little White Bird** (Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s.*) holds many more. There are wrong notes in the book, jars and discords of sentiment not to be got over. It is too long, too full of episode, the spirit of pantomime sometimes crushes out fancy. The difficulty of keeping a tale of this kind just, and only just, credible, is great, and Mr. Barrie has not always steered clear of it. The magic is true to the life, but what is supposed to be real life is not always true to the kindred points of nature and of art. The story of the waiter, which might have been exquisite, is ruined, just as Dickens would have ruined it, by the exaggeration of his child. The story of the loss of the smile is terrible; it should have been a hint or two, and not a story at all. The visit to the clown needs to be hatched over again and hatched quite different, being, as it stands, far too gross for its surroundings. The crimes of authors against themselves are food for melancholy reflection. French authors are seldom their own enemies in this way. Is the very air that they breathe style, or do they criticise each other more severely? Whatever it may be, they have the art of writing about children without growing childish;

Google

Kenneth Grahame knows it also. Yet Mr. Barrie has far more genius than they, and not one of them could have touched the true parts of the book in imagination. Who does not long to be the mother of Maimie Mannering—or even of Mabel Grey? Who would not give ten years of life to have David A. call him "Dadda", or even Oliver Bailey? The joys and sorrows—the humbleness and pride—the absurd, pathetic reticences and confidences of lonely middle age—how many hearts of bachelors has Mr. Barrie rifled, that he knows all their secrets? It is, of course, a mere freak that Charles Lamb has written a paragraph here and there, and a more ancient author two or three pages. No one that ever lived except Barrie could have written the story of Peter Pan. However, the old Greeks underlie everything—even the modern Scotch. "Everything that is not a law of Nature is, in its origin, Greek," said Sir Henry Maine. And so great Pan travels along the ages. No longer has he power to hold creation under his mighty spell of sleep at noon. The busy towns know nothing of Pan; they hear twelve o'clock strike without awe, and say "the dinner-hour!" No longer does he "pursue a mortal, and clasp a reed." Like much that once was rough and strong, he has become a baby, and for all the hundreds of years that have treasured his name, he is but a week old. Whether he rides upon a goat or not, the mothers of the babies in the Baby's Walk know, and not their grandmothers. But still he takes his pleasure when all the world lies hushed. And still he plays upon the pipes, and the chestnut-tree by the bridge over the Serpentine hears him wearying for summer, playing that summer has come, and blossoms earlier than the other chestnuts. And still he woos a little girl, and is so little human that he knows not what kisses are. And still he charms us all—not to sleep, but to dream.

Mr. Basil Lubbock's **Round the Horn before the Mast** (Murray, 8*s.* net) is no more than the author's log-book on the voyage of the *Royalshire* from San Francisco home. It

Google

has no literary pretension, being simply each day's notes as they were jotted down; but Mr. Lubbock can write and describe well when he thinks it worth while, and his journal is alive from the first page to the last. The *Royalshire* met with the most infernal weather, and a good deal of Mr. Lubbock's time appears to have been spent *under water*, the waves coming from every quarter, like the cannon at Balaclava, and sweeping everything into the lee-scuppers.

> Great Cape Horn greybeards, with crests a mile and a half long, roar up behind us, and at one moment you see a great green sea with a boiling whirlpool of foam on its top, which looks as if it must poop you, and wash you away from the helm; the next moment the gallant vessel has lifted to it, and it roars past on either hand, breaking on the main deck with a heavy crash and clanging of ports, then sweeping forward in a mighty flood of raging, hissing, seething icy-cold water.

That is a good description, and there is plenty more of the same sort, showing that the writer is one who can see and tell what he has seen, and is alive to the beauty as well as the terror of the mighty element.

> The scene was now extraordinary. The lightning forked from one horizon to the other; there was a "Jack o' Lantern" or "St. Elmo's Light" at each mast-head, perched on the truck; the masts, yards, and stays were outlined in electric fluid, as if the ship were lit up by electric light.
>
> The flashes were blinding, so close and dazzling were they, but between the flashes the darkness was so intense that you might cut it up in blocks of ebony (p. 269).

Modern as well as Ancient Mariners do not seem to be able to resist the temptation of killing the albatross, though they know that it will bring them an ill wind. But when you are as hungry as this unfortunate crew was, it is impossible not to kill and eat anything that comes in the way, even though it be as unsavoury and ill-omened as an albatross.

Mr. Lubbock barked, bruised and wounded every part of his body, put his knee out of joint, was nearly starved and drowned, herded with brutish companions, was worked almost to death, never had a moment's comfort or warmth, except in

Google

his sleeping-bag now and then; and seems to have enjoyed it all and to be ready for more of the same fun. This, and what we read of our soldiers in South Africa, is good evidence that our nation has not lost its grit.

Much of the sea "language," however characteristic, is superfluous, and reminds us of Sydney Smith's "Let us suppose everybody and everything to be damned, my Lord, and get to business." Mr. Lubbock should give the land-lubbers a glossary of sea-terms (exclusive of the "language") in his next edition of this breezy dashing book.

The Ancestor (Constable, 5*s.* net) has now made its fourth quarterly appearance; we have become accustomed to its outward magnificence of print, paper, and illustrations, but hardly yet to the excellence of its contents: it improves steadily, and

> Still the wonder grows
> How one small crown can purchase all it knows.

As in the previous numbers, so in this, there are several papers by Mr. J. Horace Round which would alone suffice to make the periodical one of permanent value. The most important of these is the article headed "Notes on the Lord Great Chamberlain Case," which is entertaining as well as instructive. Another on "The Arms of the King Maker," is, for heralds at least, of equal interest, and sets forth as good an example as could be chosen of the principles underlying the mediæval practice in the marshalling of arms.

Four excellent series are continued: one of "Huguenot Families" (the Vandeputs this time), one of "Extinct Cumberland Families" (the Tilliols), one of "Chancery Suits of the time of Charles I.," and a fourth setting out in parts "A Fifteenth Century Book of Arms," with numerous shields, roughly drawn but excellent in style, and supplying, as we can testify from experience, useful copies for book-plates, bindings, or other decorative purposes. A lighter element is contributed by Mr. Oswald Barron, who has all the traditional ferocity of

Digitized by Google

the antiquary, and finds every joint in his opponents' armour with a savage glee. In "The Bonny House of Coulthart" he is merely giving exhibition cuts upon a "Turk's head," but on p. 251 he meets a live man worthy of his steel in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The good knight is, we need hardly say, *sans peur et sans reproche:* his style and temper are perfect, and if he is overthrown (as he is, man and horse) it is because he is hopelessly handicapped by the fourteenth-century arms and methods, to which he has not been trained. It is a right joyous combat.

It only remains to add that the illustrations, especially those representing the arms in glass in Salisbury Cathedral (two of these finely coloured), are worthy of the house which produced last year Mr. St. John Hope's magnificent portfolio of "Stall Plates of the Knights of the Order of the Garter."

Google

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY

I

By COUNT N. BANFFY

(*Hungarian ex-Premier*)

THE rumour of a possible dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy within reasonable distance—a hundred years or more—cannot boast the slightest shadow of foundation. It can only originate among people totally unacquainted with the situation inside the Monarchy, or, granting them the benefit of such acquaintance, totally devoid of political judgment.

Both Austria and Hungary are aware that failing the common bond which ensures their twofold independence, neither could survive except through the hardest of struggles. The necessity of its maintenance is not a purely political one; from the economic standpoint, Austria and Hungary are thrown on their mutual resources, and this is a factor which is daily growing in importance.

Dynastic loyalty has remained unshaken throughout the changes wrought by centuries.

The idea of rending Hungary from the Hapsburg rule has

Google

never found expression in any part of this kingdom, not even among the maddest of squibs and the most disreputable of agitators. Nay, I should think it hardly advisable, in a socialist meeting, to declare openly against the King.

Hungarian loyalty to the reigning House is *above discussion*. The incident sometimes quoted in support of the contrary opinion, *i.e.*, the Independence Declaration of 1849, is universally regarded as a mere incident, and by no means as a happy one. This appreciation prevails within the Kossuth party itself: hence the said episode of the Constitutional War of 1848–49 has been buried by the common consent in dead silence.

Throughout the Austrian provinces—Galicia, Austria's latest acquisition, not excluded—dynastic loyalty is equally prominent. All movements in the opposite direction—Italian irredentism, autonomian cravings in South Tyrol, &c.—lack both popular sympathy and economic justification.

Moreover, in the very absence of the centripetal forces just mentioned, the all-sufficient necessity of the balance of powers in Europe would exclude *à priori* the possibility of a dissolution. Napoleon's famous postulate, "Si l'Autriche n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer," is as true as ever. The Eastern Question affords us a striking instance of slow dismemberment and partition; after such an experience, can we imagine Europe allowing another similar but far more difficult problem to arise?

You ask me to appreciate the importance of the various factors which tend towards disunion. I feel bound to remark that the implied differences are absolutely misunderstood abroad, and wilfully distorted and puffed up by the French press in particular. I also wish to emphasise a necessary distinction as regards the contention between Austria and Hungary on one hand, and that of the several Austrian peoples among themselves on the other. The main difference between Austria and Hungary has practically been settled: the *Ausgleich* has at last been concluded by both Governments,

Google

and requires now but the consent and sanction of Parliament. That consent, in my opinion, is *a certainty.*

The questions outside the *Ausgleich* and still pending partake of no international significance. They deal with financial technicalities, and their importance is not so great that they can arouse any considerable discontent.

As regards the military Bills actually before the Parliament, they have no immediate link with Austro-Hungarian legislation.

In brief, the want of agreement between Austria and Hungary may be considered as terminated; in any case the true line of policy should tend towards closer union.

Considering now the internal discord in Austria, its causes are doubtless manifold. Of these one at least is to be found in the vast mismanagement of the politico-national problem during the period of 1870–90; this mismanagement reached its climax under the Hohenwart and Taaffe Ministries.

The introduction of universal suffrage has aggravated the crisis; the people have as yet failed to reach the intellectual level which must ever be the indispensable preliminary to such an innovation; thus, they come to prefer the tall-talk of ranters and quacks to the arguments of genuine politicians and respectable folk.

Another cause is the lack of uniformity in the economic sphere; entire *provinces* of the Austrian Empire (to be carefully distinguished from the *Kingdom* of Hungary) have economic interests directly opposed to one another—or think they have.

I am not an Austrian, and therefore do not consider myself qualified to suggest any internal reform for Austria's condition, but I can give the most emphatic denial to any suggestion of foreign influence or pressure. No single one among the neighbouring States contemplates such interference, nor would it be tolerated on our part.

Of course one finds both inside the Monarchy and in the neighbouring States fanatic zealots and charlatans who have

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

been led by purely linguistic kinship to feed on utopian conceptions of fraternity, solidarity, and other "fads."

But, whether here or outside, the part they play is a rather ridiculous one. These "honourable men but pitiful organ-grinders"—as the German Imperial Chancellor von Bülow once described them to me—meet everywhere and at all times with prompt and deliberate disavowal.

The Pan-German party can hardly be taken seriously. Its object is very probably of a personal character. At all events the Pan-German programme is sheer *Utopia*. I cannot imagine its ultimate realisation at any distance of time.

Google

II

BY DR. STANISLAS RITTER VON STARZYŃSKI,

(Leader of the Polish Conservative Party)

IN Austria-Hungary the political and national differences are equally balanced and both of far greater consequence than the social and religious contentions. Regardless of the fact that they number only one-third of the population in this the western half of our monarchy, and that the erection of the German Empire in 1871 points to the establishment of a second German state in its immediate neighbourhood as a political impossibility, the German-speaking Austrians will not renounce their conception of Austria as an exclusively German power. The historic mission of Austria has ever been to act as a storehouse for all the peoples and nations within her fold; indeed, whenever she has sought to cast herself into a purely German mould, the experiment has invariably proved abortive and disastrous. Nowadays it would stand even less chance of success; all the non-German races are growing steadily in numbers, material resources and intellectual importance alike, while equality of rights is guaranteed by our Constitution. Besides, the majority of Germans cling to the idea of a centralised Austria, whereas her natural and votal development is to be found in a wide-reaching system of autonomy and decentralisation.

The Bohemians claim before all things the restoration of the defunct Bohemian public law—more or less on the Hungarian pattern. That project I incline to regard as beyond realisation. In practice, they would rest content with an unfettered equality of their national rights in regard to the language question, supplemented by a parallel encouragement

Google

of their intellectual, administrative and industrial aspirations. They would thereby be assured of national and economic independence, and consequently of a predominant and durable share in Austrian politics.

In this connection their natural gifts, industry and perseverance, as also the rapid rise of the birth-rate in Bohemian districts, should do good service. Of course, the Germans form the chief obstacle to Bohemian aspirations; fearing to lose too heavily, they decline to grant what is but just and reasonable.

The Poles must see that they do not lose the storehouse which they have found in Austria, thanks to the wisdom and equity of Emperor Francis Joseph I., for their national and intellectual development, and must spare no effort towards the strengthening and furtherance of the Monarchy. To this end they advocate the institution of a public law system in harmony with the natural characteristics of the State, *i.e.*, autonomy, based on equality of national rights and on the historical conception of the "Crown Provinces," together with an extensive scheme of self-administration. The Poles consider it their duty to oppose any anti-national movement directed against one or the other Slav people of Austria, and on this ground have been repeatedly maligned by the Germans.

The religious strife has been artificially brought to a head. The "Los von Rom" movement is both anti-Austrian and anti-dynastic; it serves as a rallying-point to those only whose political ambition is to destroy Austria and unite with the German Empire. For this is the undisguised hearts' desire of our Pan-German party.

The main economic difficulty lies in the marked contrast between Galicia on the one hand, and the so-called German "Hereditary Dominions"—including Bohemia and Moravia—on the other. Of this contrast History affords us an easy explanation. Whilst the various Hereditary Dominions combined under the Hapsburg rule to unify their mutual development—a combination whence was ultimately evolved the

Google

Austrian State—Galicia led a quite different life—the Southern frontier-life of the Polish Realm—down to 1772, at which date she was grafted by an arbitrary stroke on to the German Hereditary Dominions. The idea, originally cherished, of "Germanising" Galicia, was subsequently abandoned as a hopeless and helpless one, but another idea, that of relegating Galicia to the place of an Austrian "Back-settlement," is still the guiding spirit of the day. As such, Galicia was to furnish a market for the industrial produce of Austria and Bohemia—a device easy enough to realise, in face of the almost exclusively agricultural interests of that region, provided the growth of any Galician industry worthy of the name were forthwith arrested in its early stage. Moreover, it is actually sought to check the very development of our agriculture, for the double purpose of hindering our competition in the grain-market and of forcing us to submit to the import of foreign grain—chiefly Hungarian—and flour.

These endeavours of the German Hereditary Dominions and of the Government can be traced step by step throughout the whole system of taxation, tariff-bills, and subsidies, and, last but not least, throughout every financial debate. Galicia is treated as a frontier-streak, which might easily be lost in the course of a European war; hence the argument that to devote to her improvement any substantial and permanent credit would not pay in the long run. The Galician representatives are uninterruptedly fighting against the prejudice which tends to regard their country as an inferior one, but hitherto they have met with very little success. In return they are often accused of attempting to drain the Common Treasury for the benefit of one province, whenever an important financial outlay is under discussion, be it the cost of erecting in Galicia a strategic railway indispensable to an Austrian system of national defence, or the prevention of an unjust charge on Galician ratepayers. Again, it happens not unfrequently that the votes of the Galician representatives constitute in the Reichsrath an impediment to one of the particularist or political

Digitized by Google

measures put forward by the German parties, in which case the latter invariably clamour for the exclusion of Galicia from the Austrian State-Union. This would mean either incorporation within Hungary or else an isolated position severing all connection and co-operation with the Austrian Empire.

You see that our party grievances are manifold. We protest first of all against Austria's centralising tendency in the legislative sphere. To confer on the Reichsrath as a legislative body exclusive and unlimited authority is to deny both the natural structure of this Empire and the multifarious conditions of the sundry Crown Provinces. We protest, too, against the imperfect observance of that principle which recognises all national rights as on an equal footing; and, more especially, against the malignant attitude displayed towards Galicia, whenever the question of our material and economic needs is at stake. Our most vital, industrious and successful enterprises are unhesitatingly crushed, if the process seems to promise some petty advantage to one or the other of the provinces; all fail to see what they would eventually gain, were Galicia a wealthy, not an impoverished, buyer.

From a more general political standpoint we censure:

(1) The lack of independence betrayed in Austria's economic relations with Hungary.

(2) The scandalous administration of the Fisc.

(3) The weakness of the Government in face of radical and other extremist agitators, the enemies of the State and of society at large.

The transactions in the Reichsrath afford the most striking illustration of this weakness. True, an Austrian Government, in order to resist with equal energy and success foreign pressure; Hungarian particularism, and all other subversive movements, requires the support or co-operation of a parliamentary majority imbued with a high sense of its patriotic mission, and conducted on vigorous and truly political lines. I feel nevertheless justified in asserting that the late ministries, and the one in power, are largely responsible for the present crisis.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The means hitherto devised for the improvement of parliamentary relations have been unprincipled and superficial, hence doomed to an early failure. They answered no political purpose or programme. A sound reform in the parliamentary sphere is only possible as the outcome of a similar reform throughout the State itself. The remedy must affect the deeper chords. The system inaugurated by the Koerber ministry admits of no outlet in any direction. What is required is the reconstruction of the State—and State policy—on its natural basis, viz., provincial autonomy and equality of national rights; and the restriction of business transacted in the Reichsrath to the legislative labours common to all provinces. Apart from these specific considerations we must at all times, and on all occasions, in the administrative as in the judicial, in the political as in the personal, sphere, be invariably guided by a thoughtful and statesmanlike purpose, moral earnestness, justice and impartiality. But, above all, we must promote the principle of an inexorable application of the law, whenever by so doing we can safeguard the authority and dignity of either State or Parliament. I need hardly add that such an attitude implies a political programme built on clear and well-defined principles, and the firm resolution to stand or fall by that programme, and I repeat: In the absence of stringent limitations on the influence of the Central Parliament and of an equally far-reaching extension of the powers of the provincial Parliaments (Landtage), the situation in Austria is absolutely hopeless. A mere change in the Standing Orders of the Reichsrath—whatever the compass of that change—can afford only the most trifling mitigation. Besides the present outlook compels us to regard its material success as little short of impossible.

Google

III.—A CONCLUSION

By MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL

AT all times our faithful friend, Austria may once more in the near or distant future be called upon to play the not unfamiliar part of our trusty ally. It may be reasonably hoped that pacific resistance will answer the purpose of a breakwater two-edged against ever-rising tides of Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism; the full accomplishment of these programmes would inevitably imply aggrandisement at Austria's expense, with the much-dreaded conflict of Slav and Teuton as the most probable outcome. The possibility of such an event is happily discounted by a mutual distrust which goes far to paralyse any direct move on either side; and still more by the declaration of the Kaiser and his Chancellor that Germany's future lies on the sea, and by the peaceful principles of the reigning Czar. No one, however, can foretell what change may ultimately be wrought by popular pressure on weaker Sovereigns or ministers. British interests are on the side of peace. We cannot desire nor allow that either rival should be totally annihilated as a military power, for such a consummation could but re-arm the victor for the realisation of that Asiatic Empire, at present only dreamed of by both. Besides, the first step in this direction must needs be the absorption of Austria-Hungary as a preliminary to the seizure of Constantinople, a seizure the Dual Monarchy can never quietly countenance. An equal danger—although one almost outside the range of practical politics—would arise were Slav and Teuton to contemplate a joint-partition, involving the incorporation of the conglomerate elements of the central

Google

Empire into the dominions of the aggressors. This action would require to be met on our part by active co-operation with the menaced Empire.

But whether as a formal or potential, a passive or active, ally, Austria strong, that is, united, is a European interest, and for us a necessity; and in her critical moments our sympathy might well be shown in advice and counsel, which would be none the less valuable if in some degree interested. Unfortunately, owing to the hasty and speculative judgment nowadays passed by both the public and the press, regardless of expert opinion, on the complexities of foreign affairs, our attitude of late towards our friends on the Danube has been that of the *docteur tant pis*. We have been talking, not of a grave and acute crisis, the presence of which cannot be, and is not, denied, but of agony, of impending dissolution. This is not the way to help a cure, rather is it the way to prevent its working. Such language brings its own retribution.[1] One country loses its share of the industries, slow perhaps, but certainly promising of a land very rich in natural resources. More than that, it is by this means that the Pan-German agitators, who, under cover of an usurped electoral mandate, practise high treason in its legal form, acquire the prestige of a *raison d'être*.

To test and determine as far as possible the soundness or baselessness of the current alarmist rumours, I shall now attempt to draw from the various communications received from Austria-Hungary impartial and comprehensive conclusions.

[1] I can readily understand the exasperation which underlies the following reply to my query received from Dr. Otto Lechner, the German Progressist leader: "I can only describe the alarmist rumour as frivolous invention, malevolent aspersion, and contemptible gossip"; and the more diplomatic "switch" turned on by Baron Chlumecky, the late President of the Reichsrath, in these lines: "No Austrian, especially one in my position, can discuss the eventuality —*a quite inconceivable one*—of a disruption of the Hapsburg Monarchy." But I do not consider either embodiment of patriotism as belonging to the most enlightened or enlightening type.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

My correspondents unanimously admit that it is the acute phase recently reached in the twofold question of nationalities which is at the root of the present crisis. Of these questions of nationality one affects the Austrian Empire properly so-called, the other, distinct in character but closely linked with the former, touches the relations between the Austrian Empire and the quasi-independent Kingdom of Hungary. The economic and social crises—at the present time the more or less distressing appanage of all European States—serve only to embitter the racial controversies.

The psychological cause of the various nationalist movements is one and the same. Every national unit, forming a constituent element of a mixed State, has a latent dread of seeing its own distinctive entity vanish in the centralising of the administration. This finds expression in active resistance the moment that the directing power of the centralised administration shows signs of neglecting to maintain the equality of national rights guaranteed by the constitution, and, instead of maintaining honestly a common ground of hopes and aspirations, is apparently conniving at an attempt by one of the racial elements to monopolise the direction of affairs. It is not impossible that what the other members of the Empire denounce as an attempt on the part of one of their number to secure a selfish hegemony may be in reality a truly national and unselfish conception, open to suspicion only because it proceeds from the initiative of one instead of all. But unfortunately distrust is quick to waken in party politics, especially when hereditary rivalry enters into the question. Confidence is not restored if the managers of the party in power, to arrive at their originally legitimate aims, make no scruple of yielding certain arbitrary demands of its extreme wing, who are of course ultra-nationalist and anti-national, in return for some temporary support. The primary object of the programme of unification is thus lost sight of and the whole project encounters indiscriminate opposition.

Though there is but a single cause for this resistance to the

Google

idea of union, the manner and tone adopted by the several nationalities varies very considerably. With all, however, it is the expression of a desire to strengthen their individuality in the constitutional sense of the term. For the main body of the state, that circumstance provides a safeguard whose importance it is hardly possible to exaggerate, and a guarantee far superior to the specific centripetal forces of history, geography, and economics, so skilfully marshalled by my correspondents; for this desire, embracing all these other influences, supplies them with a common end, in the place of their previous detached attitude. Further, this gravitation towards autonomy is essentially opposed to the present methods of fusion, more or less absolutist in character, which are practised by the two Imperial neighbours of the Dual Monarchy. The vast majority of the principal peoples composing this Monarchy are thereby forbidden to seek to work out their own salvation elsewhere than within their own proper borders, and foreign administrators are likewise dissuaded from attempting the incorporation of racial off-shoots, whose traditions of secular legislation are the formal negation of their own; this would be but to introduce the nucleus of danger and discord, a "Danaergeschenk," to use the picturesque but untranslatable phrase of the Christian Social leader.

Apart from the Pan-German agitators, three secondary movements may claim international importance, as finding a popular echo beyond their own limits. But the two whose aims are to create a Greater Servia and a Greater Roumania are doomed to failure by reason of material impotence. On the other hand, the sympathies of the Austro-Italians for the peninsula have been very impartially estimated by Dr. Stransky as against Dr. Gessmann, whose portrayal of Italy as a bankrupt State is entirely contradicted by the steady progress which the annual budgets have now shown for some time. The Austro-Italians are, in fact, insignificant in numbers, and their cession to their native kingdom would have been peacefully authorised long ago, were not the possession of the

Google

port of Trieste indispensable to Austria to secure her power in the Mediterranean, and ultimately in the Balkans.

Turning now to the internal policy adopted by the other and more important peoples in opposition to the supposed German monopoly, the policy of the Magyars may be styled a defensive one; it consists generally in the maintenance of their independence as at present possessed, and, among the ultra-nationalists, in further securing their position of exclusiveness.

The privileged situation of Hungary furnishes, no doubt, a powerful incentive to the easily aroused jealousy of the Polish minority, whose spokesman is the Chevalier de Starzyński. Deducing from the abuse or misapplication of the principle of centralisation that the principle itself is false, the Poles demand the adoption of the contrary plan of decentralisation. Their cry is for a confederation of little States, self-administered by the Local Parliaments or Landtage. Such an organisation would certainly result after a long or short interval in the dissolution of the Austrian Empire. Local government is by its nature obnoxious to the temperament of the hot-blooded and synthetic races, the Latins and the Slavs. This general consideration is supplemented in the case of Austria by the more technical reflection that to thicken by the establishment of local self-administration the natural wall which severs peoples of heterogeneous origin, would be to destroy at once all chance of the desired national unification, and formally to renounce all idea of "Austrian concentration." The bestowal on each particular unit of its own legislative sphere could have but one result, whether force intervened or time were allowed to complete its work peacefully. In either case, the separate units would find themselves absorbed by the foreign empire with which they had ties of consanguinity and race.

The idea of an Austrian concentration is only dimly suggested by Dr. Gessmann in his metaphorical description of Austria as a "land of compromise." Dr. Stransky endows it with potential and objective reality in the following note appended to his eloquent article of last month:

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Our main grievance against the ruling policy of Austria is that equality of national rights—an equality guaranteed by the fundamental and other laws of the State—is at present withheld from us. This result was achieved in the early years of the so-called "constitutional" era by parliamentary governments which leaned towards German interests, and were backed by a Reichsrath artfully constructed for our prejudice. Nowadays a similar course is pursued by the rule of a self-styled "neutral" bureaucracy, whose formal assumption of power was made at the time of combined German obstruction. In order to avert a repetition of this obstruction on the Left side of the House, the Government has hatched a theory about the necessity of an understanding between the two national parties whenever some satisfaction is granted our national needs. To the superficial observer this recognition of equality of title seems to confer the same rights upon both parties, while it subjects us in reality to the tutelage of the Germans—our opponents. The reverse is not the case, for the Germans as a satiate people do not require our consent towards the gratification of any vital ambition. We wish and demand that our national rights be fully proportioned to our material necessity and our historical economic and intellectual development—not merely subject to the whims of our adversaries. That is why we are in open strife with German hegemony, and the struggle for our language rights is only a symptom and by no means the main object of the conflict.

Austria, if she is to emerge uninjured from this conflict, must needs concentrate all her efforts around the original—I would fain say unadulterated—"Austrian Idea." Respectful of the historic and natural individuality of each of her peoples, she should ensure and promote their individual interests as entitled to equal privileges and regards. But, alas! the road to an agreement, if theoretically open, is barred in practice, since the Germans, as the exclusive possessors of political power in Austria, refuse to share it with us. We must await therefore a strong *régime*, which will dispose otherwise—no matter by what means—of the national equality of title of the Bohemian population. Pending this truly great and only straightforward line of conduct, the question how the present Government will unravel the chaotic intricacies of the present situation is of very secondary importance.

In spite of its weighty exposure of German hegemony I do not believe that this broad-minded and authoritative programme is likely to satisfy the extremist views of those radical Czechs, whose popularity is unfortunately very great just now, and whose violent disclaimer of the clear and moderate policy professed by the Young Czech leaders has become only too notorious. It is the manifestation in politics of the spirit of

Google

revenge, and I fear that in the event, improbable it is true, of the easy and complete triumph of the Czecho-Slavs, a new monopoly, far more perilous than the old, would be established, because of the numerical superiority of the victors. But Dr. Stransky's luminous statement reveals—on the part of the thinkers among the great Bohemian nation, of whom he is the highly distinguished representative—a deep sense of the importance of what we may term the unitarian theory. Put into practice, this, irrespective of the standing assurance thereby provided against external assaults, would be the promise to the Hapsburg monarchy of speedy extrication from the present condition of stagnant immobility in every sphere of public and private initiative.

The unitarian theory may have convinced the superior intellects, those capable of political generalisation; but it has so far failed to penetrate the mass of the people or even the parliamentary representatives. Very seldom does it appear on the public platform, and only in a hesitating and half-hearted manner. It has hitherto found concrete expression in the unique personality of the venerable Emperor and King, to whose sense of justice, as we have seen, the most determined particularist does not refuse his tribute of admiration and respect.

I refuse, however, to subscribe to the mischievous doctrine epigrammatically phrased a short time ago by a famous Balkan politician: "there is but one Austrian in Austria, Francis Joseph." I know that this is echoed by most of the public opinion in this country, and a leading diplomatist has not hesitated to lend it the authority of his pen. But I look upon it as sheer insult to those intelligent patriots, and we know they exist, who, in the face of innumerable and painful obstacles are aiming at the same goal. Moreover, the reverent sympathy which invests the present occupant of the throne of the Hapsburgs is due not to his own winning personality, though that no doubt intensifies this feeling, but to the long association of throne and people through centuries of glorious achievements

Google

and of sufferings hardly less glorious. To maintain, therefore, that the sympathetic feeling will disappear with the passing of an individual ruler is to be false to the teachings of psychology and of history. The indifference to precedent displayed by the Heir to the Crown in his calculated interference in the Cabinet discussion on the Ausgleich question, and the splendid audacity of his marriage—a choice which should endear him to all Bohemian hearts—seem to promise the country a ruler of energy; and his popularity will by no means be impaired if at first he prove disconcerting to the "Court fossils," who cannot see any more solid foundation for the dynasty than the mummified rigidity of chamberlains and a code of ethics much akin in spirit to those of the Stone Age. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand has another great recommendation in his ardent Catholicism. Catholicism provides one of the most comprehensive meeting-grounds for all three majorities—German, Slav, and Latin; it sunders the Austro-Germans from the Protestant rule of Prussia, the Austro-Slavs from the orthodox rites of Russia, the Austro-Italians from the freethinking radicalism of Italy. I might add that from the Roman standpoint, now that France, formerly the elder daughter of the Church, is bound hand and foot by Gallic freethought (sad misnomer!) Austria is more than ever the representative Catholic power. It will be recognised also that the Romish Church has done good service to the Austrian State by turning the threatening stream of social democracy—for a time at least—into a side channel, where religious influences may calm the troubled waters. All these considerations lead me to the conclusion that the strengthening of the Catholic idea implies equally the strengthening of the idea of Austrian unity. But there is one point on which it is impossible to lay too much stress—strength must be allowed to develop naturally on prudent lines and moral principles. The intolerance of Ultramontanism with its shameless exhibition of ritual murders must be avoided. To do otherwise would be to injure such parties as the Hungarian Protestants and the German rationalists, both highly respectable in numbers,

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

character, and ability. Another error must be equally guarded against. Blind concessions to the demagogue may serve the purpose of a temporary soothing draught, but they tend to confer legislative sanction on political conceptions which are essentially anti-dynastic and anti-clerical. The Princes of the Austrian Church should seek to guide their followers in the paths of that liberalism which, in the political and theological fields alike, is gradually asserting its beneficent influence among the Roman Episcopate of France and Germany, and restoring to light the central edifice, too long obscured by the scaffoldings of the Italian Curia.

The two elements, the dynastic idea and the Catholic idea, which I have just examined, irrespective of the material support afforded to the first of the two by military unification, enlist the practically unanimous sympathies of the Austrian peoples. They constitute what the late Professor W. R. Herkless, of Glasgow, rightly termed the static principle, the principle of conservation, which is indispensable to the maintenance of the State. But that maintenance is equally dependent on the contrary or kinetic principle of innovation, for survival to-day is everywhere synonymous with progress. In the view of the secular politician the monarchist and religious ideals are but sentimental abstractions, with no absolute permanence of character—they are not, and cannot be, sufficient for the formation of an Austrian *mentality*, still in the embryonic stage of development. This Austrian mentality can issue only in a truly Austrian State and policy—for, as Chevalier de Starzyński remarks, reform must touch the deeper chords; must itself originate with, and be strengthened by, such a policy. Hurried enthusiasm can do little; no one people, no one ministry, can bring about the change. Patience and earnestness are needed, and a series of ministries imbued with the spirit of fairness and the desire to complete a scheme of unification and inaugurate a common policy in which each racial element shall be proportionately represented.

As Dr. Gessmann puts it, the Austrian Government of the

Google

future must "stand high above the various parties and peoples," but must beware of that dangerous optimism to which the Christian Social leader seems to incline, and which would allow party struggles to undermine the foundations of the State. The relentless and unequivocal application of the law must subdue all resistance—parliamentary obstruction and riotousness included—which does not confine itself to the legal framework of the national existence. Should that legal framework be found defective, amendment should follow without delay. The task would be facilitated morally by the comprehensive sense of the reigning dynasty, and materially by the institution, as advocated by Dr. Max Menger, one of the German Progressist leaders, and an eminent jurist and economist, of a Consultative Council of State. In this Council, which it is curious to find still unknown to Austria, would meet the highest embodiments of the static and kinetic principles.

The legislative and objective sphere thus reformed, the legislators must take the initiative and proceed to instil the idea of an "Austrian mentality" into the popular intelligence. Success can only depend on a simultaneous revision of the educational system throughout the country on similarly broad and national lines, with due consideration for racial and individual claims and interests. This revision of education would centre on the most disputed, the most difficult, and most pressing point in the nationalist campaign, although, as Dr. Stransky rightly remarks, the language question is but the leading incident rather than the particular object of Slav opposition. Dr. Max Menger sums up the German view of the question as follows:

> All statistics testify to the giant strides made by the various States in their ever-increasing relations with one another. Nor could it be otherwise, having regard to the progressive and multifarious improvement of international means of communication and information. From a comparative standpoint, still greater is the intercourse between two countries belonging to the same State, especially when those two countries, connected by political and historical ties, are not geographically separated and living side by side, but lead in many

Google

ways a promiscuous and common life. The innumerable points of mutual intercourse in the judicial, administrative, and legislative spheres prove the absolute necessity of an intermediary language if we are to ensure the perfect working of the highest functions in both State and society, and prevent the development of our public life and organisation from lagging behind that of other States.

The non-German nations oppose the recognition of German as the official language of Austria. Law, historical evolution and tradition, are on our side; but our strongest, nay, our irrefutable argument is to be found in the urgent material necessity for such a course; there is no other road to settlement. Indeed, the most prominent among Slavonic scholars concede that no Slav language—Russian included—can answer the purpose of an intermediary language, not even for purely commercial relations between the several Slav nations. Besides, in Austria the intermediary language would be designed for the use of all peoples, whether Slav, German, or Latin, and not with an exclusive view to commercial, but to the highest relations in the common realm of Public Law. To admit the necessity of an intermediary language implies the wish that its use in regard to the other national languages be regulated by law; in other words, that its delimitation should not be at the mercy of caprice or custom. In the latter case, not only would these delimitations be doomed to fluctuation—bearing in mind the very abrupt changes which mark the development of our political system—they would inevitably provide handy material for political hagglers and traders, and threaten to become an instrument of corruption.

I hardly think that any unprejudiced and rational mind, fully alive to the exigencies of modern public life in its various aspects, can deny the logical force with which the German Progressist leader puts his case. But taking into account the distrustful and defiant attitude of the Slav peoples at present, I cannot conceive any immediate success for the cause he champions. Dr. Menger admits this, and the view is corroborated by the recent failure of the Czecho-German conference on the subject. Nor do I entirely blame the Czech attitude. The immense influence exerted by phonetic expression on thought, on mentality—whichever creates the other—cannot be denied. The enforcement of the supremacy of the German language on all Austrian peoples would, at a more or less distant point of time, eliminate Slav phonetic expressions and consequently Slav mode of thought. This would

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

certainly be to unite the Austrian mentality, but only by assimilation to the purely German, and the fatal result would duly ensue and Austria be swallowed up in the German Empire. The scheme is indeed far more dangerous than the decentralisation proposed by the Poles, and condemned above, from the presence of linguistic identity.

This danger is naturally emphasised by the proceedings of a certain section of the Germans who naïvely or intentionally exaggerate the perils of Pan-Slavism in connection with the Slav population of the Empire. We have seen that politically the Austrian Slavs are entirely opposed to Russian absolutism, whilst the platonic character of their intellectual sympathy has been well indicated by Dr. Stransky. They will cling persistently to the view that, from the lofty standpoint of absolute justice, the German language ought not to have the supremacy. And their view is strengthened by the fact that the German-speaking population are a minority, and that the German party does not scruple, in order to carry out its plan, occasionally to ally itself with the unpatriotic Pan-Germans.

Yet I venture to think that with more frankness and earnestness on all sides it would be possible to arrive at the necessary compromise. The remedy, if I may hazard a suggestion, can be found only in some influence which would counterbalance the acceptation of German as the intermediary language and discount so influential a factor in favour of German hegemony and Pan-Germanism. That influence might be sought in a plan which obtains recognition in Belgium, where French and Flemish flourish side by side. It might thus be possible to render in the schools both the local and the German languages obligatory for all, so that the German language would be treated as a foreign modern language in those districts where the Slav population predominates. Germans living in Slav provinces would find compensation for the burden of learning the Slav tongue in the social and business advantages which would result from closer intercourse with, and better understanding of, their non-German

Digitized by Google

neighbours. In purely German-speaking districts the question might be left open for a time, pending a similar but less urgent arrangement with Hungary. In all respects the possession of two mediums of expression and thought would be very effective in creating a truly Austrian mentality, blending at least two elements, and would be undeniably instrumental in improving mutual relations.

Of both the advantages and disadvantages of the imposition of an intermediary State language carried to its full limits among heterogeneous peoples, and not confined to the strictest requirements of public life and progress, Hungary affords an illustrative example. The eight millions of the Magyars form hardly one-half of the total population of the kingdom, yet in Parliament and country they have up to the present time exercised an undisputed hegemony over the German Slav and Latin strangers within their borders. This result is largely due to a linguistic supremacy; but the slowly growing revolt of the Uitlanders, a danger recently emphasised in a famous utterance by Count Apponyi, the President of the Lower House, gives us reason to doubt whether their proud supremacy will continue much longer. Yet history supplies them with strong claims to independence, which are not lessened by Austrian indebtedness, for more than once that dynasty has owed its salvation to the Magyars. A race of mediæval pride, almost of caste prejudice, they have kept their blood remarkably pure from alien admixture, and are thus related to none of the neighbouring and grasping kingdoms. To both Russians and Germans they are equally antagonistic, and, from another point of view, their Protestant sincerity is well calculated to prevent excess of Romish Ultramontanism. There is then no danger of their individualism drawing them to the outside; on they contrary, they are perhaps the chief obstacle to such tendencies in the other peoples, and a thorn in the flesh of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism alike. Their interest is to see that neither element, German or Slav, should ever upset the balance of power and reach undisguised supremacy,

Google

or threaten the existence of the Imperial and Royal Crown.

This care for the Monarchy, as a whole, does not appear, however, I am sorry to say, to be characteristic of all Magyars. Not merely the Independence party, but a large fraction of the Liberal Hungarian combination of late, as was seen in the Ausgleich debate, apparently for the mere gratification of reckless egotism, are opposing the conclusion of a commercial treaty, greatly in their favour, on the magnified ground that Austria is a purely industrial, Hungary a purely agricultural, country; and the undisguised animosity displayed at a recent sitting of the Hungarian Parliament against Count Julius Andrássy, the son of the famous foreign minister, goes far to show what courage is required to face the certain unpopularity of a demand for closer union.

His, and Count Banffy's, is a truly *national* conception, in the Austro-Hungarian sense, but that it will be strongly supported and come to early realisation is highly improbable in view of the temperature and prospects of both halves of the Monarchy at the present day. Such a consummation will be possible only when the idea of national concentration has grown to be a reality in Austria at least to the same extent as it already exists in Hungary. The Magyars will then no more have occasion or excuse for looking down upon the elements of the Austrian Empire. They will feel bound to descend from their lofty, nebulous, and isolated position, for fear of losing their due share in the formation of what should be an Austro-Hungarian mentality.

Still, to despair of the eventual solution of the problem would obviously be to misjudge the capacity of a land, which, at this hour, one of the most critical in its long history, can yet boast as pillars of a beloved dynasty and sovereign such men as Dr. Stransky and Dr. Lueger, Count Andrássy, Count Banffy, and M. Coloman de Szell. What a generative nucleus for the "Austro-Hungarian Concentration party" of the future!

Google

LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM

III

IT is probably inevitable that when men try to do two things at once, one of them will suffer. However intimately they may be connected one is sure to appear the more important and to absorb the best of the attention. In the new scheme set forth in Lord Selborne's memorandum, the Admiralty has tried to do two things. So intimately were they connected that now the effort has been made we see plainly the wisdom of tackling them together. We cannot but admire the bold grip and directness of purpose with which in one comprehensive design the Admiralty has sought to achieve these two things—unity in the body of officers and thoroughness in their education. Unity, or rather the first necessary stage of it, has been accomplished. It has been accomplished in the teeth of almost inconceivable difficulties and with an effort that must have been in the last degree exhausting. If a sufficiency of energy to do as much for education was not left we cannot reasonably complain. Nevertheless, there is no profit in shutting our eyes to the truth. Unity has indeed been brought within our grasp. It is education that has suffered.

So far as its primary stages are concerned the reform is thorough and in the right direction—a real reform which should

Google

clear away much of the old evil and start the cadet in the service with the best possible chance of becoming a master of his profession. But when we come to the end of the primary stage it is not so easy to find a good word to say. It is still to the education of executive officers that I would confine myself. It is there that lay the gravest of the old evils, and so far as their secondary and higher education goes, the old evils seem to remain almost untouched. Indeed, there is hardly any change at all. It is the old system that is with us still.

At the end of the midshipman's three years at sea, during which he is to be instructed exactly in the old discredited way, he will be expected to pass a qualifying standard in his third annual examination, and also in an examination in seamanship, which is still to be conducted locally in the manner which has become a byword in the service. If he succeeds he becomes an acting sub-lieutenant and just as before is sent home for a three months' course at Greenwich in mathematics, pilotage, and navigation, and then for a six months' course at Portsmouth in gunnery, torpedo, and engineering. If we consider for a moment how much a young officer can possibly learn of these subjects in the time, it is clear that the new courses can be nothing but what the old ones were—a recognition that his treatment afloat will not only cause him to forget elementary work which he has done at school but fail to teach him adequately the knowledge it purports to impart. It is the old remedy which is becoming a tradition with the modern Admiralty. Their faith in short courses appears to be unshaken. No matter what is wrong, a short course will set it right. It is an educational expedient that is peculiarly their own and we cannot help feeling it must owe its origin to their method of treating ships. From time to time a ship is sent into dock for an overhaul to be refitted and cleaned of the noxious growths that clog her. Officers are treated in the same way. This at least is the manner in which the victims receive their courses. "I suppose," you may hear them say, trying sailor-like to see the hopeful side of things, "I

Google

suppose it is a good thing to have a rub up now and then." Perhaps it is—as things stand now. But surely it should not be necessary. Surely to send your officers into dock periodically to have their brains scraped is not education.

In a system which demands this constant dry-docking there is clearly something wrong. The main function of a navy in time of peace is to be a school for war, and if it fails in the ordinary course of an officer's duties afloat to train him for command it is not properly performing that function. It is not, of course, pretended that there are not times when thorough courses are desirable, particularly for specialist and senior officers, but for junior officers the regular routine of duty ought to be enough, and the survival of this pernicious Greenwich course is an admission that the reform will not kill or pretend to kill the old evils of training afloat.

"Pernicious" may seem a strong word to use, but it is used deliberately, and there are few officers in the service who would not confess its justice. At the brink of manhood and fresh from sea, a young officer, who all his life has been subjected to the healthy restraint of a naval school and active ships, finds the ties of discipline suddenly relaxed. Eager to assert to himself and the world that he is no longer a boy, he is set down in a squalid suburb with the scantiest opportunity for healthy recreation or exercise and within easy reach of London. Is it reasonable to expect that what he derives from such a life will all be to his advantage or to that of the service? No one at least will pretend that he would not be far better at sea, both physically and morally. Intellectually, this break in a young officer's active life afloat is no more defensible. It has long been recognised that the comfortable prospect of the Greenwich course was the main inducement to listless work at sea. Midshipmen knew that it mattered little how small was the amount they learned afloat. Their work had no visible bearing on their future position in the service. They were seldom made to take it seriously. Too often it was an affair of odd moments, and no matter how they idled at sea, at

Google

Greenwich they could make up for lost time by cramming. It was easy enough to pass out of the College, and when that was done, a sponge was smeared over the past three years. That was the intellectual evil as it stood till now. Under the new scheme it will be intensified. The course has now a new meaning and a new importance. For it is after the Greenwich course that selection takes place for the branch of the service to which the officer is to be allotted. Presumably the examination is to assist the Admiralty in determining the capabilities and aptitudes of the candidates. If this is indeed the object nothing could so well defeat it. Instead of testing the young officers as they come straight from the sea with all the marks which the sea has made upon them easy to read, the Admiralty laboriously increases the chances of error by effacing those marks with an official process of cramming. For the course is and can be nothing but cramming. The time allowed for each subject does not admit of its being anything else. Thus that critical process of selection, upon which so much of the efficiency of our future navy must rest, will be made, not clearly upon the officers' real aptitude as developed by actual contact with duty afloat, but largely by their powers of assimilating the innutritious diet with which they have been officially gorged.

There is but one conclusion, Greenwich must go. The course is not only unnecessary but harmful. The mere process of dividing up the time between the six subjects to be dealt with is enough to demonstrate its futility. What of mathematics will a man learn to do him any good, who has been well taught the subject up to the age of seventeen and has then dropped it for three years? If he is a born mathematician, with very little encouragement he will have advanced himself by private study: if he is not, he will profit nothing. Again what more of gunnery is a man going to learn in two months, who has been instructed in it for three years at sea, and especially if, as I have ventured to suggest, he has been well grounded in it before joining an active ship? and what

Google

more will he learn of torpedo? and what, in heaven's name, of engineering? The whole thing will not bear a moment's analysis. Let the whole course be abolished. Let the boys be examined straight from sea in seamanship as well as the rest, and then let them be selected, not by that examination alone but by the results also of their yearly squadronal tests. If any failed to pass a qualifying standard, the course could be retained in miniature for them, but not at Greenwich, or they could be sent back to the Home or Channel squadron for another year. The adoption of such a system would at once go far to a remedy. Not only would young officers be no longer exposed to the pitfall into which so many stumble, but they would be made to feel that every moment of their work at sea was bearing directly on their destinies. The account would always be running against them, and there would no longer be the demoralising sense of the sponge ahead with which by good luck and a short effort they could be sure to have their slate wiped clean.

So soon as the selection is complete the sub-lieutenants, after the substantial leave which they will have earned, should go back to the fleet to do the two further years at sea for which the scheme provides. With proper instruction during the first three years they should now be fully competent to perform the duty afloat that will be required of them and in doing it will learn far more than any short course can teach them.

The advantage of a young officer's doing his five years at sea on end can hardly be over-estimated. In no less a period can we hope to make a seaman of him or to give him a real instinct for command. In no less a period can we hope to make up for the late age at which he will leave the shore, and for the prolongation of the schoolboy status to which his first years at sea are still to be condemned. Three years are not enough to turn a landsman into a sailor or a schoolboy into an officer. The break of a year will undo half that has been done towards achieving the transformation; whereas in five

Google

years' service afloat, practically continuous, the sea can set its mark on a man in a way that can never be effaced. Then you may bring him ashore at an age when he has acquired some resistance and some appreciation of the value of serious work. Then he may do long courses that will be of real value and regain the refining touch with social life beyond the narrow limits of the service. In this way you will ripen the fruit of his practice by advanced instruction when his mind and character are mature for ripening, and at the most receptive age you will prevent his sinking into the bondage of a naval caste without danger of making him any the less a sailor.

But in abolishing the early brain-scraping course we must not forget to tear up the causes which made it appear necessary. Whether this will be entirely possible under the partially amended system is doubtful. Unless the utmost care be taken to teach the midshipmen their work, as far as possible, in the actual discharge of duty, any system of instruction will tend to degenerate into schooling. The trail of the class-room will be over the ship, the midshipman will still be a half-timer, and his education will seem to him as before the least interesting and least important part of his life. It may be that there are experts at the First Lord's elbow whose familiarity with the conditions may have revealed to them a way of avoiding a recurrence of the old state of things. If so, it would be a relief to know how it is to be done. An outsider can only view the prospect with the gravest concern. Above all where the service is weakest the outlook is darkest. Every one knows that navigation in the navy is far from what it should be, and it is hard to believe that that at any rate is a subject that can be taught by instruction alone, or even mainly by instruction. The theory that is required is small, the practice infinite. Navigation in its highest and most practical sense is largely a matter of instinct and judgment that cannot be imparted by instruction. It can only be learned by observant contact with a man who knows, and by assisting him like an apprentice in arriving at his decisions. The lack of interest in the subject

Digitized by Google

throughout the service is a crying evil, and nothing can make it so detestable to a young mind as trying to acquire it in a class-room, and with no sense of responsibility if a mistake be made or a principle misapprehended. The other instructional subjects have possibly a better chance, but even in them the method of instruction can never bring the best results without a concurrent method of apprenticeship or understudy, akin to "devilling" at the Bar. Still if the Admiralty sees no way to deal with the training of junior officers other than that it has formulated, then, however much we may distrust its possibilities of success, it is no good crying over the disappointment. The only thing to do is to see how the ill weeds which the old system engendered can best be averted.

One cause of them has been already pointed out, and its prevention suggested. There is another even more serious, upon which I have dwelt in a former article and which concerns the education and responsibilities of senior officers as much as it does that of juniors. "The instruction of midshipmen," says the Memorandum, "in seamanship will be given as at present by an executive officer deputed by the captain; otherwise it will, under the general responsibility of the captain, be supervised by the engineer, gunnery, marine, navigating, and torpedo lieutenants of their respective ships." "Supervised" is good, and perhaps it means, as is sincerely to be hoped, that the instruction is to be "given" by somebody else. But not, it is even more sincerely to be hoped, by the men who have to do so much of it now. It is well known that as a rule the specialist officers are far too deeply occupied to "give" the instruction. They often can only "supervise" it and have to leave the "giving" of it to their subordinates—men who, admirable as they are in performing their duties, are not fitted by education or position to instruct their officers. It is neither fair on them or on the midshipmen, and the result is lamentable. Under the present condition of things in the service it cannot be otherwise. Take for instance a flagship, where the midshipmen are supposed to have the best chance. The

Google

admiral has no gunnery or torpedo officer on his staff, and consequently he has to refer gunnery and torpedo questions to the specialists of the ship. These calls with their ordinary duties practically consume the whole of their time, and none is left for anything more than supervising instruction. With the navigator it is as bad, and in smaller ships no better. In them there are fewer lieutenants. A specialist officer has generally to do the duty of "First," and again instruction suffers. Until some means is arrived at for providing regular and adequate instruction, instruction will continue to suffer and the new scheme will be no better than the old.

How is the remedy to be found? Probably a perfect remedy does not exist and will not be forthcoming under the new scheme. Still if the difficulties in the way of a radical alteration in the method of training afloat are too great to be overcome, if we are still to rub along with a system so closely resembling the old, the only thing to do, as has been said, is to see how it can best be made to work. To begin with we must examine the material available, and here a suggestion at once arises. In every ship much unused and available material exists. It is one of the most serious blots on the service that that material is unused; and here again we find that in applying our remedy we can with the same hand kill a grave abuse —the abuse of harbour watch-keeping.

Let us see what this means. In 1899, 107 sub-lieutenants were promoted to be lieutenants. Out of that number 13 have specialised in gunnery, 8 in torpedo, and 9 in navigation—that is 30 in all. Others would probably specialise later, leaving some 50 per cent. permanently condemned to watch-keeping. That means that about half of these lieutenants having failed to specialise regard their career as practically finished. Knowing they will never have at least for years an opportunity of showing their fitness for command they can take little or no interest in their work. They know that for years until with deadened faculties they perhaps get command of a destroyer they are condemned, except when their ship is

Google

actually at sea, to an eternal round of sentry-go. For harbour watch-keeping is nothing more. For eight hours out of every twenty-four a watch-keeper is supposed to be on the quarter-deck pacing up and down, while the commander or some one else does all the work there is to be done. As a rule he manages to do twelve hours of this demoralising duty out of every twenty-four for two days running, so that on the other two, if lucky enough not to be kept for the sake of being kept, he may get away from the ship, where for lack of intelligent occupation the monotony and degradation of his life is unbearable. At sea of course it is different. There his duties are a reality and he can feel some self-respect and learn.

It was this waste of good material that went far to deprive the old system of any chance it had of proving efficient. It will equally paralyse what is called the new one. Like the Greenwich course, harbour watch-keeping must go. It is not, of course, pretended that a harbour watch is never necessary. In some seasons and on some stations it would not be safe to suppress it altogether. But in those cases watch-keeping is a different thing. It is the wholly useless form of it, in harbours where the ship is as secure as though she were in dock, that is directly and gravely harmful; and at all our chief naval stations everything that is required in a ship at her moorings could be done by a single officer of the day and at night by an officer of the watch. If he were given the actual control of the men and the routine under the commander's supervision he would not only be equal to the work but take a real interest in what he was doing and win the self-respect that comes from actual responsibility. At present, at least in large ships, he has none.

With their release from senseless drudgery the watch-keepers would become available for instructional duty. They would not, perhaps, be ideal instructors, but under due supervision of the specialists they would rapidly improve, and in any case they would be better than warrant officers. If to proper supervision could be added a feeling that their work was being watched as a measure of their general capacity, as a criterion

Digitized by Google

of their fitness for promotion, instructional ability would display itself with unexpected frequency. The power to control a class of midshipmen smoothly and make something of them is in itself to some extent an indication of aptitude for command, and much of the hopelessness of a watch-keeper's life might in this way be removed by judicious recognition of his work. It would prove without doubt an immense advantage both to the officer and to the service. While men teach they learn. Even if, under the proposed system, the watch-keepers learned nothing new, at least their minds would be kept active and the barnacles would have less chance to grow. Instead of utter dulness they would have intelligent occupation telling directly on the general efficiency of the service. It will be their own fault if they do not see the work is worth doing, and it will, or should be, made the captain's interest to see they appreciate it and do not go unrewarded.

For a landsman to suggest so radical a change in warship administration would be mere presumption were it not that the system has been tried and tried apparently with success in at least one ship. In Mr. Crowe's book on "The Commission of H.M.S. *Terrible*," it is stated that "each lieutenant was allotted and profitably employed with certain instructional classes." One of them even taught French. Another was appointed intelligence officer. As for the results we can only judge by the annual "Returns of the Examinations of Junior Officers afloat." From these it would appear that after most of the midshipmen had been serving ashore in South Africa, the *Terrible* came out fiftieth or last but one on the list. In the following year she rose at a bound to fifth. At the same time the *Royal Arthur*, flagship of the Australian Squadron, fell from twelfth to the bottom of the list, and other vessels with as little excuse did almost as badly. What is the explanation? We cannot tell. The success of the *Terrible* may have been due to some special interest shown by her captain or commander in educational work. Dates do not reveal whether it followed the substitution of instruction for sentry-go in

Google

harbour. But at any rate we find the two things associated in the same ship, and it would seem to be worth inquiring whether directly or indirectly they were not connected.

Then there is this further consideration to point in the same direction. Sooner or later, in any case, harbour watch-keeping must be modified. Lord Selborne's Memorandum itself deals it the blow which it cannot survive. It will be observed that after the brain-scraping courses are over and the officer has passed lieutenant and been selected for the executive, he will be faced with a most formidable caution. He is to be warned that for promotion to the rank of commander he will have to pass a qualifying examination in eight subjects—Court Martial Procedure; International Law; British and Foreign Warships, Guns, &c.; Naval History; Signals; Strategy; Tactics and Battle Formations. Truly a staggering array for the cleanest brains and scarcely a hint of how it is to be done. Without books (for on some of the most difficult subjects there are none), without direction (and none is really suggested), how is a man to tackle the list? The very hand that framed the scheme seems to shake before the picture and the brain to reel. "Every facility," the Memorandum explains, "consistently with the requirements of the service will be given to those executive officers who are not specialists to attend voluntary courses at Greenwich, in mathematics, naval history, &c. (*sic.*), and to study foreign languages at Greenwich or preferably abroad." We read the words and rub our eyes. Is this indeed the same sure hand that designed the rest of the scheme? Is it really believed there will ever be such opportunities for any officer under the rank of commander? "Can't spare you," is the almost invariable answer now and the call for lieutenants is always increasing. It is incredible that the paragraph was seriously meant, and yet it is a sorry joke. Surely it must be that, appalled by the picture of the distraught lieutenants' predicament, the hand of the designer shook. His reeling brain is filled with apparitions. He actually sees that bogey mathematics rise up again from nowhere to add to the

Google

crushing load. In vain he tries to veil the vision with that "et cetera." The effort to escape only conjures up another as bad—the vision of those phantom lieutenants, who even now are said to be studying foreign languages abroad.[1]

It is not to be believed that one man in a hundred will have the natural faculty for self-education to acquire a profitable grasp of that array of subjects without direction. Perhaps some direction will be forthcoming; but even if it is, there will be no real chance of success unless harbour watch-keeping is abolished or profoundly modified. From that, at least, student officers will have to be released if they are to get time and ability to achieve what is demanded. The intention is admirable, for it points to aspirations in the direction of higher education. The absence of any details in the scheme as to how the thing is to be worked is of comparatively small significance. We know, at least, that higher education is in the air and that it is to be made a condition of promotion. There is no doubt the Admiralty is in earnest, that it is prepared to clear the way for its admirable idea to be carried through. Everything that needlessly stands in the way will surely go, and that is why we can say that the scheme itself gives harbour watch-keeping its death blow. When so much of high intellect is demanded of lieutenants it cannot be intended to condemn them for ever to the waste of time and morbid degeneration of an ornamental sentry-go.

There is yet another point where emendation will be necessary before any scheme new or old will work, and this, too, the Memorandum possibly means to foreshadow. Instruction, it says, is to be under the general responsibility of the captain. That, after all, is the pith of the thing. But is it, indeed, intended that captains shall be really responsible? Is it intended that when the returns of junior officers show defective

[1] The way in which foreign languages are encouraged in the service may be judged from the fact that in 1900, out of 637 junior officers examined three offered themselves in German, of whom one got eight marks out of 100. In 1901, there were four German candidates out of 596 examined.

Google

instruction in a ship her captain shall get as black a mark as when his paint is shabby? Of course, in theory, the captain has always been deemed responsible. Elaborate books have to be kept, and endless returns sent in. But only too often the returns show results such as any school ashore would be ashamed to publish, such as in a public elementary school would bring the Education Board about the ears of all concerned.[1] All these returns reach the Admiralty, but has any one ever heard of them bringing a reprimand to a captain? Is there a single case on record of the admiral of a station being reminded of his duty? When such returns are passed unnoticed it is only mocking the poor taxpayer to talk of responsibility. Until this responsibility is made a real thing, until captains are made to feel that their future depends as much upon the efficient instruction of their officers as upon anything else, no scheme can be a real success. When a captain's heart is naturally in instruction it will be given, reward or no reward; but the efficiency of the service must not depend on so unstable a foundation, nor is it anything but a grave injustice to junior officers that their prospects should in any degree be dependent on any man's attitude to education. This is what it amounts to now, and unless a clear declaration or a resounding example is made the same state of things will continue.

To conclude then, what is wanted to give the new scheme a chance of working is mainly three things—the abolition of the Greenwich course before selection; the modification of harbour watch-keeping, and the real responsibility of captains. Of these the last two are pressing. Much of late has been said of how the new scheme will work, but very little of what is to be done until it comes into operation. Till then we have to make the best of the old one, and unless it be made to work better than it has done, there will come serious trouble. For apart

[1] In the Return for 1900, out of 51 ships only 2 got half marks, and 19 one-third marks, while 10 ships got less than a quarter. In 1901 out of 49 ships again only 2 got half, 25 a third, and 5 less than a quarter. On this occasion the *Royal Arthur* got less than one-fifth.

Google

from the fact that we are losing several years and not doing our duty by the junior officers of to-day, we shall in time have to deal with some very serious friction that does not seem to have been foreseen. For as the scheme ripens we shall have midshipmen joining the fleet for instruction under officers not half so well educated as themselves. Such a state of things can work neither for efficiency nor good discipline, and no time should be lost or any means missed for smoothing the joint.

In making the foregoing suggestions—and a good many more could be made—it is impossible not to feel that to ask so much when so much has been given is ungracious. The excuse is this. The evil is crying. In the Memorandum there is no clear note that it is to be met. A great reform is in danger of being left incomplete in vital essentials for lack of one more push. It is not every day we have at the Admiralty a board like the present one. It is not every day we have at its head a minister so open minded and so receptive, so capable of wisely judging from the opinions of experts what is living and what is dead, or so sagaciously in touch with the men whom the service trusts. When such rare conditions exist we cannot let the opportunity slip. We cannot refrain from crying for one more effort. The end is well within reach. The men are there, and it seems to require so little more to complete the great work and to lift the navy to a height it has never reached before.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

Google

SOME COMMENTS ON GENERAL DE WET'S "THREE YEARS WAR"

IT is both a difficult and an ungracious task to criticise a book written by a defeated opponent; the more so, when both author and critic have taken part, on opposite sides, in the operations described. Naturally, the author takes a very different view from that of his late opponent and would-be critic. I should be the last, under ordinary circumstances, to draw attention to errors and misstatements made in good faith and to be ascribed rather to ignorance than to a deliberate intention of maligning gallant men, whose duty compelled them to fight against the author. The book to which I refer is General De Wet's "Three Years War," which has had a phenomenal success, attributable no doubt to the very high estimate of General De Wet's prowess formed by the British public, who in their chivalrous and high-minded desire to do full justice to the undoubtedly great qualities of a beaten enemy, treated De Wet as one of the greatest generals and heroes of modern times. It is not for me to question the correctness of this estimate, or to make any comparison between it and the opinion of General De Wet's own countryman, General B. Viljoen. I merely emphasise the position that General De Wet has held in public opinion in England to show that views expressed by him carry a considerable amount of weight and cannot lightly be disregarded. I am certainly not going to attempt any general criticism of "Three Years War,"

Digitized by Google

although it is doubtless open to severe criticism in many particulars, by those intimately acquainted with the operations which it professes to describe. The author protects himself to some extent by stating in his preface that he is "no book-writer." But he goes on to claim that he has one object only, viz., to give to the world a story which "although it does not contain the whole of the truth as regards this wondrous war, yet contains nothing but the truth." It is exactly this statement which I shall proceed to question, as regards at least one chapter of the book (chap. xi.). It is headed "An Unsuccessful Siege," and describes what is usually known as the Siege of Wepener.

The town or village of Wepener is situated on the Caledon River, close to the boundary of Basutoland. But the position which was actually held by a portion of the Colonial Division under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Dalgety, C.M.R. (Cape Mounted Riflemen), is about four miles from Wepener, at a place known as Jammersberg Drift, where a fine iron bridge crosses the Caledon River. There were then some large steam mills on the northern side of the river, belonging to a Scotch family named Robertson. The object of placing a force in this position was to cover the bridge, the protection of which was of great importance, as keeping open the communication with the north-eastern districts of the Free State, as it was then called—now the Orange River Colony, At the end of March 1900 I had sent Colonel Dalgety with the Cape Mounted Riflemen, Kaffrarian Rifles, and 1st and 2nd Brabant's Horse to Jammersberg Drift and at the same time directed Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, R.E., with the Colonial Division, to select a position which would effectually cover the bridge, and to entrench such position as far as was possible. This was done; but, owing to the formation of the country, it was necessary to take up a position which involved the defence of lines several miles in extent. For the defence, only 1700 men were available. This includes one company of Mounted Infantry of the Royal Scots, who had marched over from Dewetsdorp and were

Google

compelled to remain with Colonel Dalgety's force, as they were cut off by the Boers under De Wet's command.

The siege began on the 9th of April and lasted seventeen days. The force besieged was too small to do more than line the trenches without relief. It was impossible for the men to obtain food except at night, the ground behind the trenches being swept by the enemy's fire. De Wet had eight guns served by German gunners. The hospital itself was under fire; there was at least one instance of a patient being killed on the hospital verandah. The casualties during the siege amounted to 165, leaving only 1500 men fit for duty. Wet weather having set in, the men in the trenches were, during the last few days, up to their knees in water, and had no means of changing their soaked garments; but no thought of surrender ever entered the heads of officers or men; and after seventeen days of this determined resistance, General De Wet had to retire, baffled and discomfited. The force under his command during the siege was estimated at the time at 8000, and there were exceptional opportunities of judging the number, as they marched on their way northwards well within view of the higher portion of the position. I have, however, since been informed on the authority of a Boer officer actually with De Wet at the time, that their number was nearer 11,000. And this can readily be believed when it is remembered that practically all the Free State commandoes then in the field were present.

I have always considered—and my opinion is, I know, supported by men less interested than myself and quite as well qualified to judge—that the defence of Jammersberg Drift was one of the most brilliant episodes of the war and not excelled even by the defence of Mafeking itself.

What has General De Wet to say about the men who so gallantly defended their position against the vastly superior force which he commanded? He begins his account of the siege as follows:

Google

I came up with Wessels' division at Badenhorst, on the road from Dewetsdorp to Wepener. Badenhorst lies at a distance of some ten miles from a ford on the Caledon River, called Jammersberg Drift, where Colonel Dalgety, with the highly-renowned Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Brabant's Horse, were at that time stationed. I call them highly-renowned, to be in the fashion, for I must honestly avow that I could never see for what they were renowned.

These remarks seem to me to be anything but generous as applied to men who, renowned or not, proved themselves too good to be dealt with by him. He must, too, have been well aware that they had never been beaten by any Boer force, nor had they even been checked in their progress from the north-eastern districts of the Colony to Wepener. He goes on to say:

During the fight at Mostert's Hoek on the previous day, I had kept them under observation, with the result that I learnt that they had entrenched themselves strongly and that they numbered about sixteen hundred men, *though this latter fact was a matter of indifference to me!*

A truly vainglorious boast, considering what followed. As a matter of fact, the position held by the Cape Mounted Riflemen was not entrenched until after the first attack, and then —all the entrenching tools being broken, owing to the stony ground—the trenches, such as they were, were dug with the men's bayonets. This is, however, only a detail. After commenting on his failure to induce Colonel Dalgety to leave his position—which really redounds to that officer's credit, seeing that he was only obeying orders in holding the bridge—De Wet goes on to say:

To tell the truth, there was not a man amongst us who would have asked better than to make prisoners of the Cape Mounted Riflemen and Brabant's Horse. *They were Afrikanders;* and as Afrikanders, although neither Free Staters nor Transvaalers, they ought in our opinion to have been ashamed to fight against us. . . . The English, we admitted, had a perfect right to hire such sweepings, and to use them against us, but we utterly despised them for allowing themselves to be hired. (!)

It is in these statements that General De Wet breaks away from the excellent rule he laid down in his preface. The

Google

Cape Mounted Riflemen can by no stretch of imagination be called "Afrikanders." The term "Afrikander," as used in the Cape Colony, is understood to mean a colonist of Dutch descent. There are probably not ten such men in the thousand who are borne upon the strength of the C.M.R. To make the matter perfectly clear, it will be well be to explain the origin of the C.M. Riflemen and their present position. Rather more than fifty years ago, a force was raised in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, somewhat similar in character to the Irish Constabulary. They acted as police for the prevention of stock-thefts from farmers by natives, then very prevalent; and in time of war they acted as a military force, as scouts, &c. In this capacity they made a name for themselves under their first Commanding Officer, Sir Walter Currie. At this time they were recruited chiefly from the farming population of the Frontier Districts—naturally the very best class from which a force could be drawn. But in 1870 the Imperial regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen was disbanded, and the Home Government announced their intention, now that the Colony had for some time enjoyed self-government, to withdraw the Imperial forces gradually and throw the onus of defence from the native tribes—who might at any time rebel—upon the Colony itself. Under the circumstances it was thought desirable to form the F.A.M.P. (Frontier Armed and Mounted Police) into the nucleus of a small standing army, and to give a more military character to the force. The Inspectors became Captains and the Sub-inspectors Lieutenants, while the regiment took the name of the old Imperial regiment, and became the "Cape Mounted Riflemen." As such, it has earned a reputation second to that of no regiment in the Empire.

Some time previously to the change above mentioned, it had been found difficult, if not impossible, to obtain the requisite number of recruits in the Colony. The Colony was prospering, and young farmers could do better by taking up farms in new country, than by enlisting in any force, however well paid. It became necessary, therefore, to obtain recruits

Google

from England. This was done, and from the first an excellent class of men joined the regiment. The attractions were many: the fine climate, the good pay (although it must be confessed that in those days this was more apparent than real); the fact that the service offered an excellent chance of acquiring colonial experience, without the risks attendant on men coming out without immediate employment; and last, but not least, the charm of living in a country where little wars are frequent—a charm which has always appealed strongly to young Englishmen, who, in spite of their assumed practical character, love the romance of an adventurous life. At the present time, the majority of the men of the regiment are public-school boys and university men who have failed in their examinations for the army, navy, or Indian Civil Service: victims of the modern craze for competitive examination, a system which so frequently rejects the best, most energetic and physically finest men, in favour of the weaklings in body and mind, whose only claim to success is the power of application, which unfortunately the stronger and healthier men so often lack. There are also, of course, some who have failed early in the struggle for existence and who are glad to fall back upon something which assures them of a livelihood for the present and a chance of redeeming past mistakes and making a fresh start in life, under the favourable conditions offering in a colony. The men are enlisted for a term of five years. They were regular soldiers, under the same obligation to take part in any war that might occur in South Africa as any other regular soldiers of the Imperial forces. Nothing, therefore, can be more untrue than the assertion that they were Afrikanders fighting against their countrymen, induced thereto by the offer of five shillings *per diem*.

With regard to Brabant's Horse, the case was somewhat different. The bulk of the first 600 men raised were chiefly colonial farmers of English descent, who came from the districts of Queenstown, Cathcart, Stutterheim, King Williamstown and East London, where the population is almost exclusively

Google

English; together with many young Civil Service and bank clerks, as also mercantile men. In South Africa, owing to facilities offered, most of these men can ride and shoot well, many of them, indeed, being drawn from the farming class. But when the force was increased to 1200, it became necessary to go further afield, and a large number of men were enrolled of the class that are always to be found in South Africa, or indeed, I imagine, in any country where war is going on and irregular forces are wanted—genuine soldiers of fortune, who fight rather for the love of fighting than for anything to be made in the shape of pay. They came from all parts—Australians, Americans (some few of the latter being ex-members of Roosevelt's rough-riders straight from Cuba), some Canadians and, in short, from every quarter of the world where the English language is spoken.

Now with regard to the English-speaking Colonists, there can be no doubt that not only had they no sympathy with the Dutch Republicans, but they were in the truest sense of the words fighting for liberty. It was well understood that in the event of the Republics being successful, no self-respecting Englishman who had the means to go elsewhere could have remained in South Africa. The idea that they could have stood neutral whilst a struggle was going on, the result of which meant to them political liberty or political slavery, is manifestly absurd. There were, it is true, a few Dutch Afrikanders, members of loyal families, who threw in their lot with the cause of the English, partly because they believed that their interests were best served by the continuance of English rule in South Africa, and partly on the higher ground that as British subjects they were bound to fight, when called upon, in a British quarrel. There were men of English descent in the Transvaal and Free State Republics who, holding themselves bound by the fact that they were burghers or citizens of those Republics, fought for the governments under which they had lived. It is a curious thing—or perhaps it is not curious to those who are students of human nature—that General De

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Wet, whilst praising the Englishmen who under these circumstances fought for the Boers, has nothing but abuse for the Colonists of Dutch descent who, actuated by precisely similar motives, fought on the British side; although in many instances the families of the latter had lived for several generations under the British flag, and their sympathies, therefore, might reasonably be expected to be with the Government under whose protection they had lived and thriven for so long a time. There are indeed few instances of ingratitude so great as that shown by the Colonial rebels in the Cape Colony, who freely admitted that they had no grievances to allege against the Government which they sought to overthrow, and whose only excuse was that they sympathised generally with their fellow countrymen of the Republics. It was much as if Englishmen should take part with the United States of America in a war against their own country, on the sole ground that the Americans spoke the same language and came of the same stock.

Now we come to some further statements about this siege, which are worthy of consideration. General De Wet states that he made an attack on the morning of the 7th of April, on Colonel Dalgety's position, which failed. Various other attacks were made, not mentioned by the General, who is wisely very vague as to the operations before Wepener, or rather, to be strictly correct, before Jammersberg Bridge. A good deal of light was at the time thrown upon the situation, by some copies of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, which, after the declaration of war, was published in the Transvaal as an inspired newspaper. These papers were sent to me by some unknown friend in Johannesburg. The first contained a copy of a report from De Wet, written in a tone of triumph, announcing that he had got a body of Imperial troops in a corner at Jammersberg Bridge, and that they must surrender in a day or two. Nothing was said in this report about their being Cape Mounted Riflemen and part of the Colonial Division, but a day or two later, evidently after the failure of the attack on the 10th,

Google

came a report stating that the besieged force was composed of Colonial troops and might therefore be expected to give more trouble than had been anticipated at first; but that there was still no doubt that they would be compelled to surrender within a very short time. On this, an exultant article was published by the *Standard and Diggers' News*, stating that they had now got the Colonial Division and its General, who had boasted that he could march over the two Republics with two thousand men. They were evidently under the impression that the whole of the Division was there, and that I was with them. Some time before the war, it had been alleged that I had made the absurd boast above alluded to. Needless to say, I had done nothing of the kind.

Unfortunately, my unknown friend neglected to send me any more papers from Johannesburg, so I have no idea of how they explained their eventual failure. General De Wet's final remark as to the siege is, that the loss by his force in the sixteen or seventeen days during which it lasted was only five killed and thirteen wounded. Now I have no means of directly disproving this statement, but I have the very greatest reasons for doubting its accuracy. There was a time, in the early part of the war, when I was disposed to accept the Boer reports of their losses as substantially correct. But my eyes were opened in a somewhat singular manner. When we occupied Aliwal North, Commandant Olivier retired hurriedly, taking with him the acting officials of the Orange Free State, the Government of which had annexed the town district. But they left behind certain documents, which fell into our hands; amongst these were the official return of the Boer losses and casualties during the first few weeks of the war. It will be remembered that at this period the losses acknowledged on the Boer side, during Lord Methuen's advance towards Magersfontein, were of the most trifling character. What was my surprise, then, to find from these returns (which were most carefully got up, giving not only the men's names, but the farms or villages from which they came) that the number of

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

killed during that short time ran into hundreds, with a large number of minor casualties! I regret very much that I allowed these returns to pass out of my hands. In the hurry of our advance to the relief of the besieged force at Wepener, they were left behind at Aliwal, and on making inquiry for them afterwards, I was assured they had been sent to the Intelligence Department at Capetown. They would be of the greatest value to any one writing a history of the war, as also in their bearing upon many of the problems connected with the value of our rifle- and shell-fire. At the time of the relief we endeavoured to get from local sources some idea of the actual loss sustained by the besieging force. All agreed that the loss had been heavy. But it was, of course, impossible to obtain any really trustworthy details. It was, however, stated with apparent confidence that the casualties in the Boer force on April 7—the date of the first attack—amounted to sixty. As our casualties on that occasion were heavy, it seems absurd to suppose that men lying down behind defences, however imperfect, should suffer more than men attacking over what General De Wet describes as open ground; the more when it is remembered that the defenders were good shots and men who were thoroughly accustomed to the Boer style of fighting. My experience of actions in which I had commanded the Colonial Division against the Boers was, that our loss was about the same as theirs, and this in open country and not behind entrenchments of any kind. But I do not wish to labour the point further, as it is evident that if the loss of the Boers was so light as is represented, the result is anything but flattering to the fighting powers of their own men. The possession of the bridge and the capture of the force defending it were of the highest importance to the Boer cause—far more so than General De Wet would have us believe. And it is most extraordinary that 8000 men (putting them at the lower estimate), led by so famous a general, could not break through at some point of the seven miles held by men whose fire, he would persuade us,

Google

was so ineffectual. As a matter of fact, well known to my officers, five Boers were killed by one shell while serving a gun, which was put out of action. These men were buried at Wepener on the following day. But no further evidence is needed to show how untrustworthy is the account given by General De Wet of this particular siege. I am unable to say whether the rest of the book is more, or less, to be depended upon as a true history of those operations which it professes to describe. I have not the slightest wish to damage in any way the reputation of a gallant adversary who, as all admit, has shown great ability as a partisan leader. My sole object, in making these comments on a book which has had such wonderful success, is to defend from false and unmerited charges those brave men who formed part of that Colonial Division which—whilst it was kept together and before the corps of which it was composed were one by one attached to various Imperial Divisions—was, as I have before said, never defeated and never even checked. I should be doing less than my duty if I failed to claim for the splendid soldiers whom I had the honour to command for a few brief months, and who earned for me honours which my own merits could never have obtained, that fair consideration which Englishmen never refuse when cause is shown, even to men who are not—as these were —of their own race. And, obtaining that consideration, I think I may go further and claim for them the admiration and respect due to soldiers who have fought and bled to maintain the Empire and to preserve the rights and liberties of their fellow countrymen in South Africa.

E. Y. Brabant,
Commandant-General of Cape Colonial Forces.

Google

GERMAN POLICY IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE adjustment of the Venezuelan difficulty does not put an end to the grave international question in which it is merely an incident. As a nation though, with one exception, the greatest of American Powers, we are not yet really alive to the fact that the future of South America is the greatest political problem of the new century. If we were, or even appreciated the fact that other nations think so, we should not have experienced such unpleasant shocks as we have during the last ten years over Venezuelan affairs. South America contains the largest and most promising undeveloped areas in the world. That it should be so is one of the curiosities of history, for it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the main geographical features of that continent were as well known four centuries ago as they are to-day.

The reasons for this have been and remain almost entirely political. The original occupation of the continent by Spain and Portugal and the system of government which prevailed opposed its development by its original settlers.[1] Regulations such as those which in Peru prevented the inhabitants from growing olives and vines tended in the past to restrain enterprise, and since the wars of liberation, the menace of the Monroe Doctrine has stood in the way of European nations

[1] The policy of Spain also of course kept foreigners out and prohibited trade with them direct.

Google

seizing and administering territory which would more rapidly have repaid proper government than those slices of Africa for which we have all been scrambling. That this state of affairs should have presented itself as a strange anomaly to the active and restless intelligence of the German Emperor is not surprising. We ourselves have been confronted with it more than once, though, with our vast preoccupations elsewhere, it is of far less vital importance to us, except from the point of view of general policy, than it is to Germany. The insolent intervention of President Cleveland in our quarrel with Venezuela in 1895 was fortunately soon lost sight of in our excitement over the Jameson Raid, but it caused us a rude shock at the time and it may be doubted if even now our statesmen have adequately grasped the main factors of the situation.

Ministers, who are certainly "responsible persons," have told us that England is resolved to "support the Monroe Doctrine." It may well be that in their present mood the British people is also so prepared to view the matter, but it is incredible that, knowing the easily understood aims of German policy with regard to the Western Continent, as they must have done, and valuing American friendship as they undoubtedly do, our Ministers should have deliberately pledged this country to "co-operate" with the one Power whose hostility to the Monroe Doctrine is not only the natural result of its political and economic position, but has been actually defined and expressed by the person responsible for it.

It was pointed out recently by a writer in a weekly review that the Kaiser was a creature of impulse as well as a Machiavelli of the Bismarckian type. Whether or no this portrait be a true one, it has in it the elements of plausibility. Like Bismarck, the Kaiser is apt to be singularly frank, and we may err more in disbelieving than accepting his explanations. This may be taken as an axiom in particular cases, where his expressed policy is in singular agreement with the requirements of his country. Our statesmen should have been well acquainted with his views on the American problem. With-

Google

out provoking the inevitable official denial by a direct statement, we may say that it is improbable in the last degree that he should not have often discussed the matter with English interlocutors as he has with those of other nationalities and may summarise his arguments as follows :—

> My fleet is not intended to be used as a vital factor in an anti-British policy. As a matter of fact, I contend that it is nothing of the sort. In my view the United States form the rock ahead, and holding that view, it is my duty to make certain preparations. In the Monroe Doctrine lies more than a merely possible ground of conflict. In South America there is a vast country with enormous and undeveloped mineral wealth, with great tracts of virgin forest, with boundless areas of magnificent agricultural lands, great rivers and a beneficent climate, now entirely in the hands of an indolent, apathetic and corrupt race, half Spanish, half native. Too lazy and unenterprising to develop themselves the riches lying at their doors, they offer no inducements to others (owing to the insecurity of Government in South America) to risk their money in the country. At the mercy of these corrupt and mongrel Governments are now large numbers of German immigrants, whose numbers are annually being added to, and will in future be still further increased owing to the rapid growth of population in Germany and the severe competition attending life in Europe. In future it is almost inevitable that causes of friction will arise between the German Government, anxious to protect its subjects, and the corrupt South American authorities, desirous only of extorting money from them. But the Monroe Doctrine forbids any useful interference on the part of a European State, for no European Power is allowed to acquire territory in the American continents. The Americans themselves are occupied in developing their own vast territories of the United States. This anomalous position constitutes a real danger ahead, and it is with a view to meeting that danger that Germany is straining every nerve to build up a fleet. England may soon find herself confronted with the same problem, and Germany and England may well make common cause together at some future time against the North American dog in the manger. Selfishness on the part of nations breeds animosity almost as surely as on the part of individuals.

That he regards American affairs in this light, and has long done so, we firmly believe, and that his views have been well known to our own Government as well as to those responsible for the conduct of our military and naval affairs. Our Government, therefore, should have had no difficulty in forming a correct impression as to the aims of Germany in South

Google

America. Nor has the Kaiser made any concealment of his ideas as to the menace to Europe arising, he believes, from the gigantic expansion of the United States. In an article which appeared in the *Revue de Paris* for November 1, 1901, M. de Ségur recounts a conversation he had with the Kaiser on board the *Hohenzollern* in Norwegian waters. Here again the theme was the danger to Europe from the United States, though it was not reviewed this time from its bearing on South America. M. de Ségur's account of the interview is as follows:[1]

> He principally spoke to us on the subject of America, for which country he professes slight sympathy. He foresees a future menace in those colossal Trusts dear to the Yankee millionaire which tend to put industry or international traffic in the hands of a single individual or a small band of individuals. Suppose, said he, in substance, that a Morgan manages to collect under his flag several of the Ocean Lines! (This shows remarkable foresight on the Kaiser's part, for the conversation took place in the summer of 1901.) He occupies no official position in his own country. No one could treat with him if, in the course of his enterprise, an incident arose in which some foreign Power were concerned. But neither could his Government be approached. To provide against this danger, a European Zollverein must be formed, a Customs League against the United States, like that which Napoleon attempted against England to safeguard the interests and assure the liberty of Continental commerce at the expense of American development. Without any circumlocution he declared that in that case England would be put in the position of choosing between two diametrically opposite policies—either to adhere to the new "Blocus" and range herself on the side of Europe against the United States, or to ally herself with them against the Continental Powers.

Such is the account given by M. de Ségur of a remarkable expression of opinion by the German Emperor. In this case his views are well known to be those of Count Goluchowski and other Continental statesmen. With regard to Monroeism, his opinion is clearly defensible from the German point of view, both on grounds of justice and expediency. But our own Ministry, with the most perverse ingenuity, appear to have

[1] *Revue de Paris*, November 1, 1901, p. 8.

Google Original UNIVERSITY

embarked upon a policy which has the merit of arousing American suspicions by playing the German game without entertaining its logical consequences, which are the annihilation of the Monroe Doctrine and the opening of South America to European enterprise and occupation. American statesmen know perfectly well the views and aims of Germany, and our own Government can only be ignorant of them through a wilful closing of their official eyes.

The Kaiser's theories, as expressed in this country and elsewhere, surely show no lack of common sense or justice when applied to Venezuela! In no community of South America could the expressions he used be applied with greater force, and in no other are the vast resources of an almost unequalled natural wealth wasted to so grievous an extent by the perversity and incompetence of its population and their rulers. In no other of the so-called Republics around can a stronger case for European intervention and control be made out. No better or more plausible battle-ground could be found for contesting Monroeism, and this is well known in the United States, for German warships have been on the prowl round Venezuelan coasts for six years. Indeed, from the European point of view, the demonstration it offers of the incongruities and injustice incident to that policy is profoundly striking. Venezuela is a country vast in extent. Like all semi-civilised communities, its disputes with its neighbours have been generally over ill-defined boundaries, but, put at the lowest, its area is at least twice that of France, while its total population is only two and a half millions. Nature has provided it with a superb system of waterways; the Orinoco is only the chief of many rivers which should be utilised for commerce. The Apure is described in one of our own Consular reports[1] as "a second Nile." It has a yearly overflow which fertilises the neighbouring lands to an astonishing extent, and, unlike the Nile, it is not backed by a sandy waste but by a magnificently fertile and well-watered hinterland. Yet the

[1] No. 2315.

Google

only product of these rich territories is cattle which wander over them in vast but scattered bodies. In fact, a country which should teem with agricultural products of every kind and support tens of thousands of industrious workers is little more use to civilisation than a steppe in Central Asia. To show the extraordinary fertility of many Venezuelan territories, our Consul points out that a plot in the vicinity of his own house has produced six crops of maize in one year! Fruit-farming would prove enormously productive, and coffee and cocoa, especially the latter, are largely grown; in fact, the latter is now the principal[1] product of the country, which could grow anything. Cotton, indigo, rice, barley and india-rubber have been produced with success. The water supply is ample, the climate is not unhealthy, and in most parts fit for Europeans. The mineral wealth is almost untouched, "iron, gold, coal, petroleum, silver, copper, lead are found in every direction." Eye-witnesses have related to the writer the shipping of huge ingots of gold on the Orinoco steamers in the best days of the great mine of El Callao, but now mining, like every other industry in this unhappy land, is almost impossible owing to insecurity of tenure. Under a rapid succession of Governments, the leader in to-day's fortunate revolution refuses to recognise the title given by his predecessor, or constant pillage and oppression forbid Europeans to embark capital at such risks. We are told by our Consuls that there is nothing that can strictly be called an industry in Venezuela, yet she could "grow her own grain, make her own flour, grow her own tobacco and cotton, make her own cloth and her own wine, burn her own kerosene, make her own leather, and have, besides all this, a surplus for export."[2] Imagine the Italy of Dante's time without the history behind her, without the art and the song, to redeem the ferocities or absurdities of the warfare, and we have the political Venezuela of to-day. Since independence was secured, in less than eighty years there have been more than fifty revolutions, of which ten have been

[1] Certainly the most profitable. [2] Con. Rep. 2094.

Google

successful. Guzman Blanco, by twenty years of personal government, gave comparative security, but since his deposition anarchy has been the rule and peace the exception. Blanco's *régime* became unpopular, and he retired to Paris on an enormous fortune; he was followed by Palacios, who was overthrown by Crespo within two years. The latter "reformed the Constitution" and inserted a clause which legalises insurrection, for it accords belligerent rights to all persons taking up arms against the State authority "provided they can show that their action is the outcome of political motives!" The property of revolutionaries is also protected from seizure! Where else in the world out of a Savoy Opera can a law be found of this nature? Such are the "kindred institutions" which President Cleveland, for electioneering purposes, was ready to support and passionately defend at the risk of war between England and America! General Crespo, with singular good fortune, lived out his presidential term, but fell in battle commanding the troops of his successor against an unsuccessful revolution. In 1900, the year after his death, another revolution was more fortunate, and Castro seized power; ever since that time constant revolution, "murders, stratagems, and spoils" have been the lot of the country. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that trade and commerce, to say nothing of industries such as mining and agriculture, have suffered grievously. In the most recent Consular Reports, those of 1901, this general decrease is invariably attributed to "revolutions and political disturbances," and, as a consequence, during 1901 La Guayra was hardly one day without a foreign warship. "Trade," says our acting Consul at Caracas,[1] "during the year 1901 has continued the downward tendency it began some ten years ago. In every line of business there has been a falling off in the amount of traffic in consequence of continued political disturbance." "Unfortunately in August," writes our Consul at Maracaibo, "the State of El Tachira was invaded by Venezuelan revolutionaries, and in consequence of

[1] No. 2833.

Google

the invasion President Castro prohibited traffic on the Zulia River, so that all commercial connections with Columbia ceased."[1] From Puerto Caballo we learn that "the population is pauperised by the constant revolutions and by the extraordinary contributions which have appeared necessary for the maintenance of public order." It must be remembered, too, that these "political disturbances" are not conducted with any regard to the well-being of the non-combatant population. An ambitious politician in this country, when returned to Parliament, singles out for attack the biggest man he can find, and makes or mars his own career. The Lloyd George of Venezuela, if he wishes to make things uncomfortable for the Chamberlain in office, gets together a band of hybrid ruffians, of the mongrel and semi-savage breed which abound there, and attacks some neighbouring community which adheres to the Government; if he is successful he flies at higher game, and in time makes for the capital itself. Slaughter, arson and plunder are the methods of his followers and of those of the Government. Strangers and natives alike suffer in these raids. Is it wonderful that "trade declines?" The Presidential Chair is worth an effort to fill, for through the hands of its occupant passes a revenue of 50,000,000 francs in gold currency a year, and he is the sole distributor of concessions for railways, mines and Government contracts. Such is the condition to-day of a country 1000 miles long, 800 miles broad in parts, with a coast-line of 2000 miles with numerous harbours, and possessing extraordinary natural resources.[2] There is one industry that flourishes exceedingly all along the coast, and that is smuggling. The duties on everything are enormously high, and the profits of a successful expedition proportionately large. Not the least beneficial part of the business is the illicit trade in arms and ammunition with revolutionaries. The greater part of this lucrative commerce is carried on from the Dutch island of

[1] No. 2833.

[2] It has been calculated that Venezuela could well maintain one hundred million inhabitants.

Google

Curaçoa, where the imports are suspiciously in gross excess of the requirements of a diminishing population. It is not improbable that a certain amount takes place from Trinidad, and that, indeed, is the excuse put forward in the despatches of the Venezuelan Minister for their high-handed treatment of our subjects and their ships, which is the primary cause of our attempt to coerce President Castro. Any one who knows the facts is well aware that the Venezuelan authorities could have made out a plausible case for their action, at all events with regard to many of our clients, whose property has been confiscated and whose persons have undoubtedly been subjected to ill-treatment. Under the circumstances, it would be hypercritical to stigmatise in severe terms the conduct of enterprising seamen who profit by the "political disturbances," which prove so detrimental to legitimate commerce, but it is significant that our Government has accepted £5500 in full satisfaction for the numerous "outrages" originally alleged.

The financial relations of Germany with Venezuela date from 1896. They are not, therefore, of long standing. As a creditor she is showing a good deal less patience than England or France, who have had similar relations with that unstable debtor for years. But Germany at the present time cannot afford with a light heart to make bad debts. Though the financial situation in the Fatherland may be less strained than it was, it is still severe enough to cause grave anxiety to its rulers, and if the utility of the navy as a debt-collector can be demonstrated, a good turn may be done to the naval propaganda as well as to German prestige across the ocean. Germany is suffering here, exactly as she has suffered all over the world, from the plausible but ill-calculated system on which she embarked to catch the world markets. Those who refused to be whirled away in the wild agitation of "Made in Germany" may now congratulate themselves that they kept their heads, for the phantom of German competition is at length fading to give place to the far more solid and genuine menace of American rivalry. In Venezuela, as elsewhere, Germany

Google

has proceeded on the theory that her goods can swamp the market if long credit be given, low interest charged, and almost any security accepted. But, although the resident merchants in Venezuela are principally German, they now take English goods in large quantities, because they sell better than German. "Consumers are getting more and more suspicious of German and American manufactures, which, although low in price, appear to be often inferior in quality to British goods," says our last Consular Report from Ciudad Bolivar.[1] But in 1896 the German methods still promised large returns, and the German Disconto Gesellschaft advanced to the Venezuelan Government 50,000,000 francs at 5 per cent. and allowed 80 per 100 out of the full amount. Now English and French houses would only do business at 20 or 30 per cent. and only allowed 60 per 100 of the full amount lent to pass into Venezuelan hands. It is not wonderful that the former secured the loan. The fact that interest was to be due in a year[2] would not alarm a State like Venezuela, where time counts for nothing and interest is an ill-considered trifle, rendered to pressure in good circumstances. Now with interest at 20 and 30 per cent. a loan may be a profitable speculation for a few good years, and may enable the lender to recoup himself and benefit handsomely, but since Germany lent the money in question there have been no good years. As appears from the Consular Report above quoted, trade has ever since then been on the down-grade. In 1897 there was a serious failure in the coffee crop, to which Germany looked for her interest, and which she had hoped to distribute to the world through the port of Hamburg. Severe competition also began in the coffee trade from other countries, till in 1900 it hardly paid for its production.[3] The whole of Venezuelan society has been affected by this disaster as Jamaica suffered through the decay of her sugar industry. In the same year occurred a change of President, and the new President confiscated the interest on

[1] No. 2633.

[2] A departure from German methods of trade in many places.

[3] Cons. Rep. No. 2643.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the German debt and the German railway which it had been incurred to finance. Since then the line has been seized and cut by Government and revolutionists alternately, while the Disconto Gesellschaft has whistled for its money, and the Germans who went out to work on the railway have sat with empty hands. For some time it would appear that Germany had hoped much from General (?) Matos, who directed the revolutionary movements against Castro during the whole of last year from his headquarters at Port of Spain in Trinidad. It was this "General" who procured the *Ban Righ* in this country, which was fitted out in Europe and paid for by some one, and was to have passed into the "General's" hands through the medium of the Columbian Government. It is generally believed that, if Matos had succeeded, German influence in Venezuela would have been supreme. A European Commission would have taken in hand the finances, and the German creditors at all events might have seen some return for their money; but his partisans seemed to have finally collapsed in October of last year. At all events, it was only after that that England and Germany took the field. It is interesting to note that Senator Hanna, who was credited with "running" President McKinley, had proposed to take over the Venezuelan finances by means of a syndicate of American financiers, but the proposal was not welcomed by President Roosevelt. It is evident to an impartial observer that Venezuela and the civilised world would alike benefit from such a transfer of administration either to American or European men of business. But American enterprise only began to take Venezuela seriously in 1897, when "The National Association of Manufacturers," which has its seat at Philadelphia, opened an exhibition of American productions at Caracas.[1]

Had the rivalries of Matos and Castro terminated other-

[1] Some American legislators in 1892 did not know where Venezuela was! See Scruggs, "The Columbian and Venezuelan Republics," London 1900, p. 220.

Google

wise, there would probably have been no "mess." It is interesting to speculate whether in future we are to see the political troubles of South American "Republics" added to by the struggles of "European" and "American" candidates for the Presidential Office. At any rate, Matos clearly drew his supplies for war from Europe, and he issued his orders and directions from British soil. This, we may suppose, is the fact delicately hinted at by the Venezuelan Government to Mr. Haggard as "the facilities afforded to the revolutionaries by the Colonial authorities in Trinidad."[1] Every one hopes that this particular charge is not true, but it served to complicate further an already sufficiently complicated situation. In these circumstances there had undoubtedly arisen such a crisis as was foreseen by the German Emperor at least two years ago, and has often been stated by him in some such a form as that set forth earlier in this article.

In all this there is nothing unreasonable in the German position. It is our own which has been indefensible throughout on every ground of policy and good sense, and it is astounding to every right-thinking person that the whole incident should have been treated by the Foreign Secretary and his understudy as a comic interlude in serious business instead of a grave international complication. The steps successively taken by the Foreign Office display a confusion of thought which is almost incomprehensible, and the manner in which German co-operation was accepted seems to have been casual in the extreme, while the difficulties that were likely to arise thereby, and which have arisen, were ignored. There was no "trap" in the matter. The whole situation must have been as clear as day to a Foreign Secretary presumably versed in international affairs. If he walked into any "trap" he did so with his eyes open.

It is inconsistent with a sagacious judgment of motives either in political or social matters to seek for an explanation of conduct in the direction which involves the highest improba-

[1] Venezuela No. 1, 1902, p. 12.

Google

bility. Germans may envy and dislike us, but they are business people. The enterprise of conquering and seizing any of our possessions is, they well know, a task that presents appalling difficulties and dangers. As has been well pointed out by Captain Mahan, Germany's geographical position forces her to conquer us or be friends with us. The latter is clearly the less expensive course. Her international manners, like those of the United States before the era of Mr. Hay, are, it is true, deplorable. She has attempted to frighten us just as the United States did with Canada in 1891, and with the same result. Even if she overcame all the difficulties involved in a war with us and appropriated some of our colonies, they are already occupied and exploited by a patriotic and hard-working population. Can the profit be compared for a moment with that to be reaped from a successful attack on the Monroe Doctrine, which would in no way upset the European balance of power, and would not expose German commerce to the same risks as would arise from war with a great maritime Power at her own doors? This theory fits in entirely with the Kaiser's reiterated statements, and it has the merit of possessing not only solid business reasons but also very plausible grounds in theoretical justice. The drawback is that it is at present a theory which can only be translated into fact with the assistance of another Power, and that Power one essentially strong on the sea.

In taking this line the Kaiser would be advancing not only his own views, but those of French, Austrian, and Italian statesmen and publicists. The case of Europe against the Monroe Doctrine, when we once remove it from the atmosphere of suspicion as a great conspiracy against the "Anglo-Saxon race," and look at it in the cold light of common sense, is a very strong one. At one time that theory was surrounded by much false sentiment, and was hailed as the bulwark against tyranny and the oppression of free Republics by an obscurantist monarchical system; now we learn from the foremost publicists of the United States and their commentators in this

Google

country that it is purely a theory of self-interest, "earmarking" certain portions of the globe for their future benefit, though they are in the meantime to be allowed to remain derelict, or practically so, in the hands of their present corrupt and incompetent rulers. Captain Mahan[1] is, indeed, to be congratulated on having stripped the American case of the flummery and "flapdoodle" with which it was formerly swathed, and on having presented the world with a statement of the views and aims of American policy regarded from the standpoint not of the sentimentalist but of the man of action.

In the Kaiser's eyes, the Monroe Doctrine, as defined by Captain Mahan, may well seem to justify in every way the criticisms which we have already suggested that he has offered, both in this country and elsewhere, on the claims of America. It is unnecessary to attribute to the Germans particular perversity or greed to understand that to them the position taken up by the United States seems one without a parallel in the history of the world. It is its scope, not its novelty, that is startling, for it is as old as the history of all states: it is simply the claim of the strong to preserve certain portions of the earth from appropriation by others until they are ready to use them themselves. What are we now told are "the permanent factors of the Monroe Doctrine"? "Position and national power dependent upon populations and resources." We have done at length with lofty vapourings about "kindred institutions" and the intrusions of monarchical usurpation upon the soil sacred to Freedom, and we are not surprised to learn that "the Monroe Doctrine (without breach of its spirit) can be made to bear a burden to which the nation a hundred years ago was unequal." It is quite evident that the Monroe Doctrine can on this basis be made to bear any burden, for, in addition to the whole of the Western Hemisphere, it is suggested as reasonable that it should include in its scope the shores of Asia washed by the Pacific. In return for the admission of this claim by European Governments, the United

[1] In the *National Review* for February.

Google

States will considerately refrain from interference in Europe and Africa and the rest of Asia! We can well imagine that Europe may hold this correlative concession inadequate to the circumstances. The Monroe Doctrine has, indeed, as President Cleveland said, "grown with our growth" until it claims more than half of the globe as the sphere of its action. This country has declared through responsible channels that it approves of this theory, though we should do well to remember that Captain Mahan accepts "the voluntary departure of European Governments from the American Continent and adjacent islands" (the pious hope of the late Secretary Fish) as a consummation "congruous in spirit though no part of the Monroe Doctrine." As that theory is "not a law but a policy," it is capable of including it in fact at any convenient season. But whether our support of the Monroe Doctrine be wise or unwise is not the point in question. We have to remember that to the German Emperor it may well present itself as not only an unreasonable check to the development of his own dominions but also as an obstacle to the spread of civilisation, enlightenment and progress. It is not difficult to understand that to any but Anglo-Saxon ears the theory that six and a half million square miles of the earth's surface are to be "earmarked" for the use of the United States at some unnamed period of time may well sound unduly grasping. The German Government is by no means a model for free nations, but its chief might not unreasonably consider it would be a desirable substitute for that of President Castro and his roving ruffians, and with a steady stream of hardworking immigrants he could soon transform the face of a country now merely dotted with sparse, scattered and warring communities into a colony which would give infinite opportunities for the development of German enterprise. This view may well be emphasised when he considers the condition of the existing German colonies. A glance at the German Colonial Estimates for 1902 is the most instructive commentary on the position of his Empire in the race for profitable territory that can be rendered

Google

to a thoughtful sovereign and an impatient people, especially when we remember that financial and industrial conditions in Germany at the present time are far from brilliant.

GERMAN COLONIAL ESTIMATES FOR 1902.

	Revenue.		Subsidy.		Total Expenditure.
	£		£		£
East Africa	159,315	...	320,760	...	480,075
Cameroons	101,575	...	110,255	...	211,830
S. W. Africa	91,200	...	381,745	...	472,945
Togoland	31,750	...	50,750	...	84,500
New Guinea	5,000	...	36,100	...	41,100
Carolines, &c.	1,655	...	15,253	...	16,905
Samoa	13,550	...	8,520	...	22,070
Kiao Chou	18,000	...	608,400	...	626,400

Thus, of the eight colonial possessions Germany at present holds, in one alone does the annual revenue exceed the subsidy; in all the others the excess of subsidy over revenue is enormous, nor is there any real prospect of rapid or permanent improvement. Compare the results obtained in these colonies with those that would follow from a free hand in South America, even under German officialism, and one does not need to be a Machiavelli to unravel the threads of the Kaiser's policy.

Except from the point of view of American ambition, it is difficult to argue that the success of that policy would not be for the benefit of the world at large, but that is a very different matter from arguing that it is our business to help him. We have, indeed, for some years consistently adopted a policy diametrically opposed to this, and the whole country is still groping about to discover any reason which can account for our recent proceedings. There is only one that can satisfactorily account for them, and that is, that the Kaiser rendered such services to this country at a great crisis as to give him a call for our assistance in certain contingencies. No one, of course, would believe that such contingencies cover a war with the United States, but German aims in South America are

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

well known in the United States, and it is also well known that without our help they can come to little. They have been openly avowed, and should be as well known in England. It is by no means certain that our own claims against Venezuela, except the financial claims, can be sustained when all the facts are brought out, as we have endeavoured to make clear. We should have struck quickly and, alone, as Lord Rosebery did in Nicaragua, and obtained some of the financial compensation our subjects are entitled to for money lent. If, on the other hand, we hold that British subjects who embark their money on such perilous ventures should be left to get it back in their own way, we should not have gone at all. It was unwise in the highest degree to stir up the unpleasant questions of smuggling from Trinidad, the assistance given by our subjects to the revolutionaries,[1] and the relations of Matos with ourselves and the Germans. Perhaps, like the other incidents in this "mess," they have come like an unpleasant surprise to our authorities as have perhaps (though this is incredible) the ambitions of Germany directed towards South America. But perhaps the true explanation is that so ingenuously supplied by Lord Cranborne. We have been actuated solely by magnanimous sentiments; we are, in short, embarking upon a purely Christian foreign policy, and in pursuance of it select as the first precept for literal observance, "Whosover shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain," even though the direction chosen for our promenade lie along the brink of a precipice.

W. B. Duffield.

[1] It is satisfactory to learn from the Blue Book ("Venezuela, No. 1, 1903," p. 104), that we were impartial, for the Government fleet also carried on its operations against its own shores from Trinidad.

Google

THE EXCAVATION OF A LEVITICAL CITY—GEZER

GEZER, one of the most ancient towns in Palestine, stood upon a high hill within easy reach of the great trade-route which for many centuries traversed the Maritime Plain on its way from Egypt to Syria and Northern Mesopotamia. The hill lies between the valleys of Aijalon and Sorek, and its commanding position and excellent water-supply offer advantages for settlement which were evidently appreciated by the cave-dwellers of the Neolithic Age, and by their many successors in the occupation of Palestine.

According to local tradition, the hill was formerly crowned by "the town of our Lord Noah," and at Ain Tannur, on its south-eastern slope, where Eve once baked her bread, the torrent burst forth that was to deluge the world. The Gezer of history was a place of importance long before Joshua and the Israelites passed over Jordan. The Tell Amarna correspondence contains three letters from the Governor, who held the town for Egypt, to the effect that he was sore pressed by the Khabiri and urgently needed assistance. There is also a letter from Jerusalem in which the people of Gezer, Lachish and Ascalon are accused of disloyalty to the reigning Pharaoh. The pre-Israelite existence of Gezer is confirmed by other Egyptian documents, such as the list of cities subjugated by Thothmes III. and the stele of Merenptah.

Gezer is first mentioned in the Bible in a passage which

Google

briefly records the defeat and death of its king in a vain attempt to relieve Lachish when besieged by Joshua. It was then one of the many royal cities of the Canaanites that were ruled by *melcks*, or kinglets. On the partition of the country, Gezer, with its *migrash*, or suburb, was assigned to the Kohathite Levites; but it formed part of the territory of Ephraim, and is mentioned as a point on its southern boundary. The inhabitants were allowed to remain in the city, but were reduced to servitude. When David came to the throne Gezer was, apparently, in the hands of the Philistines, and two of their "giants" were slain in battle at that place. Some years later the Pharaoh of Egypt, for reasons unknown to us, captured Gezer, and after burning it and exterminating its inhabitants, gave it to his daughter, one of the wives of Solomon. So great was the military importance of the site at that time that Solomon at once rebuilt the city.

In the history of the wars between the Jews and the Seleucids, Gezer, or Gazara as it was then called, is frequently mentioned. At the commencement of the war it was held by the Greco-Syrians, and on different occasions gave shelter to the defeated forces of Gorgias, Nicanor, and Bacchides. But about 148 B.C. Simon Maccabæus took the city by storm, and it became, after having been formally purified from the pollution of idols, the residence of John Hyrcanus and the headquarters of the Jewish army. Soon after John's accession it again passed into the hands of the Seleucids. Some years before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus—possibly before the birth of Christ—boundary inscriptions were cut on the rock by a certain Alkios, who was probably a magistrate, and of Jewish parentage. The inscriptions appear to define the limits of the suburb of the Levitical city, and they were perhaps intended to be permanent marks on a boundary laid out during the Maccabæan period, when efforts were being made to revive the old traditions of Israel.

Gezer was well known to Eusebius and Jerome; and during the Byzantine period it was apparently the seat of a bishopric.

Google

Under the Latin kings of Jerusalem it appears as Mont Gisart, a castle and fief of the county of Japhe, and for ever memorable from its connection with the famous battle in which Saladin was defeated by Baldwin, "the Leper," on St. Catherine's Day (November 25), 1177. In commemoration of the victory, the priory of St. Catherine of Mont Gisart was founded, and a faint echo of the battle seems still to linger in the names of scouts, attached to three rocky eminences near the ruins of the town. A few years later the place is mentioned under its present name, Tell ej-Jezer, as the camping-ground of Saladin during his abortive negotiations with Richard Cœur de Lion.

The position of Gezer, although it is indicated in the Bible, and clearly described by Eusebius, remained unknown until it was discovered, about thirty years ago, by M. Clermont-Ganneau. That well-known scholar first fixed the site of Tell ej-Jezer, theoretically, from the description of an obscure skirmish in the Arabic Chronicle of Mujr ed-Din; he then recovered the name on the ground; and finally found epigraphic proof of his theory in the bilingual boundary inscriptions which read "of Alkios" in Greek and "the limit of Gezer" in Hebrew.

The uninterrupted chain of evidence which thus connects the Canaanite Gezer of the pre-Israelite period with the modern Tell ej-Jezer led to the selection of that place for excavation by the Palestine Exploration Fund. A thorough exploration of a site with such a continuous history would, it was hoped, throw light not only upon the local history of Gezer, but upon wider problems, such as those connected with the origin and civilisation of the pre-Israelite tribes, the ethnological affinities of those mysterious people the Philistines, the nature and extent of Aegean, Egyptian, and Mesopotamian influence on Palestinian culture, and the social life and condition of the Jews before and after the Captivity. The conduct of the excavations was placed in the very capable hands of Mr. Macalister, a graduate of Cambridge, who had

Google

done good archæological work in Ireland, and had gained experience in Palestine whilst working with Dr. Bliss in 1898–1900. The results which he has obtained during his first season's work are as unexpected as they are important; but their value will be more easily appreciated after a short description of the site before excavation.

Tell ej-Jezer is a natural ridge of rock covered with the *débris* of many settlements. The artificial mound formed by the ruins is some 1750 feet long and 250 feet wide; its longest dimension lies east and west, and its height above the adjacent valleys is 250 feet. At each end of the mound there is a broad-topped knoll. These knolls have been named, for convenience, the "eastern" and "western hills," and the saddle which connects them is called the "central valley." The "western hill" is partially occupied by the shrine of Muhammad ej-Jezeri—an eponymous *weli* in the fullest meaning of the phrase; by a small cemetery; and by a house and farmyard. Between the shrine and the house, an ancient rock-hewn reservoir, once the site of a church, has been turned into a cistern. On the south-west slope of the hill is the village of Abu Shusheh. On the "eastern hill," thick walls, just appearing above ground, indicated the site of an important building; and at the western end of the "central valley," two stones, standing with their heads above ground, suggested the existence of bætylic columns.

The surface of the mound was grey with the dust of ruins, and strewed with ancient potsherds, flints, &c. Its sides were supported by terrace walls, which, in some instances, marked the line of the old city wall. A narrow rocky valley, which rises near Abu Shusheh, sweeps round the eastern end of the mound and separates it from the rocky ground to the south and east, on which the five boundary inscriptions were found. In this valley, east of the mound, there is a fine spring which supplies the village. The ground north and west of the mound is open and arable. Within the area defined by the inscriptions there are many wine-presses and tombs, large caves, ancient wells, the remains of old roads and aqueducts, and

Digitized by Google

rock excavations, not unlike those in some of the cities of Phrygia, which appear to mark the positions of the earliest houses.

Mr. Macalister at first confined his attention to the eastern hill, but, after cutting a trench forty feet wide across the mound, he decided to investigate the structure of which the two stones in the valley formed part. The excavations have thus far disclosed the stratified buildings of seven successive occupations, and have shown that, for some unknown reason, there has been no permanent settlement on the eastern hill since the time of the Judges. The two earliest occupations are ascribed to an aboriginal pre-Semitic population, the third and fourth to Semitic pre-Israelite races, and the remaining three to Hebrews and others during the period from Joshua to Solomon, from Solomon to the Captivity, and from the Captivity to the Maccabees. No remains have yet been found of later date than the Maccabæan period.

The pre-Semitic occupation is dated, tentatively, from 3000 to 2000 B.C. The people were cave-dwellers and practised cremation. They were of slender build, and of small but not dwarfish stature. None of them appear to have exceeded five feet seven inches in height, and most of them were under five feet four inches. They were certainly not Semites. In some respects they resemble the occupants of Europe during the Neolithic Age. Their occupation is characterised by coarse, drab, porous ware, hand made, and in many cases ornamented with a roughly applied red or yellow wash, by flint and bone implements, and by the absence of metal. It is also marked by broad stone causeways across irregular natural depressions in the rock, fragments of walls, a few roughly cut emblems of nature worship, a couple of bone amulets, and stones and pebbles for grinding and polishing.

The crematorium of these early settlers was an artificial cave, within the city walls, which was entered by rock-hewn steps, and provided with a flue and chimney that still bear traces of smoke-blackening. The floor of the cave was covered

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Group of Neolithic Pottery from the Transkarian

Google
Original from

with the ashes of human bodies, but the bones were unequally burnt—blackened bone alternating with masses reduced to a white ash. There was evidence that the fire had been renewed at considerable intervals, and that the remains, left just as they were cremated, were those of persons of all ages and of both sexes. The crematorium was afterwards used as a burial-place by a people who probably belonged to the earliest wave of Semitic immigration. The area of the cave was enlarged; its entrance was closed to keep out dogs; a shaft was cut in its roof to admit the dead; and the cremated remains were trampled down. Most of the bodies, children and adults of both sexes, appear to have been laid on the floor in a contracted position, on their sides; but a certain number, perhaps those of persons of distinction, were placed on stone platforms ranged round the sides of the cave. The most interesting interment is that of a newly born child, possibly a victim of infant sacrifice, whose remains were found in a large jar of coarse, brick-red, porous ware. A large assortment of food-vessels and other pottery, found with the bodies, forms a collection of great value for the study of the earliest pottery of Palestine.

The pre-Israelite Semites, who followed the Neolithic cave-dwellers, were stronger and larger-boned than their predecessors, and some of the males were as much as five feet eleven inches in height. Their racial type appears to have been not unlike that of the modern Arab. Two periods of occupation are marked by successive strata of *débris*. In the earlier, bronze was known, but fine flint knives were the usual tools; in the later, which also belongs to the Bronze Age, the state of culture was more advanced, and Gezer, surrounded by high walls, became a "fenced city" of the Amorites, or Canaanites. The most characteristic of the pottery types of the two periods are identical with those of the earlier settlements of Lachish, and are almost unknown in the ancient sites that have been excavated in the Shephelah of Judah. This fact, emphasised as it is by a marked difference of style in the

Google

colour-decoration of the pottery, points to a connection, probably tribal or racial, between Gezer and Lachish which did not exist between either of those places and the dwellers in the towns of the Shephelah. That there was such connection may also be inferred from the joint action of the two cities referred to in the Tell Amarna correspondence, and from the readiness with which the Gezrites hastened to the assistance of Lachish when attacked by Joshua.

A large number of objects in pottery, flint, stone, bone, and bronze has been found in the *débris* of both periods. Those from the later settlement, which are the most interesting, include the finest collection of bronze weapons hitherto discovered in Palestine, a fragment of an Egyptian statue of the Middle Empire bearing the name of a certain Maatinef, scarabs of the Middle Empire, jar-handles stamped with scarab seals, broken statuettes of a cow divinity, and nude figures of a female divinity in low relief on terra-cotta plaques.

The first Semitic occupation of the eastern hill is apparently represented by the burials in the crematorium, by a walled enclosure containing a small circle of stones, on one of which there are distinct marks of fire, by a large monolith, and by rude foundations of dwelling-houses. The Semites of the second settlement seem, like their predecessors, to have buried their dead within the walls of the city. Several skeletons have been found in different parts of the mound, but the most interesting interments are those in a rock-hewn cistern, of the earlier period, on the eastern hill. In this cistern were the remains of fourteen males from eighteen to fifty years of age, and of a female about sixteen years old; and some exceptionally fine bronze weapons. The bodies had been laid upon stones, and charcoal, found amongst the bones, seemed to indicate that there had been a funeral feast or sacrifice when the interments took place. The body of the girl had been cut through, and only the upper half had been deposited in the cave. There are certain indications that the males were buried at the same time, and that they were the victims of war or pestilence,

Google

Jar containing an Elephant's Heart

Google
Original from

or had suffered death for some crime. But the presence of the mutilated female skeleton is, and must always remain, a mystery. Mr. Macalister has suggested that the girl was sacrificed, but this view does not sufficiently explain the absence of the missing members.

The most interesting discovery in the *débris* of the pre-Israelite Semitic settlement is that of the *bāmāh*, or "high place" of Gezer. The excavations, temporarily closed in consequence of an outbreak of cholera, have already brought to light a megalithic structure standing in a walled enclosure just as in later times the Semitic naos, or temple, stood within the hieron or haram. The enclosure is at the western end of the central valley, and its north wall appears at one time to have formed part of the defences of the city. Its floor is well defined by a layer of limestone chips beneath which there are about three feet of soil containing the scanty remains of the Neolithic settlements. In this substratum of earth a number of large two-handled jars have been found, each containing the remains of a newly-born infant. The body was usually put in head first, and a bowl and jug or other small vessel, was either placed inside the jar, or buried near it. The jars were, apparently, filled with earth at the time of burial, and contained no ornaments or other articles. In two instances the bodies had been burned; in the others no trace of mutilation was detected. The ceremonial burial of so many newly-born babes in the precincts of the "high place" clearly indicates the prevalence of infant sacrifice, and this view is confirmed by the recent discoveries of Professor Sellin at Taanach. Whether the victims were first suffocated by being passed through the fire, or were buried alive in the earth with which the jars were filled, is uncertain. The burials appear to belong to the second Semitic occupation, but some may be earlier or later.

The megalithic structure consists of a group of seven monoliths, with an eighth standing apart, which seems to have been a later addition. The stones are at unequal distances

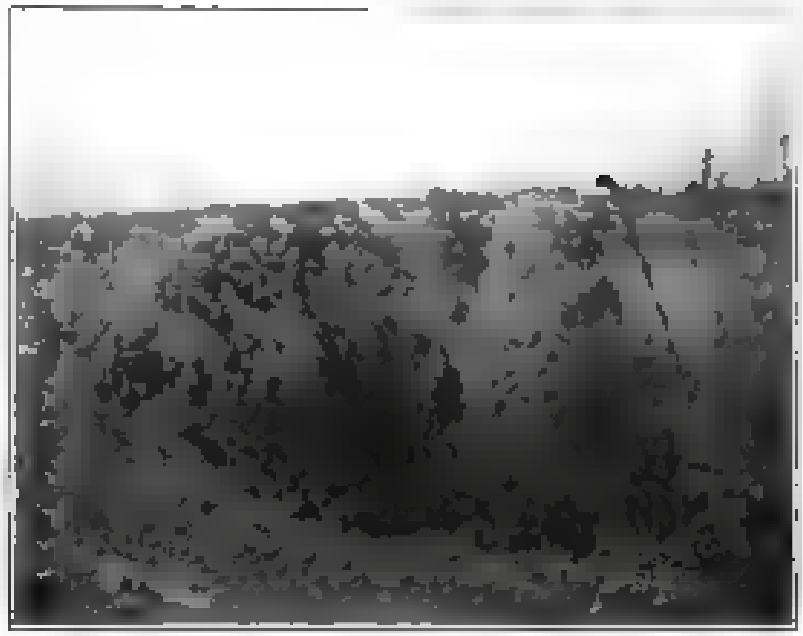
Google

from each other, and are aligned in a gentle curve of which the chord is nearly north and south. They vary in size; the largest is ten feet nine inches high, and the smallest is only five feet five inches. The upper end of the latter has been worked to a sharp point, and its polished surface shows that it has been rubbed, anointed, and kissed by a long succession of worshippers. This peculiarity, wanting in the other stones, has suggested the idea that the most insignificant of the monoliths was the original *beth-el* of the "high place," and that its massive companions are but honorific additions. A platform of stones, about eight feet wide, runs under and around the monoliths, and in it there is a large block of limestone with a socket which was perhaps intended to receive the *asherah*, or sacred pole, that formed part of the equipment of a Canaanite high place. No trace of an altar has yet been found.

The fifth settlement is the city that was taken by Joshua, jointly occupied by Jews and Canaanites, and in the end destroyed by the father-in-law of Solomon. It is the last settlement on the eastern hill, and is distinguished by lamp and bowl deposits under house walls. These curious foundation deposits appear to commence with the Hebrew immigration and to cease with the Captivity; and there is reason to believe that they were connected with a custom, or rite, peculiar to the Hebrews, and unknown amongst the Canaanites. During the period of the settlement the area of the "high place," which had hitherto been open, was encroached upon by houses, but there is clear evidence that the spot retained much of its original sanctity. Iron was used, but bronze was the regular metal, and flint implements were still in common use. The pottery types from the *débris* are transitional, between pre-Israelite and Jewish.

The sixth occupation carries the history of Gezer down to the Captivity. It was confined to the western hill and the central valley, and is characterised by the jar-handles with royal stamps which belong to the period of the Jewish kings. The lamp and bowl deposits continue, and Jewish types of pottery

Google



High Place of Gezer before Excavation

High Place of Gezer after Excavation

Digitized by Google

Original from

prevail. Iron is in general use, but bronze implements are common, and flints have not entirely disappeared. There are further encroachments on the area of the "high place" which had not completely lost its sanctity.

The floor of the enclosure in which the megalithic structure stands is to a great extent covered with the *débris* of the fifth and sixth settlements, and from this Mr. Macalister has obtained an enormous number of objects emblematic of nature worship in limestone, brick, pottery, bone, and marble. Amongst the finds are also many plaques of terra-cotta representing a goddess in low relief, which have been cast from moulds. The figure is that of a nude woman who has her hands crossed under her breasts, and carries on her head a diadem or turreted crown. In other instances the figure is adorned with a necklace and bracelets, and holds two lotus flowers. Both types evidently represent Ashtoreth (Astarte), whose prototype was the Assyrian Ishtar, the goddess of fertility and reproduction. To the sixth settlement belong a fine statuette of Osiris in bronze, with a gold-leaf band round the loins and the remains of gilding on the face; and a mould for casting the face of a goddess of Phœnico-Egyptian type.

Any speculation with regard to the history of the "high place" before the completion of the excavations must be premature. But it is at least probable that, prior to the Hebrew immigration, it was the scene of human sacrifice; and that during the periods of the Judges, and possibly until the reign of Hezekiah, it was polluted by the licentious rites which were connected with the cultus of Astarte. Amongst the questions suggested by the excavations are: the possible assignment of Gezer to the Levites on account of the sanctity of its "high place" amongst the Canaanites, the extent to which the intruding Ephraimites were influenced by close contact with the religious observances of the Gezrites, and the probable date of the encroachments on the sacred enclosure, which Mr. Macalister suggests were due to overcrowding during the joint occupation that followed the capture of the city by Joshua.

Google

The seventh settlement is characterised by the unmistakable pottery of the Seleucid period, and brings the history of Gezer down to the Maccabæan wars. Iron is the regular metal, bronze is used for ornaments only, and flint is rare. The lamp and bowl deposits disappear, and there is no trace of any worship connected with the "high place." The use of the arch for vaulting is known, and squared brick-like blocks of light limestone are employed in building, as in the Ptolemaic town of Marisa (Mareshah) excavated at Tell Sandahannah. In the *débris* have been found Rhodian jar-handles; saucers, ointment bottles, lamps, and imported Greek bowls similar to those found in such abundance in the ruins of Marisa; and a slab of red sandstone inscribed with the name of Nefaarut, the first king of the 29th Egyptian Dynasty.

The only addition to our previous knowledge of the later settlements is the discovery that the boundary of the city was marked, between the inscriptions, by small boulders.

The excavations are, it may be observed, revealing the past history of Palestine in a remarkable way. They have carried back the history of Gezer, and by inference that of other Palestinian cities, to a remote age in which cave-dwellers of non-Semitic race, who were not acquainted with metal, cremated their dead in a common sepulchral cave. They have disclosed, for the first time, an undisturbed burial-place of pre-Israelite Semites and incidentally thrown light on the disposal of the dead at a period when the Patriarchs were laid in the Cave of Machpelah. They have revealed to a certain extent the nature and arrangement of a Canaanite "high place," the existence of infant sacrifice and ceremonial burial of the victims, and the prevalence of impure nature worship; and they have supplied not only evidence of the gradual growth of civilisation in Palestine from the Neolithic, through the early and late Bronze Ages, to the Iron Age, but a chronological starting-point for the archæology of pre-Israelite Canaan.

The apparent agreement of the archæological discoveries with the literary notices in the Bible and elsewhere are also

Google

Group of pre-Israelite Pottery from the Levant

Google

worthy of remark. The similarity between the antiquities of Gezer and Lachish indicates a connection suggested by the account of Joshua's campaign; the character of the deposits changes at a period which corresponds to the Hebrew immigration; the encroachment on the enclosure of the "high place," and the restriction of the limits of the city, take place at times when we should expect them to occur; the prevalence of intramural interment as late as the period of the Judges is alluded to in the Bible; the vicissitudes of the "high place" and its final loss of sanctity before the Captivity testify to the influence of the religion of the Jews and to the reforming zeal of Hezekiah and Josiah; and the great predominance of objects of Egyptian origin amongst those of foreign *provenance* show that close relationship with Egypt which is indicated by history.

One remarkable feature of the excavations is that no inscriptions, excepting the two in Egyptian hieroglyphs, have been found. The use of clay tablets for correspondence and other purposes was common long before the time of Joshua, and prevailed during the reigns of the Kings of Judah. The Tell Amarna correspondence shows that they were used at Gezer, and some may yet be found. But the experience at Knossos has shown that clay tablets are apt to become disintegrated in a damp soil, and some such misfortune may have befallen the Gezer records. It is true that a tablet was found in good preservation at Lachish, but there is a great difference in climate between a town situated near the south end of the Maritime plain, and one lying farther north on a hill which has an altitude of 756 feet.

The greater part of the site of Gezer, including that portion occupied by the city of Solomon, has still to be excavated, and there is every reason to hope and expect that during the next two seasons the discoveries of Mr. Macalister will equal, if they do not exceed, in importance those which have already rewarded his exertions.

C. W. Wilson.

Google

HUMAN PERSONALITY AFTER DEATH[1]

MR. FREDERICK MYERS'S book, "Human Personality," sums up the effort of a lifetime. The author was perhaps the most elegant, certainly the most poetical of modern classical scholars. His English poetry had its original music, its personal note, its expression of a singular character. He was a hard-working Inspector of Schools. He was fond of social intercourse, and most interesting in conversation. But what lay nearest his heart was the problem of human immortality, or rather of the survival of the conscious life of the soul or spirit, using that word "without prejudice," till a better term is adopted. In Mr. Myers's opinion this question of survival after death was "the most momentous of all." Here I must differ from him to a certain extent. The question may be the most momentous, but it is not so regarded. Our race has always "jumped the life to come." The belief in it, when most generally held, had next to no influence on morality, on conduct. At the time of the Reformation the Catholic believed; but he could propitiate the Lord of Death and Life by gifts, penances, masses, and so forth. The Calvinist believed; but he was "elect,"—and then he could do as he pleased;

[1] "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." By F. W. H. Myers. Longmans, 1903. "Modern Spiritualism." By Frank Podmore. Methuen. 1902.

Google

or he was reprobate,—and then it did not matter. Black Ormistoun, before he was hanged for unnumbered offences (about 1574), announced that he was elect, and certain to sup that night in Paradise. Gilles de Rais entertained similar expectations.

If immortality was as absolutely certain as Mr. Myers himself believed it to be, people would, I think, behave exactly as they do at present. In short, the idea of immortality, as it does not affect conduct, is not the most momentous of all possible ideas.

The emotions with which Mr. Myers regarded immortality were very unlike those of men in general. In what I have to say of his book I shall be as frank as if he were yet with us, for he knew what I thought, and listened to objections with imperturbable humour and good humour. It is an objection that he had the strongest possible bias towards belief; just as most of our instructors in cheap popular science have precisely the opposite bias. This bias makes them criticise such works as Mr. Myers's without taking the trouble to read them; this bias enables them freely to advance statements in which truth is not art and part. On the other hand, Mr. Myers, in certain cases, was able to accept as valid and as probatory evidence (chiefly of so-called trance-speakers) which I and certain official students of psychical research look on as inadequate, or even as fraudulent. Unluckily such evidence, notably that of Mrs. Piper and the Rev. Stainton Moses, plays a great part in Mr. Myers's theory, as it evolved itself after the regretted death of Mr. Edmund Gurney. There is no orthodoxy in Psychical Research. Each student has his own provisional conclusions. Mr. Podmore, in his "Modern Spiritualism," can get no farther than a qualified opinion that there is such a phenomenon as telepathy, not necessarily implying the existence of anything "spiritual." I myself, regarding the words "matter" and "spirit" as mere metaphysical counters with which we pay ourselves, think (religious faith apart) that human faculty lends a fairly strong presumption in favour of the survival of

Digitized by Google

human consciousness. Mr. Myers went all the way with the Socrates of the *Phædo*.

I shall try to give a brief and inevitably inadequate account of Mr. Myers's work, though I am totally ignorant of the science of brain, nerves, "neurons," and so forth, in which he was deeply versed. Let us take it that we have no evidence of the existence of mind apart from a fleshly mechanism; that thought, in our experience, is universally a concomitant of certain cerebral changes. The lowest savage knows that, when a man is sufficiently knocked on the head, his mind does not work in his body, though, for more caution, it may be as well to tie his body up tightly, bury it, and light a fire on the top. Science can add nothing to this certainty; it can only give details about the physical machinery of thought. But the savage, by reflection on dreams, sleep, visions, hallucinations, and the rest, has come to the conclusion that there is in man a spirit, or shadow, which can go abroad while the man lives, can see, and be seen, at a distance from the body, and can survive death. Mr. Myers, to some degree, accepted this "palæolithic psychology," as he styles it; and I rather think that I suggested the phrase. It is my humble belief that civilisation has developed no theory of religion, evolution, creation, or the soul, which low savages have not anticipated in their rude way. The faith of the Mincopie or of the Gourn-ditcha is based on observed facts, and on speculation about the facts.

> "There is *much* speculation in these eyes
> That he doth glare withal."

Among the alleged facts are many with which the savage and the popular minds have always been familiar, but which science has either ignored or "explained away," or, at most, has but recently and gingerly begun to scrutinise. These facts, such as in hypnotism, are unusual examples of human faculty, long ago familiar to savages. It is these things that Mr. Myers persistently claimed as highly deserving of examination, and as, conceivably, inconsistent with what is called

Digitized by Google

"materialism"—one of the counters used in the game of metaphysics. In this opinion Mr. Myers was at one with Hegel. Here I may remark that, at Oxford, we were dosed with Hegel in lectures; but that I never heard the late Mr. T. H. Green drop a word about Hegel's belief in these "supernormal" examples of human faculty which are the basis of Mr. Myers's argument. "The intuitive soul," says the Teutonic sage at whose shadowy feet we reluctantly sat, "oversteps the conditions of time and space; it beholds things remote, things long past, and things to come."[1] Hegel, like Mr. Myers, and Quicherat, the great historian and palæographer, believed in the "clairvoyance" of Jeanne d'Arc. Concerning all this of Hegel we were not told one word at Oxford. The motto of science, physical or metaphysical, as to all these matters, has been "Keep it dark!" Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Sidgwick were resolved that such things should be kept dark no longer; but examined so far as "a *nascent* science . . . in its dim and poor beginnings" could examine them, "simply by observation and experiment."

Is this common sense or is it not? Is this not part of the provinces of anthropology, and of mythology, and of psychology? When Lord Kelvin tells us that "clairvoyance and the like are the result of bad observation, chiefly, somewhat mixed up, however, with the effects of wilful imposture acting on an innocent, trusting mind," we want to know whether Lord Kelvin speaks after long and conscientious investigation, at first hand, of cases of so-called clairvoyance? If not, is his dogmatic statement strictly scientific? In any case, the founders of the Society for Physical Research resolved to investigate the whole subject. That the minds of Mr. Sidgwick, Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Podmore were peculiarly "innocent and trusting"—or trusting, at any rate, (Lord Kelvin's mind, probably, is "innocent") only prejudice

[1] "*Philosophie des Geistes*," Werke, VII. 179, Berlin, 1845. See Mr. Wallace's translation (1894), which does not include the *Zusätze*, most copious on these points.

Google

can assert. That Mr. Myers's mind was "trusting" (in this matter) I have already averred: I think it was too trusting; though, when fraud or error was proved, he candidly confessed the fact.

After some preliminary observations, Mr. Myers attacks the question of Personality. Is each of us only One, as our consciousness usually, but not always, tells us? Or is "the self a co-ordination?" Here we find the reply in Chapter II., "Disorganisations of Personality." Here many curious examples are given of persons becoming quite new personalities, new in character, oblivious of their past, adopting new names, occasionally reverting to the old name, memory, and character, and so forth. Again, "hysteria is another man," or woman, just as in the old proverb, "ale is another man." A man kills his wife, he being in an epileptic condition, and having no memory of the event. He was another man. Put it that the good and the bad "He" alternate, and exist for years alternately, is good A. to be hanged, or damned, for the sins of bad B.? Cases are known of hysterical people with three or five alternating personalities.

All this looks as if it made absolutely and convincingly against Mr. Myers's belief in "an indwelling soul, the unifying principle of personality." The man in Voltaire, meeting his guardian angel, says: "It is well worth while having a guardian angel, when he lets one get into prison for what I never did . . .!" In the same way the five personalities of "Louis V." (not the monarch of that name) might well say to their "unifying principle," "If you are a unifying principle, why do you leave us all at sixes and sevens?" The unifying principle, or "Subliminal Self," must reply that he really cannot help it. Hysteria has set in, and mixed up "elements which should lie above and elements which should be below the threshold" (or "beyond the margin") "of waking consciousness."

In hysteria that consciousness "is narrowed." The hysteric girl can move heavy weights, as a housemaid, when she is not thinking about her condition. But, draw her attention to her

Google

own strength, ask her to squeeze a dynamometer, and she cannot do it, on account of a "caprice of the hypnotic stratum." That caprice can be cured by an appeal to the "unifying principle of personality," an appeal usually made after hypnotising the patient. The subliminal self, the "unifying principle," lies low, but can be got at. If hypnotised, Jones, as he calls himself, who was born Brown, but has forgotten all about Brown, remembers Brown, is Brown again. His unifying self has been got at.

There is, in Mr. Myers's hypothesis, such an unifying element, the subliminal self, which survives death, and has "actually been observed apart from the organism which it possesses, both while that organism is living and after it has decayed."

Here I pass from Genius, Sleep, and Hypnotism (which all show aspects of the subliminal self in various degrees of trammelled or untrammelled action) to the said subliminal self, when observed in operation apart from his living or decaying organism. In the first case we call the thing a wraith, in the second, a ghost. I have viewed two or three wraiths: about my only ghost I have the gravest doubts.

Here I must reluctantly ask leave to go rather deeper into these things. Mr. Myers's book, though lucid, is emphatically not for "those who eddy round and round" the circulating libraries. Even if he demonstrated what he only suggests, that the *abonnés* of Mr. Mudie have immortal minds, they do not care enough about it to overcome their habitual indolence and read a book for themselves. And, if any general reader has followed me so far, he may here return to his evening newspaper. Yet we are coming to wraiths and ghosts.

Mr. Myers has tried to show, in the chapters on Dreams, Sleep, Hypnotism, and Genius, that there is something much cleverer and more potent in a region of our nature usually submerged and out of view, than in our normal waking consciousness. To take a mild example. A person is hypnotised, and is told to see a tiger. Now we can all, in various degrees,

Google

make a mind-picture of a tiger, but the hypnotised person, in Mr. Myers's opinion, sees it infinitely more vividly, as a real presence, than he could do when awake. Here the sceptic will remark that the hypnotised person sees nothing at all, but only behaves dramatically as if he did. Experiment may illustrate this question. There seems no doubt about the actuality of post-hypnotic hallucinations.

Next Mr. Myers supposes an "inner vision." As you certainly see with your eyes shut in dreams, and in *illusions hypnagogiques*, so what you see in the way of hallucination, when awake, may be by virtue of "a central hyperæsthesia" not dependent on the open bodily eye.[1] Ibn Kaldoun, an Arab of the thirteenth century, applied this theory to the pictures seen by the crystal gazer. "They do not see what is really to be seen in the mirror" (reflections of surrounding objects), "theirs is another form of perception which awakes *within them*, not by means of the sense of sight, but of the soul, though the perceptions of the soul, as far as the seers are concerned, have a deceptive resemblance to the perceptions of the ocular sense."[2] Mr. Myers is in accord with my Arabian author. He goes on to say that, in certain cases, these hallucinations (really internal, but in appearance external visions or hallucinations of the sane) "are in some way generated by some agent outside the percipient's mind": say a death, a battle, a mere thought of an absent person, and so on.

Now we have always heard of this kind of vision as "telepathic," caused merely by some unknown action of distant brain on distant brain. Wait awhile. Mr. Myers

[1] The *illusion hypnagogique* is the vision, in half sleep, with shut eyes, of faces, places, and other things, usually unknown to the waking self. Thus I, who can scarcely form the faintest mental picture, when awake, can see, with shut eyes, on the border of sleep, very vivid presentations of objects of all kinds. But I cannot voluntarily introduce the presentation of an object which I want to see. The vivid "inner sight" has its own way of choosing objects to be presented.

[2] "Notices et Extraits des MSS. de la Bib. Imp." I. xix. pp. 643–645.

Google

mentions crystal-gazing as "an empirical method of developing internal vision," as when all sense of the presence of the glass ball is lost, and the seer appears to be looking at a real occurrence among actual people. But when the vision is spontaneous, and corresponds with an unknown distant event, or unknown experience of a distant person, Mr. Myers gives his reasons for dissenting from Sir William Crookes's theory of "ether waves of even smaller amplitude and greater frequency than those which carry the X rays." The syntonisation of the cerebral coherers (these are bonny scientific words!) is rather too good for Sir William Crookes's theory, and also rather too bad. Jones, in Australia, unconsciously transmits waves which only his friend Brown, in Bayswater, picks up. But sometimes Smith and Green, strangers to Jones, but in Brown's company, pick them up too. How to explain these syntonisations?

Now comes Mr. Myers's novelty, bearing on our occasional observations of the subliminal self at a distance from his organism, whether living or decaying. Jones's subliminal self has actually made a "psychical excursion," or "invasion" has actually set up a "phantasmogenetic centre" in "the percipient's surroundings" which are also the surroundings of Smith and Green. All perceive the phantasm generated by the subliminal self of Jones, installed by him, during his psychical excursion, say, from Australia. As Mr. Myers admits, this is rather like "palæolithic psychology." But it is not really more akin to palæolithic psychology than the Australian Arunta theory of evolution is akin to that of Dr. A. R. Wallace; than the Gourn-ditcha theology is akin to that of the Church; than the Dieri theory of the Origin of Totemism is akin to that of Mr. Fison; than another savage theory is akin to that of Dr. Haddon; and so on. Primitive man, like Brookes of Sheffield, is sharp; and I cannot scout a civilised theory of evolution, theology, totemism, or phantasms merely because it had occurred to neolithic man: of palæolithic man we know little.

Google

He was an admirable artist, and quite clever enough to have a theory of phantasms.

Now let us apply Mr. Myers's theory to my own observations of the subliminal self apart from his organism. Two years ago I was sitting, and making copy, where I am sitting now. I was opposite the window, two paces from my writing-table. The window looks out on a path through a little garden. The path is fourteen paces long, it is closed at the farther end by an iron gate, giving on the road from Leuchars to St. Andrews. I looked up from my work (on Scottish History) and saw Mr. Q. He was just within my gate, and ran up the path to my door. He was dressed in a grey cloth cap, and a greyish or brownish ulster, and was smiling. I went to open the front door and welcome him. The process occupies seven seconds. There was nobody at the door, in the garden, or within sight. Tradespeople do not enter by that gate, nor by that door. Again, I do not remember that Mr. Q. ever did come into my house, except in my own company, in the afternoon. I dined out that evening and met Mrs. Q. without her husband. He had a cold, or other malady, and was not going out. Now, on Mr. Myers's theory, I presume that Mr. Q.'s unifying principle, or subliminal self, had made an "excursion," and set up a phantasmogenetic agency in my garden. Perhaps he was asleep at the time (say 8.30 P.M.), but the owner of another self, whose phantasm I saw and spoke to once, was only on the other side of a door, and wide awake: and not in the dress in which I saw her *eidolon*.

Mr. Myers says that, unlike palæolithic man, he finds his own theory "credible with difficulty." So do I, who have no theory. Mr. Myers's theory does not imply that Jones, say, is *consciously* trying to make an excursion and set up a phantasmogenetic agency. "Different fractions of the personality can act so far independently of each other that the one is not conscious of the other's action." Mr. Myers's theory implies some relation of the subliminal self to space; the space in our surroundings is, somehow, modified by that self's excursions.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

If so, that accounts for *collective* observation of phantasms, by a group of people, of which several examples are given. In fact, when one of a group sees a phantasm, I think that the experience is frequently collective. Any person may try the experiment of saying, "Hullo, there's Jones!" and may discover how often his companions also see Jones—by "suggestion" (the popular science explanation). This is quite a scientific experiment, but may lead to strong opinions as to the sanity of the experimenter. Mr. Myers offers large numbers of anecdotes of phantasms which coincided with crises in the lives of their distant owners. These tales are mainly borrowed from "Phantasms of the Living," now difficult to procure, and from the archives, mainly in print, of the S.P.R.

Among the stories the "reciprocal" are not the least curious. A. at one place is conscious of removing to and of seeing B., perhaps B. and C. at another place; and B. or B. and C. simultaneously see A. Of this class of anecdote, that numbered 666c is interesting. (Vol. I. p. 682 *et seq.*) Mr. Wilmot leaves Liverpool for New York on October 8, 1868. That fact, the sailing of the ship, is officially confirmed. Mr. Wilmot's cabin-mate, sleeping in the berth above him, was an Englishman, in Anglican orders, the Rev. William Tait, now deceased. After eight days of tempest there came a lull. Mr. Wilmot slept well, but dreamed that his wife, then in America, entered his cabin in her night-dress, hesitated on seeing that he was not alone, then advanced, kissed him, and withdrew. On waking he found Mr. Tait looking at him. "You're a pretty fellow," said Mr. Tait, "to have a lady come and visit you in this way." On being pressed, Mr. Tait admitted that he, being then awake, had seen what Mr. Wilmot saw only in a dream. He thrice repeated his statement, in answer to Mr. Wilmot's inquiries. Moreover, Miss Wilmot, in the same ship, says that Mr. Tait asked her if she had visited her brother; and told her that he had seen a woman in white enter the cabin.

Google

So far the obvious explanation is that some lady on board walked in her sleep, and that Mr. Wilmot did not dream of her, but actually saw her. But, on joining his family, Mr. Wilmot was asked by his wife, if he had seen her when she visited him "a week ago on Tuesday." She then explained that, when apparently awake in bed, she seemed to herself to cross the sea, enter his state-room, see a man in the upper berth, yet advance and kiss her husband. She correctly described the ship, and a peculiar arrangement of the berths. In this case she did not appear to herself to see the ship from her bed, but to move to it through space.

I give a tale of the same kind. Mr. B., son of Sir J. B., fell asleep in his club in Princes Street, Edinburgh. He dreamed that he was late for dinner, that he walked quickly to his father's house in Abercromby Place, let himself in with his latch-key, ran upstairs, and, from the first landing, saw his father come out of the dining-room and look up at him. Then he wakened, and found that it was nearly midnight. He walked home, but could not open the door, which was locked. His father came to the door, opened it, and said, "What are you about? You let yourself in with the key, and ran upstairs, a quarter of an hour ago. I lost sight of you on the landing, and locked the house up. Why did you go out again?" Mr. B. explained that he had dreamed all that. This is from a narrative signed by Mr. B. and Lady B.; Sir John B. is dead. Here we have what? A "psychical excursion," and a phantasmogenetic agency? I do not know, feeling only certain that such narratives ought to be examined, as containing evidence to unknown human faculties.

Mr. Myers, with his theory, extends his view to "phantasms of the dead." If they can be authenticated, then the dead produces his phantasmogenetic agency with no aid from a brain which is dust. Here I give an example which was unknown to Mr. Myers. Lord K. is a person of the highest public importance, not as a politician. He and Lady K. are both in the very prime of life and health. They occupied for

Google

seven years an old house in L——shire. One summer evening, Lady K. was sitting at dinner. Behind her was the window looking on the garden: opposite to her was a mirror. In the mirror she saw a woman in black, walking in the garden. She looked over her shoulder; there the woman was, and Lady K. thought that she had come up from the village. Later she often saw the woman in the garden, later still in the house, but never could come to close quarters with her. Lady K. held her peace and kept her counsel. One day, when Lord K. was sitting with her in the front drawing-room, she saw him gazing into the back drawing-room. "Do you see anything?" she asked. "Yes." "What do you see?" Lord K. then described the appearance of a woman in black. He saw her on several occasions, once in the billiard-room; he pursued her, but to no purpose. He first told me the story, and then Lady K. was good enough to write it out, with their signatures. Guests and servants had the same experience. Lord K. spoke to the agent of the owner of the house, but found him unwilling to discuss the subject. Lady K. says that for long she did not mind the experiences, but that they ended by annoying her.

We cannot trace this appearance to any actual dead person, but, at all events, this house was the centre of a permanent possibility of hallucination, affecting Lord K. before he had heard that any woman in black was in the habit of being seen in the rooms.

To Mr. Myers's mind, there were two conceivable explanations of well-authenticated cases of this kind. First, for all that we know, past events and persons cast a shadow behind, a kind of photograph on we know not what, impressed we know not how, observed we know not how. We are in the infancy of knowledge about such purely "physical" possibilities.

Let me give a case, of such an impression produced by a "material" object. I have mislaid the reference, but the tale serves merely as an illustration.

Some one, coming for the first time to a certain country

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

house, remarked a staircase leading up from the hall. Next day he saw no such matter, and asked his host, "What has become of that staircase?" "There is no such staircase," said the other; "there once was one, but it has long been removed." Now, if bricks and mortar could leave such a "trace," so may human beings.[1]

Again, given "retrocognition," one of the alleged faculties of the subliminal self, or of Hegel's "sensitive soul," then dead occupants of a house may be "retrocognised."

This would afford no presumption in favour of the survival of the self. But Mr. Myers's general theory was this. The ghosts in well-attested cases are almost invariably flitting, evasive, motiveless phantasms—to look at much like somnambulists, still more like phantasms of the living. These last, on Mr. Myers's theory, are not set up, as a rule, by any *conscious* action of their living owners. If they are created by the unconscious phantasmogenetic agencies of their owners, so, by parity of reasoning, are the phantasms of the dead, whose selves, therefore, somehow survive. Now that the phantasms of the living are not always mere psychological freaks on the part of their observers, or "precipients," Mr. Myers argues, first from the numerous cases in which the phantasm synchronises with the death, or other crisis of the owner of the phantasm. In the "Census of Hallucinations" the statistical conclusion was that the phantasm coincided with the death of his owner 440 times oftener than he ought to do, by the laws of chance, after every conceivable deduction had been made. Now these statistics are an unknown number of degrees better than what Mr. E. B. Tylor produced in his statistical examination of the laws regulating marriage among savage and barbarian peoples.[2] Thus Mr. Tylor, out of 850 peoples, would give a fact occurring twenty-two times "where accident might fairly have given eleven." The eleven against the twenty-two—it is

[1] Of course the appearance might be a telepathic hallucination from the mind of some one who had seen the staircase.

[2] *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, February 1889, pp. 245–269.

Google

two to one. But the S.P.R., out of 17,000 persons, gets the fact of the coincident phantasm occurring in the ratio of 440 times, where accident should produce 1.

Thus, Mr. Myers regarded phantasms of the living, or rather dying, as having an origin in their owners; moreover, the appearances were often seen by several persons at once, so he could not deem them mere psychological freaks on the side of the observer. As to phantasms of the dead, there could not be the evidence of a coincidence with any posthumous crisis of the dead. The evidence, practically, could only be that the phantasm, in one way or other, conveyed information unknown to the living observers, and this point is illustrated in a number of instances.

To myself, after reading the evidence, it appears that a fairly strong presumption is raised in favour of a "phantasmogenetic agency" set at work, in a vague unconscious way, by the deceased, and I say this after considering the adverse arguments of Mr. Podmore, for example, in favour of telepathy from living minds, and all the hypotheses of hoaxing, exaggerative memory, malobservation, and so forth—not to mention the popular nonsense about "What is the use of it?" "Why is it permitted?" and the rest of it. What is the use of *argon*, why are cockroaches "permitted?"

So far I can go, a long way, with Mr. Myers. I do firmly believe that there are human faculties, as yet unexplained, as yet inconsistent with popular scientific "materialism." But when Mr. Myers goes farther, and expresses a belief that messages from the dead are uttered by Mrs. Piper, or were written by the late Rev. Stainton Moses, or given by table-tilting, or automatic writing, I cannot march with him. The curious may compare Mr. Myers's reverential treatment of Mr. Moses with the account by Mr. Podmore, who also knew him, in "Modern Spiritualism." Mr. Moses got a third class in Moderations, a pass in Greats. He was a clergyman of stainless character, and a schoolmaster, mainly teaching English Literature. His performances were given only before a little

Google

flock of intimate friends. But I agree with Mr. Podmore that his "controls" or "guides" were mere freaks of his own brain, and that his "messages" from the dead contained nothing that he could not pick up in newspapers and works of reference. His "physical" marvels were not observed under test conditions, and, if fraudulent, were deliberately fraudulent. This implies almost a moral miracle (for the man was otherwise upright); but who can calculate the excesses of an hysterical temperament overwrought?

On the other hand, I am unable to accept Mr. Podmore's theory of the world-wide phenomena of the Poltergeist—the noises, and flights of objects—as always mere results of fraud, and collective hallucination, and exaggerative memory.[1] I cannot believe that a "circle" mainly composed of men in the Oxford Eleven and Football team was of the sort to be easily "hallucinated" collectively, or to abstain from "ragging" the medium (who shone in Rugby football) if they found him cheating.[2] When the bowler and the wicket-keeper of the Eleven told me what they did tell me, both being clear-headed sceptics who cared for none of these things, when the wicket-keeper (in whose rooms the men met) averred that the *vacarme* persisted through the night, after all the men had gone, I cannot repose easily on Mr. Podmore's explanation. But I have none of my own. Mr. Podmore, having a theory, is well content, but I think he is rather easily satisfied, and happily impermeable to adverse arguments in favour of suspense of judgment. At all events, it is salutary to compare his book with that of Mr. Myers, and to try to discount the bias of either author. We must not allow ourselves to be prejudiced by the

[1] In the new number of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Mr. Podmore and I wrangle on this point.

[2] I am well aware of what is sure to be said about my acceptance, as far as it goes, of the evidence of young English athletes, my friends, and, in two cases, my near kinsmen. But they were keen-sighted and agile, they were neither enthusiasts, nor theorists, nor women: nor mere scientific characters, like Messrs. Crookes and Huggins, and Lord Crawford. They had no point to make, they drew no inferences, and so I take their evidence to be good.

Google

unfortunate circumstance that Mr. Podmore writes about "happenings."

To end with a confession of opinion: I entirely agree with Mr. Myers, and Hegel, that we, or many of us, are in something, or that something is in us, which "does not know the bonds of time, or feel the manacles of space." Mr. Myers knew, in detail, and I know, in gross, the reply of popular science, about living automata; consciousness as an "epiphenomenon," and the rest of it. The reply does not meet the facts which Mr. Myers produces; some of them win my belief, others do not. I do not believe that educated English people after death pick up American idioms. The controversy, therefore, turns on these facts, and though well aware of the methods by which popular science explains them away, I am also much alive to the futility of these methods. You can explain no facts by first egregiously misstating them, and then accounting for the circumstances as given in your misstatement.

A. LANG.

Google

THE RESTORATION OF OXFORD

> "The principal of all the reforms which deserve consideration at the hands of Schools and Universities, though it lies chiefly in the hands of the latter, is the lowering of the age of the students. . . . It seems to me certain that the Schools keep boys too old: that the Universities accept them too late, and keep them too long: and that if the average age were a couple of years younger, the number of those who would be able to look forward to a university education would be largely increased. . . . Two years or two years and a half might be given to additional study by those who chose to proceed to a further examination for the degree of Master of Arts."
>
> EDWARD BOWEN.

TO the student of history who tries to reconstruct the University life of our forefathers, there is no contrast more striking, no change which makes it harder to conceive and present a true picture of the past, than the disparity in the age of undergraduates then and now. Moreover, an examination of records seem to show that the age at which boys were commonly entered at the Universities altered but little from Stuart times till well into the nineteenth century. In 1625 John Milton was "ready for college at sixteen, not earlier than the usual age at that period."[1] Seventy years later we find the young Marquess of Tavistock, son of the Whig martyr, Lord Russell, about to commence residence at Cambridge at fifteen; and only saved by the resolute inter-

[1] Mark Pattison's "Milton."

Google

ference of his wise mother from being put forward as a candidate for Parliament.

Samuel Johnson, it is true, did not go up to Pembroke till he was nineteen; but it appears that his going up at all was an afterthought, and only made possible by pecuniary assistance from friends, which was not offered earlier. He found himself much older than his companions, a circumstance which increased the isolation in which his poverty and uncouthness set him. His friend, Dr. Adams, to whom we largely owe our scanty knowledge of Johnson's life at Oxford, was fellow of Pembroke at seventeen, and tutor at twenty-four.

In the year 1792 Edward Gibbon, surely the most singular of freshmen, commenced Gentleman Commoner at Magdalen College in his fifteenth year. The history and lesson of the disastrous "fourteen months" of his residence, we shall have to discuss later; here it is only important to note the age at which he entered.

Passing to the early years of the nineteenth century we find no change. In 1806 John Keble, at the age of fourteen years and seven months, in 1811 Thomas Arnold aged fifteen years and eight months were admitted Scholars of Corpus, and became members of the society described by Sir John Coleridge in a letter to Dean Stanley.[1]

> We might be, indeed we were, somewhat boyish in manner, and in the liberties we took with each other; but our interest in literature, ancient and modern, and in all the stirring matters of that stirring time was not boyish; we debated the classic and romantic question; we discussed poetry and history, logic and philosophy; or we fought over the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them. Our habits were inexpensive and temperate. . . .

The admission of Coleridge himself at nearly nineteen is noted as an exception and taking a number of instances we find the average age somewhat under sixteen.

In the last eighty years, however, the age of entry has gradually and steadily advanced until to-day most boys begin

[1] Quoted in Dr. Fowler's "History of Corpus Christi College, Oxford."

Google

their college life at nineteen, an age at which Francis Bacon had already taken his degree at Trinity, Cambridge, been admitted to the Society of "Ancients" of Gray's Inn, passed two years abroad in the train of Sir Amyas Paulet, the Queen's Ambassador to France, and, on his father's death, settled down to carve out a career for himself at the Bar.[1]

Bacon no doubt was precocious among the men of his own time, but, all allowances made, the contrast is striking. We resolutely keep the young men of our well-to-do classes *in statu pupillari* till they are twenty-three.

Robert Louis Stevenson notes this well in his comparison of the English and Scottish character.[2]

> Certainly for one thing English boys are younger for their age.
>
> The English lad goes to Oxford or Cambridge; there in an ideal world of gardens to lead a semi-scenic life, costumed, disciplined, and drilled by proctors; nor is this to be regarded merely as a stage of education; it is a piece of privilege besides, and a step that separates him further from the bulk of his compatriots.

We may admit, with a smile or a sigh, that the drill and discipline are for the most part "semi-scenic"; the privilege is very real indeed. Endowed with a large and sudden measure of liberty, English undergraduates are still carefully guarded from the results of their own actions. They are even exempted from the operation of the common law of England, by the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, and this exemption, which would be wise and salutary for boys, is becoming absurd when it is extended to grown men.

It would be serious enough if the move from school to college were only a new lease of boyhood; but in fact we give a deliberate set-back to the normal maturing process, by the grant of freedom without responsibility. Compare an undergraduate in his first or second year with a sixth-form boy, monitor or prefect, in a Public School.

It is difficult to see how this evil can be avoided under

[1] "Bacon," by Dean Church, ch. i. pp. 7–9.

[2] "The Foreigner at Home."

Google

present conditions. The modern undergraduate is too old for the rules and restrictions of a school; and on the other hand, Duty and Responsibility are not yet presented to him in the convincing form which they wear in actual life. But the result for numbers of men, especially, but not only, well-to-do passmen, is an artificial infancy of intellect and morals, from which some never emerge, and which is a long price to pay for the pleasant extension of boyhood for three or four years.

Time was, and not so very long ago either, when the English Public School System was looked on as the guardian of the National Character (*ex hypothesi* the best possible), as the envy of foreign nations, a thing which they might strive after in their inferior way but never wholly attain. Just now the pendulum has swung rather far the other way, and the Public Schools have to bear the blame of all our national failures, from the decay of the Aniline dye trade to Colenso. The most recent and notable manifesto of the assailant party is Sir Oliver Lodge's slashing article, with its "scare headline" title, on Mr. A. C. Benson's delightfully indiscreet book.[1] The advantage, I think, is rather dialectical than substantial. Eton is not the only school in England, nor is Professor Lodge's brilliant rhetoric wholly convincing. But Mr. Benson can take very good care of himself, especially with Mr. Fletcher of Rugby to help him: it is no business of mine to fight his battles. The attack may be intemperate and even unfair, but it is the worst possible policy of defence to ignore weak places or deny their existence.

It is only just to say that Mr. Benson does nothing of the kind; he points out defects with engaging frankness: and his admissions give colour to the general feeling that the ordinary course at a Public School allows, almost entails, a considerable waste of time. It is certainly true that in Army-classes a largely increased amount of work is exacted without producing collapse or rebellion, because the pupil has a definite purpose in view, whereas the remoter prospect of competing for a

[1] "The Schoolmaster," by A. C. Benson (John Murray, 1902).

Google

University scholarship does not afford any adequate stimulus to boys under sixteen. And for other reasons it is just in the last two years, when this motive might be expected to operate in some cases, that the waste of time is most inevitable and most pernicious. An able boy will have exhausted the good he can get from sixth-form work by the time he is seventeen; not because the teaching is bad, but because in a form the method must be adapted to the average, with large consideration for the weaker brethren. In classics it is the difference between reading authors in comparatively small sections with precise attention to critical detail, and in taking them in large masses as literature: and in other subjects there seems to be the same difficulty in attaining a wide and intelligent view of the work. As soon as the distinctive methods of teaching which must obtain at school cease to help the intellectual development they hamper it most seriously, and the point at which they fail comes commonly earlier than nineteen. And if the scholar and the student waste their time, what are we to say of the boy who is retained that he may play in the eleven another year, or merely because he is such a good fellow? He is kept away from the bracing influence of reality, under restraints which no longer have any meaning for him; he is not now expected to make any real effort in the lessons which represent so large a part of the idea of duty to the schoolboy mind. It is fortunate, indeed, though I believe it is commoner than we have any right to expect, if he does no worse than waste his own and other people's time. I am here brought to the consideration of a second point which I have no wish to labour, but am obliged to mention, to wit, that the association of boys between fourteen and nineteen in large numbers has not been found wholly satisfactory in its moral and social aspect.

That, and no more, I think, is the case against the Public Schools.

The recent numerous attacks which have been made on our

Google

older Universities may likewise have been ill informed, and inspired by a spirit of Commercialism which measures all success by a pecuniary standard;[1] but they also are based on a deep-seated and not altogether unreasonable distrust of the education given in the Universities either as a training for practical life or as the basis of a profounder study in any branch of learning. And this alternative purpose of University life sets before us the real question which has to be answered, and answered quickly by those who govern Oxford and Cambridge, or in their default by the English people at large. Is a University to be a High School or a seat of Learning? and if it is to be both, in what proportion? At present our Universities are almost entirely High Schools, or at least they are so regarded by the British public, and the legislation based on reports of University Commissions has studiously fostered this tendency, and discouraged research, by its method of dealing with endowments.

Under the old system of life Fellowships, of ten men elected perhaps five soon went out into the world, and vacated their fellowships by marriage or for other reasons; four, let us say, content with their past labours, enjoyed the bounty of their Pious Founder, in edifying or even unedifying leisure, taking for motto—

Deus nobis haec otia fecit.

And the tenth became a really learned man, master of all that was to be known on one subject, and widely read in many others: not perhaps writing, or not publishing much, but of inestimable value as maintaining the tradition of learning, and the *aura* of deep and liberal culture, which should be, and I think is not, the natural atmosphere of a University town. Was he worth it, the one scholar to the four drones? Perhaps —perhaps not. But my point is that he is not possible at all

[1] "There is some danger, it would seem, of deciding the question of national education with reference to the necessity, real or supposed, of a particular economical crisis, not to the permanent and general interests, moral and intellectual of the nation." Goldwin Smith in MONTHLY REVIEW for January.

Google

under the modern system. I would not for an instant disparage the able and distinguished men who adorn the Chairs and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; but the type I am thinking of was essentially not the Professor, not primarily the teacher. It had its place; and its place knows it no more.

Under the new system we have Official Fellowships and Prize Fellowships.[1] The time of the Official Fellow in term is wholly taken up with teaching and organisation, examination and a thousand and one Committees and Boards, which leave him no time whatever for extending or confirming his own knowledge. It will no doubt be objected that University vacations are of enormous length and provide ample leisure for independent study. We were told not long ago in the *Times* by an eminent scientist, who is perhaps not quite an impartial judge of the virtues and defects of the Oxford system, that the terms, nominally eight weeks, are actually seven weeks in length for practical purposes. It was implied, in fact, that teachers and learners have twenty-one weeks work in the year and thirty-one of inglorious repose. Now, apart from the fact that at all the Colleges there is a fringe of two or three days over and above the statutory eight weeks, and that undergraduates who are prepared to work are allowed to reside, if they wish, in the two shorter vacations,[2] it would be much nearer the truth to say that the Official Fellow gets in three terms of ten or eleven weeks between the beginning of October and the end of June. The Christmas and Easter vacations do not give time for more than the preparation of lectures or other work bearing directly on a man's teaching. Still there remains the Long Vacation, four whole months, a magnificent endowment of time. But this too is relentlessly whittled away by the claims of the undergraduate. Pass examinations, and College entrance examinations go on till July, and Tutors

[1] It is true that Research Fellowships are provided for by the Statutes, and a few are given; but their holders are not all resident, and they are not numerous enough to leaven the mass.

[2] At Cambridge regularly in the Long Vacation.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

who are examining in the Final Honour Schools, or for the Oxford and Cambridge Board, are not free till the beginning of August. I have not the least desire to make out that the College Tutor is an over-worked person. Sometimes he is over-worked; but as a rule it is a life of congenial if rather exacting work, with ample holiday as compared with other professions. Only it *is* work enough to take most of a man's time and energy if he does his duty. But, granted the time, there is in most Colleges a far more serious impediment to systematic work in the Long Vacation; which also we owe to the Commission, though I have no doubt its action in this case was both righteous and inevitable. Except in a very few wealthy Colleges with a large body of Fellows, marriage has put an end to college life. The question how the system of married Fellowships works in term time, though becoming an urgent one, is too long to be discussed here; but in vacation its practical effect is that most Colleges are closed for residence from July to October. Of course, in theory a resident Fellow can claim *victum et cubile* the year round: but even the most confirmed lover of solitude must be a hard man if he can face for long the meek resentment of college servants who are kept on duty for his sole behoof, harder still if he can ignore the depression of the Bursar who sees his kitchen kept unprofitably open by the obstinate residence of a single colleague. In practice the solitary Fellow is driven down, and unless he has a house of his own outside Oxford, work is apt to be an illusion. Though he take packing-cases full of books, it is ever the book which remains on the shelf that he needs at the crucial moment. These considerations may appear sordid, but a reform which would keep a body of students, who would give each other company without interruption, in residence for a great part of the year, would be a solid help to learning.

Prize Fellowships are simply prizes. A College, in consideration of his past achievements culminating in a brilliant examination, endows a man with £200 a year for seven years.

Google

There is no guarantee whatever that he will be a student of any kind. The College cannot prevent him from going on the Stock Exchange the week after he is elected if he likes: as far as the contract goes the College is merely a source of income to him, and there is no constraining reason why he should take the least interest in it or its affairs (so long as it is solvent), although he is a member of its governing body, and might conceivably decide the most important questions of its management by his vote.

Beside the teaching staffs of the Colleges, but not at present organised into any practical combination or continuity with them, are the teachers maintained by the University, the Professors and Readers. If I venture to suggest that these eminent persons are not so effective as could be expected and desired, it is because I am encouraged in that belief by the openly expressed dissatisfaction of the Professors themselves.

The College Tutor envies the salaried ease of the Professor, and the Professor declares that he desires exceedingly to teach, especially pupils who are interested in their subject beyond the ordinary routine, but he is a *vox clamantis in deserto*, because all the time men can spare from preparing for Civil Service examinations must be devoted to reading for Schools whose *syllabus* gets more specialised and exacting every year.

As I have suggested above, it does not befit an ancient University to yield to ignorant and interested clamour from without; but I think we must reluctantly admit that in the general opinion of those who have a right to judge, and indeed in our own opinion, the Universities are capable of improvement both as High Schools and as seats of Learning—whether they are regarded as training-grounds for citizens, or as homes for learned men, in which they can enjoy unmolested the maintenance, leisure, and moderate dignity which are necessary for the ripening of sound and mature work. I suggest that the two functions might best be combined to the profit of both—instead of being confused as they are now, to their mutual detriment—by returning to the practice of our ancestors, in

Google

the matter instanced at the beginning of this paper, the age at which students are admitted to the Universities.

I propose that the age at every step in the education of a boy up to the taking of the first Degree should be lowered by three years.

(1) Boys should go to the Public Schools at eleven or twelve at the latest: and proceed to the University at about sixteen. The age limit for open Scholarships should be fixed at sixteen instead of nineteen.

(2) There should be a three years' course with residence (Honour and Pass as at present) for the Bachelor of Arts Degree. The curriculum would have to be modified somewhat to suit the young students; but not, I think, as much as might be supposed. Able boys are quite fit at sixteen to read Classics and History, and certainly Science, on an intelligent and comprehensive system: and any attempt to lower the Pass standard would land the explorer at once on the bed-rock.

It is probable that in dealing with boys, some intermediate examination corresponding to Moderations would be found necessary in the interests of discipline and application in the first year. And the final school of Literæ Humaniores would have to be divided, the Philosophy perhaps, and a good deal of the Archæology, being deferred to a later stage.

(3) There should be a further three years' course for the Degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Science and Letters. This course would be confined to those who in the earlier course had shown themselves capable of serious study, not all those or only those who had been placed in the first class in any examination. The second Degree would be given (not necessarily by examination) on work done by the student, and selected within wide limits by himself; especial importance being attached to original work in any branch. Thus the M.A. and B.D.,[1] now respectable

[1] The conditions under which Divinity Degrees are granted at Oxford are unworthy alike of the University and the Church. At Cambridge, I understand, things are better.

Google

but meaningless letters, would be restored again (which is much to be wished) to the position of true "Degrees," the index of some real advance in study and attainments. The candidates for the second Degree would be under the especial supervision and guidance of the Professors in the several Faculties. They would be encouraged to reside for eight or nine months of the year, and would be subject (as resident Bachelors are now at Cambridge), to the paternal discipline of the Proctors.

A secondary point which would demand the grave consideration of the organisers of this new course of study, is the question of the conditions under which senior students who had not taken the B.A. degree of the University might be admitted to the more advanced course.

It is obvious that these sweeping changes in the life of the University would entail a redistribution of endowments: which I should trace as follows:

(1) Senior Scholarships (such as exist already at Brasenose, Magdalen and Balliol), of £100 to £120, would have to be provided to enable men who needed assistance to reside after their B.A. degree. The money for these Scholarships would come partly from the existing Scholarship funds which in most Colleges could well contribute for such a purpose. At present the number of Entrance Scholarships and Exhibitions offered yearly, is, if I may say so, larger than the number of candidates who deserve them as prizes: for prizes in effect, being "open," they are. I should like to see these educational endowments, and the Scholarships at the Public Schools,[1] restored to those for whom they were intended, and limited to youths of reasonable promise and narrow means. Partly also a

[1] The practice of electing young boys to valuable Scholarships by competitive examination is thoroughly bad. The strain at that age is every way injurious: and, owing to the dexterity with which candidates who can afford it are prepared, the method fails even in its supposed purpose of securing the ablest boys.

Google

University striving her best to meet the needs of the nation might hopefully look to the Pious Benefactor for help, even without joining herself to the worshipful fraternity of begging-letter writers.

(2) Fellowships (apart from Official Fellowships) should be strictly tied to the endowment of research. They should entail residence unless it is found desirable that the Fellow should travel or reside out of the University for definite purpose of study, with the permission of the College. Their tenure should be simply and easily renewable from time to time, and dependent on the continuance of the work for which the Fellow was elected.

II

Such in outline is the scheme which I would suggest for the better employment of the great educational machinery which we have inherited from many generations, which we are bound to hand on effective, and if possible improved, to our posterity. I venture to think that, if it could be carried out, it would furnish a solution of numerous difficulties, and would considerably benefit both the nation as a whole, and the cause of learning in particular; and I propose to set down here some of the advantages which I conceive would result from the change.

(1) The most important effect of all, in my opinion, certainly the one which would concern by far the larger number is that men would pass out of the University into active life at nineteen instead of twenty-two or twenty-three. At present it is impossible to advise a parent of moderate means to send his son to the University unless he is intended for one of a very few professions. To put it in the crude financial way which I have already deprecated, a man is no more qualified to earn his living at most trades when he leaves college than he was when he left school. On the other hand, he is at least three years older; he very possibly has acquired habits of leisure, and has

Google

certainly become acquainted with a standard of luxury higher than he will be able to attain by his own efforts for many years. The result is that most boys who are to go into business, or to be doctors or solicitors, do not go to the University at all. They are compelled by necessity to start their career at a reasonable age; but the loss to the general culture and intellectual life of the nation is considerable. Even those whose parents can well afford the time and money, or are prepared to make sacrifices to that end, find themselves handicapped by a late beginning. It is not only the actual loss of years, though that is something; but the young student is more receptive and adaptable, and more tolerant of reasonable hardship than the elderly tiro.

(2) The change in the conditions of life in the Universities and Colleges would be marked in some things, and would have to be carefully regulated. An aspect of it which is particularly interesting to residents is the question of discipline. At this point it would be attractive, and very much to my purpose, to draw a lurid picture of the depravity and disorder of the modern undergraduate, but considerations of truth compel me to abstain from that valuable argument. It is very easy to prove *a priori* that discipline in the Universities is non-existent because it has no effective sanctions except sending a man down, which no College wants to do. It is not difficult with a little research to collect a rather startling array of instances which tend to support this conclusion. I will even admit that the Schoolmaster turned College Tutor is apt to be scandalised at first, till he has learnt the distinction between what he must see and hear, and what it is perfectly right and safe not to see and hear. I have spoken lightly above of discipline as "semi-scenic;" but the fact is that the system, being quite unique and anomalous and illogical like the British Constitution, works extremely well on the whole, and sometimes breaks down in part. A certain amount of unnecessary noise, a certain lack of consideration for the feelings of neighbours being accepted as the inevitable concomitant of robust youth, there is

Digitized by Google

as a rule a sensible and kindly understanding between governors and governed, and a sound public opinion in favour of seemliness and morality.

When we come to deal with boys instead of men, no doubt the reins will have to be somewhat tightened: some return, though not too much, will have to be made in the direction of the old order.

(8) But there is one matter in which a strong and sensible discipline might be, and would easily be applied unrelentingly till custom and habit took the place of Law. The necessary expenses of University life, necessary that is if a man is to enjoy the full advantages of innocent companionship, are unduly heavy and tend to increase. The sacrifices which a poor man has to make in order to send his son up to Oxford or Cambridge are inevitably so great, that any addition to them seems almost a crime; but it does not imply any abnormal selfishness in his son to take his part thoughtlessly in the athletic and social life of the place, to live as he sees others living, to buy what he need not pay for yet: rather it needs exceptional strength of character to abstain. I speak of what I have seen.

If we consider further the numerous class of boys who would benefit greatly by a University education, but cannot come up at all because their means do not reach the highly artificial minimum now required, and those again whose life is narrowed and embittered, not because their means are really inadequate, but because the average expenditure is excessive, we shall see that here, at any rate, is urgent need of reform. At present I do not see any likely means of securing that reform, but with the age lowered it would be easy. Even rich parents would, most of them, be prepared to act reasonably in the matter of allowance; and all ostentation and recklessness of expenditure could be firmly discouraged. The cost of living and entertainment could be strictly limited; and, above all, the system of credit, which is such a deadly snare to the inexperienced youth just emancipated from school, could be instantly destroyed, or, rather, would collapse of itself when

Digitized by Google

debts were not recoverable at law. Only one thing would be needful. The simplicity and economy which are expected from the undergraduate must be unsparingly enforced upon the Senior Common Room too. The rather luxurious standard of living, which exists among the residents at the Universities as compared with people of similar income in the country at large, is a bad survival from the time when no one did any work after three o'clock, and is curiously at variance with the working hours of the College Tutor. It may be regarded as a compensation for the discomforts of college life; in fact, it accentuates them. Reform in this matter would be welcomed at least by the married Tutor, and would be made easy, if not inevitable, by the presence of resident Fellows content to live on the endowments of their Fellowships in order to have time for original work. That life in a University should be something harder and stricter, not apparently easier and more luxurious than the common, would assuredly be for the good of learning and education, and would prove, I think, not deterrent.

(4) It is just possible when so radical a change was being effected that a united effort of the Universities and Public Schools would be able to put Athletics in their proper place in education, as Servant not Master; but no—

εὐφημεῖν χρὴ κἀξίστασθαι.

I will turn to safer if less interesting topics.

I have dealt hitherto with the possible advantages to the University as High School: it is time now to speak of it as a seat of Learning, and pass from the Bachelor of Arts course taken by all undergraduates to further courses of study intended for the comparatively few.

(5) The serious student would be relieved in good time from the trammels of examination in set books, and would be able to pursue a congenial line of special study, still under competent guidance and direction. It would be the duty of the Professors and teachers to check mere dilettantism and

Google

caprice, and to see that the Degree was not conferred except as the recognition of solid work. If the existing Periodicals devoted to various branches of Learning and Science were insufficient, a Journal might very well be issued terminally or quarterly by the University Press in which the published results of student research would be submitted to the criticism of experts outside the circle of the teaching staff, in England and abroad.

(6) The Professors, instead of lecturing to empty benches or non-academic audiences, would not only be furnished with well-grounded pupils who would value the lectures and demonstrations at their intrinsic worth, and not solely according as they were "good for the Schools"; but would also be provided with a band of intelligent student-assistants, under their own training, to assist them in research, and do such parts of the work as could be entrusted to a subordinate. This method while giving the best practical training to the learner, would be found, as it has been found, to be the basis of rapid and sound advance in original work, both in scholarship and the experimental sciences.

(7) It is not unreasonable to hope that the research Fellows and resident Bachelors would form a quiet and studious society which would gradually affect all College life, and give a tone very different to the sharp alternations of business and pleasure which now characterise it. They would at any rate utilise the buildings and plant of the Universities for the greater part of the year; and provide for each other, and for all who desired to stay up and read in the vacation, a stimulating and congenial companionship.

(8) The three years' residence after the first Degree would give an excellent opportunity for the Universities to take seriously in hand the preparation of candidates for the Civil Service Examinations. It is true that, examination being in question, freedom of study disappears: and a special staff of teachers would have to be employed. But at least a scheme might be devised with the sanction of the Commissioners and

Google

the India Office to enable the Universities to hold their own in this field. Perhaps we have a good deal to learn from the crammers, but, if we could learn it, men would be better at Oxford and Cambridge.

The training of teachers, which is becoming so prominent of late, would also belong to this period. Though it need not occupy the whole three years, it would have ample time, instead of clashing as it does now with other work, and the year of student-teaching in a school might be allowed to count as residence for the Degree.

Another problem, to my mind not less urgent, and certainly coming especially within the scope of the Universities, is the training of the Clergy. Educated people complain that, while other religious bodies find it possible to insist on an adequate period of preparation for candidates for their Ministry,[1] the Church of England is content to send her young clergy to this work but ill equipped, at least on the intellectual side. For men who graduate at twenty-two, a year at a Theological College is considered enough, and for a great many Oxford and Cambridge men that year must be spent in mere cram for the Bishop's examination. The standard in any case is not too high; and the knowledge hastily acquired and used for its purpose is very apt to slip away. Amid a growing general interest in religious questions, the life of a parish priest is not an environment favourable to study, and unless a man lays a good foundation before he is ordained he cannot keep abreast of his people afterwards. If three or four years before ordination could be devoted to special preparation, time could be found not only for theological study, but for training in other parts of a clergyman's duties, in reading and singing, in the whole technical and learnable side of the composition and delivery of sermons, and to some extent, too, in pastoral work.

The details here would have to be arranged between the

[1] The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland exact a four years Arts course, followed by three or four, years of professional training.

Google

Bishops and the University Authorities. Probably the University would recognise, under proper guarantee, the Diocesan Theological Colleges, as affiliated colleges and allow residence and lectures in them to count towards the qualification for the degree of M.A. or B.D. The halls already existing for similar purposes in the University towns would also form the nucleus of a real School of Divinity.

(9) The most obvious gain to the Public Schools would be, as I have implied, to get rid of boys before they cease to be able to deal with them effectually and profitably. But I believe also that the change would do something to lessen the grave moral danger to which Mr. Benson refers in the fifteenth chapter of his book.[1] It is impossible to discuss this question here, but I do not speak without thought and a certain amount of experience and observation.

III

It has been my purpose in this paper to set before the public, fairly I trust, a possible important change in our educational system, and to describe the benefits which I suppose would result from it. It is not incumbent on me at present either to catalogue or refute possible objections. But there is one class of arguments against the scheme which, I think, may be set aside at once. Among the names of distinguished men which I chose to illustrate my point, I quoted, of set purpose, the name of Gibbon. I will offer Gibbon's experience at Magdalen as a text to any one who wants to discourse on the danger of sending up boys young: and in answer I will plead in the first place that College officers, under pressure of necessity, have woken up considerably since Gibbon's time. We are more watchful, and possibly more reputable. No longer

[1] "The dark shadow on the life of a schoolmaster. . . . the dread of the possibility of the prevalence, or at all events the existence of moral evil among his boys." "The Schoolmaster," p. 148.

Google

do we allow young gentlemen to go down for a fortnight without leave or rebuke; no longer, I believe, do our "dull and deep potations excuse the brisk intemperance of youth."[1]

In the second place I will maintain that Gibbon was a genius as well as a naughty boy, and therefore must not be argued from: and lastly I shall call Milton, and Keble, and Arnold as witness on my side; or, if they are objected to as being geniuses too, the respectable Dr. Adams. As a matter of fact, a boy of sixteen is much more amenable to discipline than a boy of nineteen, besides being more open to new impressions. A far more serious difficulty, and one to which I confess I find no answer, is the existence of Preparatory School masters. They possess the most respectable of all vested interests, not only because the large capital invested in their schools is chiefly expended in providing for the comfort and welfare of their boys, not only because they are a most devoted and unselfish class of men, but because they came forward to fill the gap created by the tendency of the Public Schools to raise the age of admission and the resolute refusal of parents to keep their sons at home as long as they ought. Honestly I do not see what is to be done for them if we take their boys away at eleven instead of fourteen.[2] Probably some of the stronger private schools would make an effort to keep their boys till sixteen and send them straight to the University. I do not see any serious objection to this, when all schools are brought under Government inspection and regulation; and these boys would not be the worst prepared. But that the ranks should be filled up by boys going to a preparatory school even earlier than they do now would be a great evil. My own opinion is that a boy should be brought up at home till he is eleven or twelve, and then go to one school and the University.

[1] "Memoirs of My Life," Edw. Gibbon, p. 58, in the 1900 edition. The whole passage is admirably characteristic.

[2] Under the new Regulations they would still have a practical monopoly of boys intended for the Naval Services.

Google

I have no doubt that the Reform I have suggested will be regarded as a Revolution, and resented as such irrespective of its merits. I see that I have not even attempted to solve innumerable problems of practical detail involved in bringing about such a change as this. I am profoundly distrustful of every kind of ready-made panacea for evils whose roots lie deep in character, and especially of legislative interference unless it is supported by an enlightened public opinion. But I commend this change as a return to the natural course, being convinced that the present system entails grievous loss upon the country, loss by the waste of the best teaching power and the hampering and discouragement of original study, and loss by the waste of good years of men's lives in the lessons and pursuits of boyhood.

The question I would respectfully offer to the impartial consideration of Educational Authorities and the English nation is this: Is it necessary and desirable to make this reform for the sake of Education and Learning? If the general opinion answers that it is desirable, men will surely be found to carry out the change wisely and efficiently.

JAMES H. F. PEILE.

Google

A MORNING'S WORK IN A HAMPSTEAD GARDEN

THE famous Nightingale ode of Keats, by the evidence of his comrade Charles Brown, was the result of a few hours of inspiration which came to the poet as he sat under a plum-tree in the garden of Wentworth Place, Hampstead, on a May morning in 1819. In 1884 I remember Mr. William Dilke, a brother of the Charles Wentworth Dilke who conjointly with the same Brown built the house, indicating to me what he believed to be the very tree: but whether the local memories of so old a man were perfectly to be trusted I cannot say. ("I built that house opposite," he told me, pointing across the road, "and lived in it for some time, and then I let it on a sixty years' lease: and a few years ago the lease fell in.")

The charm of this poem grows with time: to each generation of readers it becomes more classical, not by faultlessness, for it has faults enough, but by felicity; by its intimately vital and beautiful expression of a mood which was of all others most characteristic of the poet's mind. This mood was engendered in him by circumstances acting upon an intense capacity alike for imaginative depression under the burden of life, imaginative refreshment by the delights of nature, and imaginative longing for extinction and repose. The proneness to such a mood, the power of thus draining with all his soul the mingled sweetness and bitterness of things from one cup which he was not

Google

unwilling should be his last, were at their height in Keats during the brief months when his destiny hung in the balance; when on the one hand his poetic gift, his great inward resource and joy, had come to ripeness, and on the other the hostile forces of disease, passion, poverty, and misjudgment, were closing against but had not yet quite conquered him. And to this mood the odes, but most of all the Nightingale ode, give expression in a manner which combines in perfection intensity with ease, the deepest intuitions of poetry seeming to come to him as naturally (to use his own phrase) as leaves to a tree.

In such poetry as this there is a virtue which no amount of commentary or criticism can smother: or else I should be chary of printing what, with the leave of the editor of this magazine, I am about to print concerning it. The text of Keats, down to his most worthless doggerel fragments and his most trivial and unconsidered private letters, has been edited with as much care almost as the text of Sophocles. Even for the purpose of a cheap popular edition, my indefatigable friend Mr. Buxton Forman has thought it right to give every word and every variant that he was able to trace of every composition by the poet in verse or prose. Personally I cannot but think much of this labour misplaced. What the ordinary reader needs for his full enjoyment of a poet's work is surely but an accurate text of the several pieces as the author left them, without all this importunity of critical apparatus. For the special students of poetry and the poetic art, however, and in regard to the really memorable and central works of an author, it is undoubtedly very interesting to study first drafts and corrections, and to watch and follow the writer in the very act of inspiration. In few such cases is the interest so great as in that of Keats's Nightingale ode. It happens that the autograph draft of this particular poem escaped the diligence of Mr. Forman. It would seem to have been given in the poet's lifetime to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds; at any rate it remained for many years after

Google

Reynolds's death in the hands of his surviving sister Mariane, married to a Mr. Green. From her it passed into the possession successively of her two sons, Charles and Townley Green. Both of these gentlemen were artists, the former a very well known member of the Water Colour Institute. The latter, less known, lived, as I understand, a retired life, and died in 1900. A friend of his, Mr. H. C. Shelley, had told me of the precious manuscript being in Mr. Green's possession, and was to have taken me to see it, when he was called away on the duties of a war correspondent to South Africa. In his absence Mr. Green died, and this Keats manuscript, with one or two others, came up for sale, fortunately almost unobserved, at Sotheby's, and realised no extravagant price. It was bought by a hereditary lover and collector of Keats relics, the Earl of Crewe, and placed by him in my hands with liberty to publish.

Now let us turn to the *ipsissima verba* of Charles Brown concerning the origin of this poem and the circumstances under which it was written. "In the spring of 1819 a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his 'Ode to a Nightingale,' a poem which has been the delight of every one." Brown wrote these words twenty years after the event, so that his recollections might well lack something of absolute accuracy. The document here reproduced gives us the means of checking them. For that we have in it Keats's true and original draft of the poem is certain. Single lines, groups of lines, or half-stanzas may doubtless have begun to

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

take shape in his mind earlier, during some of those times of 'tranquil, continual joy' in the bird's music of which Brown tells us. But the manuscript bears conclusive evidence that it was written while the main and essential work of composition was actually going on in the poet's brain. On one page there is half a line of a tentative beginning—'Small, winged dryad,'—which he has abandoned as soon as written, turning to make a fresh start on another sheet. Some of the most important rhyme-words we can see coming into his mind as he writes, and being adopted after trial and cancelling of others. There are many vital corrections and alterations; with frequent signs, in the shape of dropped words and letters, unaccustomed mis-spellings and slips of the pen, that while the hand wrote the mind was too much preoccupied with the act of composition to guide it with any care. Hence we may dismiss Haydon's account of this ode having been recited to him by Keats in the Hampstead fields 'before it was committed to paper,' as one of the ornamental flourishes characteristic of that writer: whose vividness of statement is seldom found, when we have opportunity to test it, to coexist with strict accuracy.

Since here, then, is the actual result of that fortunate morning's work under the plum-tree, how far do we find that it corresponds with Brown's account of the matter above quoted? The answer is, accurately in the main, though not in all particulars. For one thing, it is written not on 'four or five' scraps as Brown says, but on two only: two half-sheets of note-paper, of exactly the same make and size as Keats was using in his correspondence with his brother and sister at the same date.[1] For another thing, Brown exaggerates when he says

[1] In the winter, from the end of November to the middle of February, Keats had conducted this correspondence on folio sheets of the largest size bearing the water-mark 'Ruse & Turners, 1817.' In February he changed for a while to a quarto paper of a different make, without water-mark; and by March 12 had adopted, and kept up throughout the spring, the habit of using another paper, again by Ruse & Turner, of ordinary note size. This paper he either bought cut, or regularly cut himself, into single leaves or half-sheets,

Google

that the manuscript is not 'well legible;' though the number of faults and corrections, and the crushing and tearing of the edges, render it truly much less neat and clear than Keats's handwriting usually is. These crushings and tearings (now delicately repaired as far as possible, and showing little in the facsimile) are quite of a kind to confirm Brown's statement about Keats having thrust the leaves away carelessly at the back of a bookshelf. To hold them together they have been pasted (by Brown's care, as we may assume) on a strip of a white wove paper of the time: this strip I have left as it was, and it appears in the facsimile. The order of the stanzas, as Brown indicates, is puzzling at first sight: not, however, because of the number of scraps on which they are written, but because of their odd in-and-out arrangement on the two scraps. It seems clear that Keats did not know how long his poem was going to be, and only took out these two half-sheets with him under the tree. Having made on one of them (leaf 2 of the facsimile) the false start above noted, he puts aside that and begins again on leaf 1: writes on it the first two and a half stanzas of the poem: then goes to leaf 2 (turning it upside down to avoid confusion with the false start) and continues on it down to the end of the fifth stanza; then goes back to the verso of leaf 1, on which he adds stanzas six and seven; and then to the verso of leaf 2, where he finishes the poem with stanza eight.

For convenience of reading, I now set out the draft in print, with all its faults and corrections, in the proper order of the stanzas; which I have numbered for the sake of reference. Square brackets indicate omissions, and round brackets redundancies, in the poet's orthography. The reader familiar with the ode, as printed in all editions from the 'Lamia and Isabella' volume of 1820, will easily remark most of the

each bearing one half of the water-mark, thus: RUSE & T|URNERS. The
18|17
two leaves on which the Nightingale ode is written both bear the second half of this mark.

Google

Ode to the Nightingale.

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness
That thou light-winged dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
O for a draught of vintage that has been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth
Tasting of Flora, and the country green
Dance, and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth
O for a Beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true and blushful Hippocrene
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth
That I might drink and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here where Men sit and hear each other groan
Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies

Google

Tinkling Zestion, and for many a time
I have half in love with easeful death.
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever seems it rich to die.
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an extasy!
Still would thy dirge and I be reason'd well
~~Perhaps~~ ~~re-joined~~
To thy high requiem, become a sod.

Thou art not born for death immortal Bird
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by Emperor and Clown:
Perhaps the self same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.
The same that oftimes hath
Charm'd ~~the~~ ~~wonder~~ easement opening on to
Of ~~hidden~~ perilous seas in faery lands forlorn

Google

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden eyed despairs -
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eye
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow -

Away - away - for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his Pards
But on the viewless wings of Poesy
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
Already with thee! tender is the night
And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne
Clustered around by all her starry fays -
But here there is no light
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways -

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs
But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild
White Hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk rose full of dewy wine
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Digitized by Google

Folow! the very world is like a bell
To lold me back from thee unto myself
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceitful elf!
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.
Was it a vision or a waking dream
Fled is that Music - do I wake or sleep?

Google

differences for himself. The first is in the title: in the 1820 volume 'The Nightingale' of this draft is changed to 'A Nightingale.' But here Keats's first thought had surely been his best, since from the outset his mind travels away from the particular Hampstead nightingale to a type of the species imagined as singing in some far-off scene of forest mystery and beauty: nay, presently, by a transition of thought probably scarce conscious, he goes on from the type to include the whole species, whose permanence of life and song are contrasted in stanza seven (not logically, but poetry can cover a thousand flaws in logic) with the short and distressful existence of the individual man. Such other notes as I have to make shall be made after the several stanzas to which they refer.

1

drowsy
~~My~~ Heart aches and a ~~painful~~ numbness ~~falls~~
pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had d[r]unk
Or empt[i]ed some dull opiate to the drains
past
One minute ~~hence~~, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness
That thou light-winged dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows number[le]ss
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

In the first part of this stanza there is some fumbling. The choice of the rhyme-word 'pains' is a second thought, involving the use of the quite exceptional 'drains' for 'dregs' in the third line, and also the change (which is much for the better) of the epithet for numbness from 'painful' to 'drowsy.' The experimental cancelling of 'My' at the beginning looks as though Keats had for a moment thought of using 'aches' substantively and pronouncing it, like Prospero, as a dissyllable, 'achès.' The opiate numbness stealing upon the poet seems a natural condition precedent to his reawakening in the visionary

Google

moonlit forest of stanza four, but could scarcely be a natural consequence of his envying the nightingale's happy lot. But this idea of envy was most likely suggested, as Mr. Robert Bridges has pointed out, by some floating recollection of a line in Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,'—

Philomel,
I do not envy thy sweet carolling.

Nevertheless in the following lines Keats brushes wholly aside the conventional classical tradition of Philomela and her woes, and in phrases of his own incomparable quality interprets the bird's song in a purely natural sense as one of summer ease and happiness.

II

O for a draught of vintage that has been
ed long
Cool~~ing~~ed an age in the deep-delved earth
Tasting of Flora, and the country green
~~And~~ Dance, and p[r]ovencal song and sunburnt mirth
O for a Beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true and blushful Hippocrene
With cluster'd bubbles winking at the brim
And purple stained mouth,
That I might drink and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim

This stanza, if any in the poem, I should take to have been ripe and ready in the poet's mind before he wrote. At a later stage he added some corrections which are lacking in this draft, changing 'has' into 'hath' in the first line, 'the true and blushful' into 'the true, the blushful' in the sixth, 'cluster'd bubbles' into 'beaded bubbles' in the seventh. In the second line of the draft we see him in the act of correcting 'Cooling an age' into the vastly stronger and more resonant 'cool'd a long age.' In the last line the latent, not perfectly expressed meaning of the words 'with thee fade away' is 'fade away into the forest and be with thee.' When he printed the poem for the first time (in Elmes' Annals of the Fine Arts, July 1819) Keats

Google

excised the word 'away,' which is redundant in the metre of this line: but in the book he restored it, doubtless as indispensable to the full meaning and general music of the poem. The first lines of both the next stanzas in fact gain half their effect from being echoes of this word.

3

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known
The weariness, the feaver and the fret
Here where Men sit and hear each other groan
Where palsy shakes a few sad last grey hairs
spectre
Where youth grows pale and ~~-thin, and old~~
and dies
~~morrow~~
Where but to think is to be full of ~~grief~~
And leaden eyed despairs—
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
new
Or A love pine at them beyond tomorrow—

In this third stanza the rhyme-words both of lines six and seven are second thoughts: so is the vital strengthening of 'thin' into 'spectre-thin.' In the last line the word 'new' is merely replaced where the writer's hand, too much left to itself by his brain, had dropped it out. Other such cases are obvious and require no notice.

4

In
Away—Away—for I will fly with thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his Pards
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards—
Already with thee! tender is the night
And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne
~~Cluster[e]d~~ around by all her starry fays—
But here there is no light
heaven
Save what from is with the breezes blown
~~sidelong~~ through ve[r]derous glooms and
winding mossy ways—

Google UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Here again the poetry comes almost completely wrought on to the paper. In his correction of the first line, 'fly to thee' instead of 'fly with thee,' Keats reminds himself that he has from the first imagined his nightingale as singing far away in a visionary land, whither he has cried for the inspiration of some southern vintage to convey him. 'Bacchus and his Pards' are a reminiscence of a picture which he loved, and which had already suggested a part of the song of the Indian maiden in 'Endymion'—the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian. Now he disowns the need of such help, and trusts to the poetic faculty alone: which he finds, after a moment's doubting pause, has already actually transported him where he would be (the movement of thought and verse here is to my mind the loveliest in the whole poem). In the sixth line Keats has struck out cluster'd' as a repetition from stanza one: later on, having changed the word in that place to 'beaded,' he decided to let 'cluster'd' stand in this. A false start in the last line is indicated in the cancelling of the word 'Sidelong.'

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
  Nor what ~~blooms~~ soft incence hangs upon the boughs
But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
  ~~With~~ with
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild
  White Hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine
    Fast fading violets covered up in leaves
And midmay's eldest child
  The coming muskrose full of sweetest wine
    The murmurous ha[u]nt of flies on summer eves

The above stanza comes still more nearly perfect and full blown at the first writing. Only one word has been cancelled, namely 'blooms' in the second line: the correction at the beginning of line four being occasioned by a slip of the pen merely. 'Sweetest' wine was afterwards improved to 'dewy' wine.

Google

6

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
been
I have ^A half in love with easeful death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my painless breath
Now, more than ever seems it rich to die
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
While thou(gh) art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an Extacy—
Still would thou sing and I have ~~y~~ears in vain
~~But requiem~~'d
o
For thy high requiem, become a sod

This stanza magnificently amplifies and enriches the meaning of three or four lines of a sonnet written one night a few weeks earlier, and copied by the poet in a journal-letter to his brother in America :—

Why did I laugh ? I know this being's lease
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads :
Yet could I on this very midnight cease
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds.

In the draft there is nothing to note except the epithet 'painless' (not yet corrected to 'quiet') in the fourth line; in the ninth 'would thou' not yet corrected to 'wouldst,' and the trick of the pen which has at first written 'years' for 'ears': also the cancelled false start in the last line, which is not very legible, but seems to read 'But requiem'd'.

7

Thou wast not born for death immortal Bird
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by Emperour and Clown
song
Perhaps the selfsame ~~voice~~ that found a path
Th[r]ough the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The same that of[t]times hath
magic
Charm'd the ~~wide~~ casements opening on the foam
Of ~~keelless~~ perilous seas in fairy lands fo[r]lorn

The corrections in this, the crowning stanza of the poem, are few but vital: 'song' for 'voice' in line five; 'magic casements' for 'the wide casements' and 'perilous seas' for 'keelless seas' in the two conluding lines. On these two corrections—the former made after the whole line had been written down, the latter instantly after the epithet 'keelless' had been tried and found wanting—depends the special enchantment of the passage. Once more it is the impression made upon the poet by a famous picture, the Enchanted Castle of Claude, which he thus at last distils into two immortal lines, after having dwelt on it ramblingly and long in a rhyming letter to his friend Reynolds a year before.

8

Fo[r]lorn! the very wor(l)d is like a bell
l me back
To told me me from thee unto myselt
Adieux! the fancy cannot cheat so well
ving
As she is fam'd to do, deceitful elf!
Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive Anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades—
Was it a vision real or waking dream
Fled is that Music—do I wake or sleep?

To conclude the poem Keats echoes at the beginning of this last stanza the final word, 'forlorn,' of the stanza preceding it; but echoes it in a changed sense. The soul of romance has died out of the word, which now only describes the despondency of the poet's private mood. In passing we may note that he spells it both times without the first r, 'folorn': the repeated error makes one almost wonder if he had been used to pro-

Google

nounce it so; but surely this would have been impossible in a poet with so keen a sense for the volume and sonority of syllables. In the later, printed version, the second line ends 'to my sole self' instead of 'unto myself'; and the last line but one is changed to 'Was it a vision or a waking dream?'. This final stanza is by common consent the weakest of the poem; the third and fourth lines being indeed really poor. The song of happiness and summer is now changed into a 'plaintive anthem', conventionally it may be, inconsistently it is clear: but yet there may be a reason for such inconsistency, and the imagined music may have become plaintive to the poet because he feels it and his vision melting away from him together. And at any rate there is an exquisite cadence and simplicity in the closing lines which describe the manner of their passing. There is at the same time a floating vagueness which leaves us doubtful whether the dying music is meant to be that of his dream only, or that of the real nightingale whose song had in the first instance set him dreaming. But enough of commentary: and may I be pardoned if by what is here printed I have for any reader rubbed the least particle off the bloom of one of the most beautiful and justly loved of English poems.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

Google

A NEW LIFE OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

FRANÇOIS VILLON has, of late, played a very prominent part in successful dramas and novels; but in reality his life has been, up to the present day, very little known. In 1877, M. Auguste Longnon, Professor at the Sorbonne and Member of the Institute, published a biographical study on François Villon, in which he established the actual existence of all the persons that figure in Villon's poems. In this work he presented to the public a series of documents that threw a new light upon the part Villon played in many contemporary events. R. L. Stevenson used all these studies and documents in his famous essay, which exactly represented the state of the question at the time it appeared.

For some years past, M. Marcel Schwob, who did for Madame Sarah Bernhardt a translation of *Hamlet*, has devoted practically his entire attention to the research of new documents concerning the poet and his milieu. He has consulted all the available sources of information relating to Villon and his time; studied the people and places mentioned in his works; endeavoured to trace the motives of his actions, to reconstitute the society he lived in, his party, the reasons of his affections and hatred. M. Schwob has been extremely fortunate in his investigations. He had already collaborated brilliantly in the publication of the "Complete Works" of François Villon that M. Longnon edited in 1892. Since then he has discovered a

Google

whole series of documents which he communicated and read to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. With the aid of these documents, he is now able to explain the true meaning of lines and fragments hitherto obscure, alluding to contemporary events and people.

A rapid survey of the life of Villon, following the lines laid down by M. Schwob himself, will render clear the present state of the question. "François de Moncorbier," or "des Loges," according to the names by which he was as yet known in the year 1456, was born in the summer of 1431. Nothing is known of his parents and relations. He found a home, probably when seven or eight years old, with a chaplain of the Collegiate Church of St. Benoît le Bétourné, maître Guillaume de Villon. This was no special favour for Villon, as the chaplain received at his house, situated on the present site of the Collège de France, other young scholars. Villon went to the University, where he attended the lectures of the Faculty of Arts, very probably at the "Collège de Navarre." In 1451, he became master of arts. The period during which Villon was a student was one of the most disturbed in the history of the University of Paris. The prévôté and the students were in perpetual conflict. Witness the famous story of the removal of the street-post called the Pet-au-diable and its establishment on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève. Villon was certainly implicated in this affair, and even wrote a work, now lost, called "Le Rommant du Pet au Deable," mentioned in the huitain lxxviii. of the "Grand Testament."

On the 5th of June, 1455, Corpus Christi day, towards evening, Villon was standing in the gateway of the cloister of St. Benoît le Bétourné, in company with a young priest and a woman called Isabeau, when another priest, named Philippe Sermoise or Chermoye, came up and angrily taunted Villon; a scuffle ensued, in the course of which Villon stabbed Sermoise in the groin and killed him; he disappeared from Paris, and forthwith employed the good offices of all his friends in order to get letters of pardon and to be allowed to come back to the capital.

Google

We learn from the minutes of a lawsuit before the Court of Dijon that France was then infested by a gang of miscreants that called itself the "Compagnie des Coquillards"—"a certain mysterious Brotherhood of the Cockleshells, whose plunderings and pilferings were the pride of the Court of Miracles and the fear of citizens with strong boxes." This trial enumerates a list of various classes of thieves, robbers, highwaymen and murderers; quotes a great many words of their jargon, and gives a list of members, among whom is named a certain Regnier de Montigny, a personal friend of Villon. Two or three ballads in slang are addressed by the poet to the Coquillards, and it is indisputable that Villon was one of them.

After obtaining his letters of pardon, Villon returned to Paris; and in December 1456, about Christmas, he was concerned, with four accomplices, in a theft committed at the College of Navarre, from which five hundred golden-crowns had been nimbly spirited away. Having received one hundred golden-crowns as his share of the booty, Villon announced to his fellow rogues his departure for Angers to join one of his uncles, a friar in a convent there, promising at the same time to find the means of robbing another rich monk in the same convent.

About this time he wrote his "Petit Testament," where he mentions his visit to Angers, and explains it as being due to the unkindness and hardness of heart of a damsel of whom he was enamoured. The theft at the College of Navarre remained undiscovered for two months and a half, and it was only on the 17th of May 1457 that the names of the culprits were denounced. Meanwhile, Villon was travelling down the valley of the Loire, and took part in a poetical competition organised by Charles d'Orléans; the summons delivered against him in the beginning of 1458 could not thus be made effective, and Villon continued his travels through Berry, Bourbonnais, Forez and Dauphiné. He returned by way of the Orléanais, and in 1461 he contrived to get locked up at Meung sur Loire in the ecclesiastical gaol of the Bishop of Orléans, wherein he remained

Google

all the summer. He was released on the 2nd of October, when Louis XI., some time after his accession, entered the town, and upon this occasion restored all the prisoners to liberty.

About this time Villon began to write his "Grand Testament." It is almost certain that he wrote it far from Paris, despite the statement of his contemporary Eloi d'Amerval, but it is not yet possible to know where. The poem, however, was certainly not finished before the end of the Spring of 1462, when Villon returned to Paris. On the 5th of November 1462, he was once more locked up in the Châtelet, charged with another robbery. He was about to be set at liberty for want of evidence, when the Faculty of Theology heard he was detained, and put in opposition to his release. Villon was then examined by the lieutenant-criminal, who extracted from him a full confession of the theft at the College of Navarre. Provided with a duplicate of the confession, the grand-bedeau compelled Villon to sign a promissory note that he would pay within three years a sum of 120 golden-crowns, whereupon he was set free again, on the 7th of November.

Hardly a month later, in December, the ill-starred Villon was incarcerated again. One evening, he was with three friends walking up the Rue Saint Jacques; they had dined together, and were strolling back to Villon's room in the cloister of St. Benoît le Bétourné. On their way they stopped before the House of the Barillets, adjoining the Tavern of the Mule. The ground floor of that house was the "escriptoire" of Maître François Ferrebouc, scribe and notary to the official of the Bishop of Paris. Villon and his friends had all kinds of reasons for disliking the fellow, and one of them began to jeer and jibe at the clerks, and even spat through the window into their office. Whereupon the clerks came out with candles, wrangling and scuffling began, and François Ferrebouc, making his appearance, was stabbed. One of the assailants ran away, but was captured the year after and hanged. The others, arrested a few days later, were brought to trial. We have very few particulars about the trial of Villon; he was probably

Google

charged with the instigation of the scuffle and murder. The provost of Paris was, at this time, a nobleman called Villiers de l'Isle Adam—an ancestor of the author of "Axel" and "Contes Cruels"—and no longer Robert d'Estouteville, who had several times been very kind to the poet. The lieutenant-criminal, chosen by Louis XI., was a butcher. He set Villon on the rack and sentenced him to death, but the poet appealed to Parliament; the sentence and the penalty were cancelled, but in view of the evil life Villon led, Parliament banished him for ten years from the "ville, prévôté et vicomté de Paris." It is to this last judgment that the celebrated quatrain, the "Ballade des Pendus" and the "Ballade de l'Appel," are related, and not to the previous one.

At this point comes to an end all exact information relating to Villon. What became of him subsequently? How are we to explain, except by the supposition of his death, that nothing else is heard of him? Rabelais, indeed, tells us that Villon, banished from France, went to England during the reign of Edward V., but this last statement is obviously inaccurate. M. Marcel Schwob feels, however, inclined to accept that conjecture, and it is much to be wished that somebody would confirm it.

Besides the very important discoveries connected with the life of the poet, M. Marcel Schwob, with the help of many valuable documents met with in the course of his patient researches, is now able to interpret the whole work of Villon in the true sense which it bore in its time. He has thus been able to show clearly that most of the characters named in the "Grand Testament" are, on the one hand, prosperous, moneyed people, financiers of the State, high officers in the Treasury and the "Chambre aux Deniers," collectors and receivers-general of the taxes; on the other hand, bankers, money-changers, speculators in money and the gabelles. It is this class of men, usurers and kings of the money-market, that Villon attacks. This is the unique reason which accounts for the immediate and stupendous success of his poems, that satisfied popular

Digitized by Google

resentment. It is not, however, likely that Villon had the resentment of the populace in mind when he wrote his "Testaments." He does not give expression to the fury of the public; his attacks are due to personal spite, as he had often begged money from these people, who had refused him, or put a stop to their generosity.

The identification of a certain number of persons who had not yet been recognised, enables M. Schwob to assert that Villon applied for money to René, Duke of Anjou and King of Sicily; that he bore an unceasing hatred to Thibaut de Vitry, uncle of the Chancellor des Ursins, whose immense power enabled him to make in less than two years the fortune of Cardinal La Balue, and introduce him to the king; that he pestered unmercifully a certain Sire Jehan Marcel, one of the richest lenders on deposits of Paris, who had suspicious transactions with the princes and kings of his time. Villon has specially named these two men in the "Petit Testament"; but, afraid of reprisals, he leaves them unnamed in the "Grand Testament," without giving up his attacks, that those who had read the "Petit Testament" could easily remember. So, these poems appeared to the public as a satire against the holders of riches and monopolies.

As to Villon personally, M. Marcel Schwob has been able to ascertain that from his early years he was connected with the administration of finances through the medium of his friend Regnier de Montigny, whose mother was of an ancient noble family, and who was related to persons of considerable eminence in the "Chambre des Comptes," and the Treasury.

Villon was very poor, utterly destitute, he had certainly to work for his livelihood as a clerk in the office of a receiver of the finances; this fact is to be deduced from his attacks against obscure under-clerks in the financial department, attacks that cannot be accounted for unless we suppose a personal dislike. The continual handling of money, of which he was a witness, certainly excited the cupidity of a young man who had ambitious aims and yearnings, and he yielded to the over-

Google

powering temptation. A careful study of the life led by clerks and university people, the society in which Villon moved, shows that his example is far from being isolated. Everywhere, in Parliament, in the "Chambre des Comptes," at the Châtelet, we find eminent personages accused and convicted of theft. In spite of his faults, Villon is not an accident among those who led the same life as he did. The one feature that singles him out from the crowd and which redounds highly to his credit is the remorse he shows for his misdeeds. He is conscious of his guilt and crimes, he is distressed and unhappy, reproaches himself and repents; whereas the others are shamelessly and unconsciously guilty and immoral.

M. Marcel Schwob brings also to light that Villon sided with the royalist party, that is to say he was a partisan of Jeanne d'Arc and Charles VII., and, in consequence, hostile to the English and the Duke of Burgundy. The whole clergy of Saint Benoît le Bétourné refused to take the oath of fidelity to Jean Sans Peur. It is among these churchmen that later on Charles VII. selected the *docteurs en décrets* who presided over the suit for the rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc.

The abundance of judicial terms Villon uses in a technical and very accurate manner has led some of his biographers to think that he had been a clerk either in the Parliament or at the Châtelet. But, in all his researches, M. Marcel Schwob has not found any evidence as to Villon reading at any school of law, and he explains that his knowledge of legal expressions, the use he makes of them, come of his having been brought up at the cloister of Saint Benoît le Bétourné, the clergy of which was deeply learned in canon law and read at the *écoles de décrets* in the neighbourhood, as were bound to do all the divines of Saint Benoît le Bétourné. Villon, therefore, spent his early life among lawyers, was mixed up in the quarrels of the university with the prévôté and the orders of mendicant friars, was for a time a clerk at the Treasury, and, living among royalists, remained faithful to Charles VII. The disorderly life he led probably caused his death at an early age. At any

Google

rate, when he had killed his own conscience, as M. Marcel Schwob puts it, he was no longer able to produce anything more, and this may be the reason for his silence.

It has been very difficult to determine the genuine works of Villon; the study of many manuscripts and copies, containing different readings of his poems, is, on that account, extremely interesting. M. Longnon, in the bibliographical notice of his edition, has devoted all his care to the question. An equal interest is attached to the printed editions of the works of Villon. The first one, dated 1489, and published by Pierre Levet, is reproduced by all the succeeding ones. The Bibliothèque Nationale is possessed of two copies of it. From that year to 1532 there were eighteen editions in Gothic letters of the two "testaments." In 1532 appeared the first edition in round type, to which was added, besides the "Repues Franches," the "Monologue du Franc Archer de Baguolet," and the "Dialogue des Seigneurs de Mallepaye et de Baillevent." In 1533 was published by Galiot du Pré the edition that, by order of François I., had been prepared by Clément Marot. He succeeded in striking off all the spurious Villon and in restoring the altered passages "partie avecques les vieulx imprimez, partie avecques l'ayde des bons vieillards qui en savent par cueur et partie par deviner avecques jugement naturel." This edition served as the pattern for all the succeeding reprints. All of them bear on the title-page the "distique dudict Marot: Peu de Villons en bon savoir, Trop de Villons pour décevoir." In 1542 appeared the last reprint of Marot's edition, and it was not before 1723, after an interval of two centuries, that a fairly good edition was published in Paris by Antoine Urbain Coustelier. Another edition appeared at the Hague in 1742, at Adrien Moetgen's. In 1832 the works of Villon were again published by J. H. R. Prompsault, with a memoir and notes; the editor made use of manuscripts and inserted 888 unpublished lines; however, this edition is very imperfect.

In 1854, the bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix) gave a volume

Google

in which the poems are revised, corrected and re-arranged. In 1866, the same editor having discovered a new manuscript of Villon in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, published a new edition The next year, Pierre Jannet reprinted the 1723 edition after a copy annotated by La Monnoye. After another edition by Paul Lacroix in 1877, Garnier published the works of François Villon, edited by Louis Moland, in 1879. M. W. G. C. Bijvanck published at Leyden in 1882 an admirable edition of the "Petit Testament." In 1884, M. Auguste Vitu, who prepared an edition of Villon's works, that was never to see the light, published a philological study on the jargon of the fifteenth century, in which is to be found an excellent essay on Villon. In 1888, M. Lucien Schône published also a very interesting work on the jargon and jobelin of François Villon. And, finally, M. Longnon, who had already published in 1877, a learned "Etude Biographique" on François Villon, containing many things entirely new, published, with Lemerre, the "Complete Works" of François Villon, making use of the manuscripts and the ancient editions, availing himself of all documents known up to date, and specially those discovered by M. Marcel Schwob. But since then (1892), M. Schwob has discovered a great many facts that throw a new light on many a dim period of the life of the poet and on certain parts of the "Grand" and the "Petit Testament." He is often in contradiction with the opinions hitherto accepted, and it is greatly to be hoped that when M. Marcel Schwob has published his "Life of François Villon," a new edition of the "Works of François Villon" will appear, in which all the new and important data about the life of the poet will be used, and in which the new interpretations of many a ballad and many an obscure passage will be indicated.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

Google

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

II—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S CARLYLE

IT certainly is most fortunate that Dr. Johnson is dead. One would have disliked him so much if he had remained alive. He was so merciless, so heavy-handed in the stripping of ruffles—and more than ruffles. And here he is, stripping Carlyle. Ah, sartor! Well, we must admit that it was very smart of Johnson to turn "Sartor Resartus" and its philosophy back upon its author; and to strip Carlyle for us as we find him stripped in the present work. It is a great coarse ungainly jest, that of stripping an ugly man; and it is rather hard on a middle-aged man who has become confirmed in the habit of clothes-wearing. Johnson might have remembered that he himself was even less suited to pose in the nude. However, it is not only with physical stripping that our author is concerned. The mind, he points out, wears clothes as well as the body. So, to his own delectament, he strips Carlyle's mind; and shows it to us running about seeking shelter, a little dark mind, but strong and wiry, seeking shelter ever in wrong places.

It is in this way, with much Latin vituperation, that Johnson heralds his long criticism of Carlyle's literary style. Carlyle invented a new style, which Johnson labels with the epithet "expletive." It was the "expletivity," we are told, which made Carlyle, which fixed him in men's minds, which

Google

lifted him out of the ruck—this and nothing more. "The French Revolution" is without historical accuracy; and throws no new light on obscure places. It is useless as a school-book; and uncomfortable as a book of reference; it tells nothing to one who knows everything about the French Revolution. It is simply a success of expletivity. The accident of its style is of overwhelming importance, in comparison with the essence of its subject matter. And this to Johnson is an *hysteron-proteron*. It is to abdicate the chair of the historian when the historian plays the part of poet.

Johnson lived in an age which worshipped the Golden. Carlyle is distinctly Silvern; and no doubt that is why Johnson did not appreciate Carlyle. Indeed, it would be absurd to expect him to have done so. We might as well expect to find appreciations of Tacitus in the writings of Cicero. Yet, in a way, Carlyle represented the ideal which Johnson was seeking. The finding of an ideal of course produces irritation because it is so disappointing. Johnson was the last man to underestimate the importance of style. In "Rasselas" for instance, we can see clearly that he was taking pains to give a peculiar literary form to his sentences. Well, after all that is only what Carlyle also was seeking to do, and succeeded in doing: but he did it in a different way, by being explosive and emphasising egregious epithets, and by neglecting absolutely his subject-matter. There seems then to be a little jealousy in Johnson. It never struck *him* to go the whole way and neglect his subject for the sake of his style, so as to make the style the one transcendent thing in his work. If it had occurred to him independently, he might have utilised the notion: but, when it is brought before him in Carlyle, he cannot away with such a second-hand idea. So he never tried to write on the plan of Carlyle: at least he never consciously did so. On the contrary, he made quite a point of emphasising his subject-matter, as may be seen in "Taxation no Tyranny," where he has gone to the opposite extreme and given us matter without any form at all.

Digitized by Google

Or, if form there be, it is bad form, especially now that King Edward is so popular in America.

On the whole, though, as we have said, the idea of it is excellent, we do not know whether to regret more that this book should have been written or that it should not. We are inclined to think that the fault lies with the publishers. They—or those who edit their "Eminent Men" Series for them—are too indiscriminate in the mating of biographer and biographee. In a library of Bigwigs by Bigwigs for Bigwigs a Carlyle by Johnson might perhaps do little harm; but in a cheap series by the masses and for the masses it is as much out of place as a Matthew Arnold by Herbert Paul, or a Richardson by Austin Dobson. Dr. Johnson was certainly of the masses—one of the greatest—but he was not *for* them, and no one who knew him personally would ever have thought of asking him to write this volume.

Google

III—LORD BACON'S TREATISE ON WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

IT would be unsafe to assert that Lord Bacon wrote *A Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy* before he wrote *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* indeed we may feel very certain that he did not do so, for two reasons:—first, because Verona is in Italy, and Marconi's surname is Italian: secondly, because this is one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays and contains a large number of rhymed endings. There is only one rhyme, and that a limp one, in the present *Treatise*:—

. . . . . the new transmittor.
. . . . . one faint twitter. (§ 95)

But this may be caused by the fact that the Treatise is written in prose. Bacon began to write not indeed in verse but in Latin; and he seems to have been hindered much by the tenacious archaism of the language which, unlike Greek, contains very few modern scientific words and a mere sprinkling of advertisements. Consequently we find him continually lapsing into English. Nevertheless the Treatise is a very fine piece of work, not written by a professional electrician it is true, but by a man who takes an intellectual interest in other people's brain-work.

Lord Bacon is always worth hearing, because he is so sensible. He made Aristotle sensible in the *Novum Organon:* or, if that is not quite fair to Aristotle, he took the pseudaristotelian logic of the schoolmen, and turned the searchlight of his renascent intellect upon their dark and dusty sophisms. Well, wireless telegraphy never has been cut off from kindly intercourse of life by that same fate which befell scholastic logic. Yet to it, as to that other, Bacon brings an open breezy

Google

freshness which appeals very forcibly to the lay or ordinary intelligence. He has the trick of telling one just that which one wishes to know.

The Treatise naturally divides itself into three parts,—there is a curious literary repetition in the opening words, *Wireless Telegraphy est omnis divisa in partes tres.* The first part deals with the history of the invention, from the childhood of Marconi down to Bacon's own day, or perhaps a little later. Our author has found a difficulty in placing this section before us with his usual (and unusual) transparent clearness. It certainly would be difficult for any one totally ignorant of history to gather from it a correct chronological knowledge of the facts. It would be impertinent to attribute to Bacon an ignorance of events which had not yet happened: otherwise we might be tempted to account in this way for his apparent failure to write the history of events which succeeded his demise. But the first section is the least important of the three.

The second part is much more satisfactory; and intreats of the theoretical aspect of the subject. Here, Bacon's masterly knowledge, and the extraordinary ambiguity of the Latin words which he employs, enables him to display erudite eloquence which would indeed be surprising in the author of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, more especially in the author of a work such as this, the most Baconian of all non-Shakespearean productions from the same pen. Here, then, Bacon uses language to emit some of the most surprising facts in the way of electrical theory, facts so surprising that they would appear to contradict reason, and even the theory itself, but that subsequent events have not failed to prevent us from not seeing them with his eyes.

The third part of the *Treatise* deals with the probable results of the general introduction of wireless telegraphy. Lord Bacon draws a vivid picture of the civilising effect of the annihilation of mundane acoustic space; and half-plaintively regrets that he has not lived at a time when every infant in its cradle

Google

would carry, as a matter of course, its own portable receiver and transmittor attached to gum-ring or feeding-bottle, and thus would be enabled at any moment to communicate with any one anywhere. He points out, with ineluctable conviction, that our brains would be trained to enormous activity by the intellectual potentialities thereby educed. Now many people have not been behindhand in declaring that communications transmitted through atmospheric ether would be picked up by the wrong recipients. Bacon caustically and epigrammatically classifies these persons as (*a*) the Ordinary Liar, (*b*) the Condemned Liar, (*c*) the Expert Witness or Electrical Engineer; and contemptuously dismisses their declarations as mere "*eidola telegraphiae*." He shows that nothing more is necessary than that each individual should possess a transmittor which is not in accord with any other individual's receiver. A secret, under these circumstances, will be quite safe: because, when committed to the four winds, though they may carry it everywhere, they cannot hand it over to anybody. Without degrading our manhood by futile sentimentalities we may accord our meed of sympathy to the pathetic little secret wandering for ever round the ramparts of the world, vainly tap-tapping at the doors of all the innumerable unresponsive receivers of incurious mankind. But a more fitting commentary on this point may be expected from—indeed the point is commended to the notice of—the minor (or spring-) poet.

It is thus, with a half apologetic indulgence of his own inappropriate levity, that Bacon endeavours to give the necessary dramatic touch to this section of his Treatise. We must not be misled by it into thinking that he was unaware of the magnitude of Marconi's invention. On the contrary, with all the authority of his great office, he declares that the far-reaching effects of it pass beyond the limits of his imagination. He looks forward to the time when the principles of Wireless Electricity will be applied, not only to telegraphy and telephony, but also to locomotion. He foresees vehicles driven by electric motors receiving energy from central transmittors,

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and therefore able to move without any cumbersome and unsatisfactory load of accumulators and dynamos. Ships, says he, will receive electric energy from stations on land: they will be driven and guided by electrical engineers who remain ashore. Finally he hopes that the problem of aerial navigation will thus be solved; and that air-ships, unweighted by heavy machinery, gathering their motive force from various electric centres, perhaps ultimately from one central station dominating the globe, will convey mankind over all the world.

We have said enough to give our readers an indication of the importance of Lord Bacon's latest contribution to science. Whether it is destined to revolutionise not only present theories of electrical energy but also the very law of motion, we are unable to decide without further and less cursory consideration. Meanwhile, we simply submit to the intelligence of persons engaged in financing electrical matters the query, Did Bacon write too soon, or too late?

Digitized by Google

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

AN ECHO FROM TWICKENHAM

JOHN BULL. THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

BULL. Arthur, the club and closure born to wield,
And shine alike in senates and the "Field,"
There are who measure statesmen such as you
Just by the work and by the good they do.
Not to perspire is all the art I know
To make man elegant and keep him so,
But if a leader live as if to rule
Were just to look about him and be cool,
'Twixt hole and hole successive blandly err,
(As by St. Andrew's so at Westminster),
What—Bowles will ask you—is that leader's worth?
Mark Joseph bringing empire to the birth;
See Morley, stern ideologue, lash sinners;
See Primrose wax efficient—after dinners;
The daily telegram by Wilhelm sent,
And Roosevelt's bi-monthly accident!

Balfour. Come, come, good John, don't Clifford it with me:
The manliest note is not the upper C.
Let us admit I am not, as you know,
A strenuous Roosevelt, or bustling Joe,

Google

But hold that Primrose was the wisest hack,
Who flung a Party from his gallèd back,
That Beach more joy in calm retirement feels
Than Joseph with a Seddon at his heels.

Bull. You take things calmly, Sir—

Balfour. —nor care to sham,
Or try to look the busy drudge I am.
Am I the worse because afar from Thames
I steal an hour for friends or books or games?
Imperial Joseph if he deigned to play
Might miss a hole, and give the game away,
For, as in statecraft, oft upon the sward
A man may hit too quickly and too hard.
How would John Bull or England like the yoke
Of strenuous, fussy, advertising folk?
My plain old Uncle, scarcely up to date,
Kept no "front window," yet preserved the State.

Bull. Your Uncle had my confidence, well earned;
If faded grew his coat, 'twas never turned;
But look not back; the quiet years have been,
The good old servant and the good old Queen,
Past is their day; gone easy pride of place,
And other times demand a smarter pace.
Wake up, John Bull! is thundered at my head
Forte by all, *fortissimo* by Stead.
Lo, foreign rivals draw the tight'ning coil,
They come, they burrow in my very soil;
Their exports mount in bold statistic curves,
Their swarming bagmen beat my close preserves,
And where of yore their ships vailed tops to me,
Their giant hulls race snorting o'er my sea.
So can you blame me if I look askance
At philosophick doubt with elegance?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Learn of the rival at our open door,
Our German emperor-competitor,
Most Modern Monarch, Martha among Kings,
Careful and troubled about many things:
Grant him a little careless of good taste,
But most efficient—not a moment's waste—
Knows all that is to be, or is, or was—

Balfour. Do snippets make encyclopædias?
"Placed on the isthmus of a middle State,"
Between big Bruin and the Cock elate,
So many parts to play, such loads to bear,
Mars, admiral, ædile, censor, pulpiteer;
Too conscientious ever to sit still,
Knowing so much, yet knowing much so ill,
Taxing to prosper, he forgets 'tis sure
The richest land's the land of fewest poor:
Sea-bailiff bold his "folly holds her throne
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,"
Yet winces when the shafts of *Vorwärts* fly,
And dreads the Tower of Bebel mounting high.
Is he to be my model?

Bull. Still, confess
A neighbour's troubles scarce make England's less.

Balfour. Is England troubled, is she sick—or scared?
One might do—something—

Bull. —if you thought I cared?
Yes, I do care. Who would not laugh at strife
If in her veins still ran true English life.
But there it is: the mode in England's youth,
Was stern, laborious industry and truth.
Does she move faster? Ay, but not to work.
The gambler's dream is hers, to gain yet shirk,

Google

To catch at bubbles, riches of a day,
Gold lightly got, as lightly flung away.
Know you the City, haunt of Bulls and Bears?

Balfour. I lunch with Sheriffs, banquet with Lord Mayors.

Bull. Past Mammon's famous palace, first in rank,
That dumpy inconvenience, the Bank,
Mid mazy, wildering lanes of press and grime,
On Plutus' stage behold his pantomime.
There Masks fantastick move through crowded halls
Earnest as councils, wild as carnivals;
In quaintest guises, votaries and priests
Whirl, strange as Comus' rout or Circe's beasts.
Here Bears squeeze hapless Stags with hungry roar,
There Bulls defiant bellow, toss and gore,
Great Anacondas bask in graceful coils,
And Jungles catch explorers—'ware their toils!
And Kangaroos leap high, a brief, brief span,
And bristling Wild Cats seize their victim, man,
While peck'd by ev'ry greedy crow and kite
The Lame Duck waddles into outer night.
With bawling buyers shouting sellers vie,
Sell what they have not, what they want not buy;
And to and fro and in and out they rush,
Exult in triumph or in panic hush,
As on the wings of northern tempests go
This way and that the swirling flakes of snow.
Yet in this giddy maze th' instructed eye
May reason, system, regulation, spy;
All may be parts of one "tremendous boom"
Whose dupes the Publick are, its end their doom.
Some deem this wondrous Mart a thing of air,
A dream of Vanity like Bunyan's Fair,
That one cold blast of truth might scatter all,
(As breezes scatter London's murky pall,)

Google

And bare to view a waste of waters dark
Where ev'ry plunger meets th' expectant shark.
But wiser Sages (owning with a sigh
'Change is a great and grim reality),
Tell of a temple gorgeous to behold,
An Eastern priesthood and a Calf of gold,
Through whose dim-darken'd fane, the legend saith,
Believing fools march once a month to death.
These reach the portals of a bright abode,
See glitt'ring thrones and recognise their god,
Ring'd with the light of ruined miners' dreams
Of sparkling ores and diamantine gleams.
But as they reel in vision and surprise,
As golden hopes intoxicate their eyes,
The earth yawns open at their eager feet;
Gaunt guards close round, Mischance and Self-Deceit,
And thrust each trembling gambler down to lie
Deep in the *oubliette* of bankruptcy.

Balfour. But, do sane mortals enter such a place?
A silly handful may—but not the race.

Bull. Prudence is not a lesson taught in schools,
And ev'ry season brings its crop of fools.
Lo, thronging there all ranks, conditions go,
Till Capel Court's a dingier Monaco.
Behold the youth, he buys, sure Funds will mount,
A timid thousand for the next account;
Some livelier fancy soon his heart will lift,
A little flutter, then a downfall swift;
Greeks, Kaffirs, Turks, consume his manhood's wage,
And Deeps and Jungles are the snares of age;
Left by this slump aground, that ebb ashore,
Till milked and dry he seeks no "bucket" more.

Balfour. Yet some must win.

Google

Bull. A few: and one man's winning
Twice twenty more entices into sinning.
To noble purpose are such gains applied,
Poured forth on learning's, art's, religion's side?
Nay. Furs they buy, champagnes and motor-cars,
Fat rings, fat chains, fat horses, fat cigars;
Then houses, coachmen, footmen, pages, porters,
And all that's left may dress fat wives and daughters.
If luck redoubled fortune reinforces,
What then? More dress, more houses and more horses.

Balfour. There is an ancient saw of sense compact
"You cannot make men virtuous by Act."
Vice is the preacher's matter, scarcely mine.
Go, hint to Church and Chapel to combine!
Or rouse the Liberals, a serious few,
And, unlike me, perplex'd for work to do:
Let virtuous Morley, since his hands are free,
Try Gladstone's axe upon this Upas-tree,
Or Primrose doff his overcoat and swing
An axe—his own—against th' accursèd thing.
There are great Journals,—though I must confess
I do not read them. Why not try the Press?
If Rosebery to strip there's no compelling,
Then with a Buckle you may do your felling.

Bull. Church, Platform, Press have duties not a few,
But my concern, this minute, is with you.
Suppose for once you take it as a plan
To do forthwith the little that you can,
Force public companies, or great or small,
To tell those truths the law demands of all.
Make no division betwixt low and high,
City in trade or bubble company:
Dissect their fables; 'tis no time for ruth;
Unwind the tangle and declare the truth.

Google

Use laws or mend 'em; make 'em if you must;[1]
Till Guile stand naked to a world's disgust.
So may promoters caught by what they writ
Like wounded serpents by themselves be bit;
So may directors cease to avert their sight,
Or live in faith whatever is is right,
And bankrupt's sleight of hand less easy be
Than tricking with three thimbles and a pea.
Neglect may grow as dangerous as act,
And figures something more than screens of fact.
Then if Press, Platform, Pulpit play their part
And pluck the gambler's lust from England's heart,
The fowler shall in vain outspread the net,
And honest Commerce rule in London yet.

PAPALIS.

[1] This was written and printed before Mr. Balfour's recent pronouncement in the House of Commons. [EDITOR.]

Google

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

V

ALISTAIR SEATON, belonging to an old Scotch family, had, on the death of his father, a soldier of moderate means, been left as a boy to the care of a Presbyterian mother; and he had, till he went to Oxford, received his education at home, being first committed to tutors who were preparing for the ministry of the Kirk, and then to an ex-professor of Transcendental Metaphysics from Glasgow, whose health had given way under the strain of regarding existence as a modification of the Ego or of the Absolute, or as the identity of what is and is not. The solemn demeanour of this genuinely devout sage, the earnest untidiness of his appearance, the spiritual light in his eyes, and the strength of his Scotch accent, seemed to Mrs. Seaton proofs of his old-fashioned Christian orthodoxy. Heresy, unbelief, and even doubt—enormities of which she had only heard—she associated with a jaunty air, an extravagant gaiety of apparel, the lightnings of an infernal wit, and a plurality of female intimates. She little suspected that the whole religion of the Creeds and the Bible had for her son's preceptor, who always wore woollen gloves, and who said "good-morning" as if it was part of the Shorter Catechism, hardly as much reality as it had for Voltaire or Gibbon. Still less did she suspect that her son, whose filial affection was constant, and whose expression in church was as admirable now as ever, had found in this preceptor's philosophy new eyes for his soul; and that

Google

whilst the whitewash of her place of worship was echoing to the metre of doxologies, her precious boy was telling himself that the doctrine of the Christian Trinity was merely a crude expression of the sublime and satisfactory truth that the so-called Father is pure unconditioned Abstraction; that the so-called Son is Abstraction made real by Self-negation, and that the so-called Spirit is Negation again negatived, which manages thus to make itself the perfect Sum-total of existence.

Having gone up to Oxford bursting with these sublime secrets, the young man had grown gradually tired of keeping his mind tortured with the one gymnastic attitude which enabled him to receive their consolations; and he presently forgot the Absolute in an enthusiasm for religious Art, which he found to be a better language for the unextinguished piety of his nature, and which surrounded his inner life with an atmosphere of congenial mysticism. He subsequently travelled in Italy, where he collected a few fine pictures; and finally, on the death of a cousin. to whom he was engaged to be married, and to whose memory he was inviolably constant, he had retired with his mother to a cottage in North Wales, where he taught the principles of art and the practice of carving to the villagers, and joined in his mother's devotions with so much filial sympathy that he sometimes could hardly tell how his own creed differed from hers. His philosophy in fact had by this time left but two traces on his character: it had sublimated the creed of his childhood from a statement into a symbol of truth, and thus seemed to have placed it for ever beyond the reach of criticism; and it had made him indifferent to the discoveries and insensible of the claims of science.

His friend's document, therefore, with its dry and methodical references to modes of thought and to aspects of things which he himself had disregarded, did little at first but cause him a shock of puzzled surprise. He looked round him again at the bedroom and its gilded bedstead; and contrasting his friend's description of his dissatisfaction with life with the delicate appreciation shown by him of all the arts of living, he

Google

was tempted to ask once more whether, with a man like Glanville, such speculative dissatisfaction was really more than a plaything. This reflection was interrupted, and at the same time seemed to him justified, by the sound of his own name rising to him through an open window, and by Glanville's voice below, calling to him to come down and bathe.

Seaton, who was a fine swimmer, leapt at once from his bed; and he and Glanville not many minutes later, were hurrying through the gardens to the bathing-place, which proved to be a romantic cavern, full of the moving lights and sobbings of the glaucous water. The swimmers, when they returned to their clothes, were glowing with air and exercise. As they made their way back to the house over rocks that were below the garden, coral-coloured zoophytes showed themselves in pools clear as glass, whilst the white breasts of sea-birds were reflected in shining sands; and they felt as if the soul of youth had overtaken them as a sea-bird's wings.

At breakfast this illusion was continued. Glanville enthralled his friend, as they bent over their eggs and sausages, with a glowing account of his experiences in Asia Minor; and Seaton seemed, as he listened, to hear the Mediterranean wave lapping against broken moles, or murmuring through ruined temples, or to see the skyey porches of some marine Acropolis glistening on its rock through ultramarine haze. Then the conversation wandered to other exciting subjects—to the charm of different epochs, countries, cities, and societies—of loopholed German castles deep in the heart of forests, of balls in Southern palaces looking over moonlit gardens, of green alamedas, and of guitar-strings, of blue seas and of grey, of dark women and of fair. Glanville touched on them all with the same catholic sympathy, carrying his listener with him in the train of his buoyant fancy. The whole range of experience, to Seaton, seemed to be growing larger. "In fact," Glanville said at last, "the worst of life is this: it offers us a thousand vintages; it is mistress of a thousand spells; but we can each of us only taste, or only yield to a dozen of them."

Google

"And here is the man," exclaimed Seaton with a friendly laugh, "who finds that his life has been ruined because he has had a tiff with theology! But, my dear Rupert," he went on, and his voice grew suddenly grave, "so far as women are concerned, your difficulty is of your own making. If you want to enjoy the charm of every woman that could charm you, there's a simple way of doing so; and that is by loving one. Look in her face, and this thing or that will happen. You will either see the witchery of all the others there, or you will despise it."

"Yes—yes," replied Glanville, for the moment speaking gravely also. "I too know so much from experience. The worst of it is the experience does not always last. As for me, my dear Attar, under ordinary circumstances, instead of seeing the witchery of all beautiful women in one, I seem to see the witchery of one appealing to me out of the eyes of all. I find the same inspired volume bound in different bodices."

Seaton looked at his friend with a twinkle of amusement in his eye. "How like you are," he exclaimed, "to the you I have always known—and how unlike to something else, which I have only known this morning!"

"And who," said Glanville, "may that be?"

"The disillusioned you," Seaton answered, "which you have presented me with in your own analysis."

Glanville, for answer, leaned back in his chair and laughed. "And so," he said, lighting a cigar, "you don't think the portrait's like me?"

"It seems to me," replied Seaton, "not a portrait at all, but a theoretical diagram of how parts of a man might work if we could—which we can't do—abstract them from the man himself. Nearly everything which is peculiar to your own living self—yourself as I see you there laughing and talking—is left out of it."

The expression of Glanville's face underwent a curious change. "You are right," he exclaimed vehemently. "You have hit the nail on the head. In that fragment of biography

Google

there is nothing that is peculiar to myself. If there had been, I should not have written it. But does that make it less true? If a man were a victim to some general pestilence, would you call his account of his symptoms a mere theoretical diagram because it did not include his pedigree, the number of his love affairs, and the colour of his eyes and hair? I have written an account of the experiences not of me as me, but merely of me as a victim to the pestilence that is raging everywhere."

Seaton was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I hardly believed at first, but I do believe now, that, as to yourself, you have really written the truth. But I confess that my own experience has been very different from yours; and I read the signs of the times in a very different fashion."

"Look," said Glanville, "the servants are coming to clear away; and unless you are anxious to confess to my old butler, who is a Protestant, let us take up our souls and walk with them into the library. And so," he continued presently, as they sank into two arm-chairs, "you think that the intellectual conditions of the age—I mean those which are more exclusively modern—have had no effect on yourself, or on men and women in general. Come, Attar, speak up, and let us hear your opinion."

"For the moment," replied Seaton, "let us put you and me out of the question. Let us take what you were saying about men and women in general. Now I don't, as a fact, agree with you about what you call modern knowledge, but we'll talk about that later. Let us assume that it has the importance you impute to it. Very well, my dear Rupert, I can quite understand this—that a minority of people with keenly logical intellects may feel that this modern knowledge destroys religion in themselves, and destroys at the same time their more serious interests in existence. But as to the mass of our contemporaries, what I should say is this: Even if we grant that a number of them fancy that, for the same reasons, they too are bound to renounce their religion likewise, I should say that they did this because their religious

Google

instincts were weak, not because they really understand that the arguments which they oppose to it are strong. I should say also that, in letting their religion go, though they may have become worse people, they have not become consciously unhappier people. Instead of bewailing the fact that they have lost their Sabbath, they are rather inclined to rejoice in the gain of a new bank-holiday. But people like these are not the great majority. The great majority of average men and women are religious by nature now as they always have been. If you doubt me, you need merely look round you. Religion, instead of dying, is everywhere showing new signs of activity. It is animating new movements, it is newly adapting old ones; and if some of the forms it takes seem to you absurd and crude, this is merely because the essence is now so exceptionally active that the new forms which it is taking have not yet had time to complete themselves. It is just as active now as it was in the days of Luther. We have different forms of doctrine, but the same impulse is behind them, which springs from a belief in the spiritual—in God and in man's soul. Whether religious belief is in logic compatible with the knowledge you speak of, that is another question. I am only maintaining now that it is not incompatible with it in fact."

"You are setting yourself," said Glanville, "to contradict something I never asserted. Let me try to explain myself better. Look at those books behind you—that long row on the table. They are all books which deal with the subject we are now talking about. They are all by men of to-day. They are all by men as religious and as liberal as yourself. Let me show you what is said by two of the most famous. One of them is a French Protestant divine; the other is an American professor. This," he went on, taking and opening a volume, "is Sabatier's 'Philosophy of Religion.' Let me read you a few bits from it. I never saw the book till I had myself written what I showed you; and here is this solemn person—a very different man from me—repeating almost my very words.

Google

Listen. '*Our age*,' he says, '*has driven abreast the twofold worship of the scientific method, and of the moral ideal; but so far from being able to unite them, it has pushed them to a point where they seem to contradict and exclude each other. Every serious soul feels itself to be inwardly divided.*' And listen again to this, which comes a little farther on. He asks where shall the world look for deliverance? In the progress of science, which will ameliorate want and pain? "No," he answers, "in science we have our chief source of despair. The function of science, he says—its great speculative function—is '*to weave over everything a causal and necessary network*,' and to give us a more '*tragic contradiction*' than that between want and comfort—the '*contradiction between physical laws and moral. Here*,' he goes on, '*we have the origin of that strange mal du siècle—a sort of internal consumption, by which all cultivated minds are more or less affected. The more one reflects on the reasons that may be urged in favour of living and acting, the less capable one is of effort and action. Who does not feel this weakness, and the pressure of external things? Who has not marked that union, now become almost habitual, of frivolity of character and intellectual culture the most perfect and refined? Must one, then, give up thinking if one would retain the courage to live, or resign oneself to moral death in order to preserve the right think?*' And now," continued Glanville, "I have one short passage more for you, tucked away in a book which, for the most part, evades the difficulty. This is Professor James's Lectures on 'The Varieties of Religious Experience.' Where the devil has the sentence got to? Ah! it's here. '*The religious faculties*,' he says, '*may be checked in their natural tendency to expand by beliefs about the world that are inhibitive*'—he means the scientific beliefs just described by Sabatier—'*and in these beliefs*,' he goes on, '*souls who in former times would have freely indulged their religious propensities, find themselves, as it were, frozen.*' Good heavens, my dear fellow, if you wanted more of that kind of thing, I could show it to you sown broadcast in every one

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of these pious volumes—volumes which hail from every quarter of the civilised globe: and what all such complaints mean is that the impulse behind doctrines—the belief, as you just now called it, in God and in man's soul, which in Luther's days was universal, is inhibited now by knowledge which in Luther's days was non-existent. Do you yourself doubt the fact? Do you really fail to perceive it? Have the mountains of Wales and the clouds of Hegel hidden it from you? Listen, Alistair. What I mean is this: not that your religious impulse behind doctrines is dead; but that it cannot now, as it once could, put itself into connection with any intellectual scheme of things which our knowledge will allow us to accept. When it tries to live in our present intellectual atmosphere it pants, wriggles and flops, like a fish that has jumped out of water. A subjective sanctity, it becomes an objective absurdity: or, to go back again to Sabatier, who speaks more decorously than I do, in the mind of everybody nowadays there is a kind of '*intestine war, which arms the human ego against itself, and dries up all the springs of life.*' Perhaps you believe the evidence of all these professors and divines because they have solemn faces and no sense of the ridiculous; though you won't believe me because I come to you eating and drinking, and because I happen to know a good-looking woman when I see her. I myself maintain that I am for these very reasons——"

But he was interrupted by the sound of an opening door and the voice of the butler, begging to know what bedrooms certain of the guests were to occupy, as he thought that the cards on some of the doors were wrong. The unfortunate Seaton, when he heard of the expected guests, heaved a martyr's sigh, and began turning over the leaves of Professor James's book. Presently, instead of repeating his sigh, he laughed; and as soon as the butler had departed, he exclaimed to Glanville, "Look here, this is how your Professor describes himself, his brother thinkers, and his audience. He says they belong—these are the words he uses—'*to the clerico-academic-scientific type, the officially and conventionally correct*

Google

type, the deadly-respectable type.' That is certainly not the type in which anybody would include you."

"No," replied Glanville, "it is not. And I was just on the point of saying to you that although these clerico-academic-scientific persons may be infinitely cleverer than I am, I have in this one respect a very great advantage over them. I think about the same things that they do. I feel many of the things that they feel. But I approach their subjects with a far wider experience. I am as much at home with Aspasia as I am with Mary and Martha—with Pericles, as I am with St. Paul. I happen to combine in myself all that attracts men to religion and philosophy, with all that distracts them from it; and so when I happen to agree with the clerico-academic-scientific persons—whose prolonged society, I confess, would bore me to extinction—and when I express what they say in the common vernacular of the world, my version of the matter ought to carry more weight than theirs. If I say that I can't live without religion, you may take it that I'm stating an experience implicit in that of men at large. If a parson or a professor says so, that really is little more than a lawyer's saying that he can't live without the law. Well—what do you think? Do you agree with me now, or don't you?"

"Better," said Seaton, putting down his book—"better than I did before you explained yourself. There are certain incidental points as to which I differ from you still—such as the extent to which this incubus of modern knowledge is felt. But my chief objection has to do with the nature of this knowledge itself. It seems much less important to me than it does to you; and this is the reason—this is the chief reason—why your view of the situation differs so much from mine."

"Don't stop," said Glanville. "Go on—I am all attention."

"Well, then," said Seaton, "to begin. You speak of your modern knowledge or of science as something that stands by itself, in opposition to all other knowledge."

Google

"I should say rather," replied Glanville, "that instead of opposing all other knowledge, it absorbs it against its will, as a snake swallows a rabbit, and makes it, by digesting it, part of a different body."

"And I reply," said Seaton, "that it really does nothing of the kind. What are the hollow facts of mere physical science when interpreted by chemists and naturalists who know nothing at all of philosophy? Interpreted by such men, they may indeed conflict with religion; but only as a curtain of sackcloth may be said to conflict with sunlight. You, Rupert, and those who think with you—and to-day they are perhaps the majority—seem to forget this, that the whole method of science, or the method of external observation, is merely a pensioner of the antecedent mind that observes. You forget that the objects with which science deals—whether they are stars, stomachs or steam-engines—would for us be nothing if the mind did not perceive them. If we consider them as existing apart from the mind, independent of it, external to it—and this is the way in which the science of the day considers them—they are simply abstractions. They are not existences at all. How could you believe in this room, if you didn't believe first in yourself?"

"Well," said Glanville, "and what conclusion do you draw from this?"

"That we must interpret the universe through the mind," replied Seaton, "and not the mind through the universe; and the universe, if we proceed thus, will no longer be a bugbear to us."

Glanville laughed again. "You are talking," he said, "as if you were not only a disciple of Hegel's, but his contemporary. Had Hegel lived to-day, his philosophy would not have been what it was. Now just for a moment consider this one point. Hegel tried, as you know much better than I, the method you speak of on facts of nature and history; and every result he arrived at was absolutely—was insanely—wrong. Even if we grant that the objects of science in a sense are relative to ourselves, still, in this sense they exist, and there is a certain

Google

ascertainable order in them, as you yourself admit whenever you send a telegram, or clarify your immortal soul by taking a liver pill. Isn't that so?"

"Surely," said Seaton. "I didn't deny it. What then?"

"What then?" replied Glanville. "Why this. If we start with putting the study of our minds aside, and examine these objects of science and the order and connection that pervades them, by the methods of external observation which ordinary science uses, we arrive at a succession of truths multiplying from day to day, which you and everybody else can verify, and do accept. But if we adopt the contrary method—if we start with the mind and its contents—and try to interpret the facts of nature through these, we get nothing, or rather nothing but falsehoods, which you yourself, like everybody else, reject. This is the gospel which science has, with unbroken success, been preaching to the world for the last hundred years, and been scourging with whips of steel into its obstinate and reluctant consciousness. Hegel, had he lived to-day, would have been crushed beneath the car of this Juggernaut. The voice that called Newton a booby would to-day be whispering out of the dust."

"Hegel," replied Seaton, "if he had lived to-day, would no doubt not have spoken of science in the manner in which he actually did. But his fundamental doctrine would still have been unchanged. I mean the doctrine that everything is mind, and that science deals only with so-called objects and with processes which for practical purposes the mind abstracts from itself, but which are not otherwise independent of it."

"Do you mean," said Glanville, "that you, Alistair Seaton, look on Saturn's moons as an abstraction from Alistair Seaton's mind?"

"When I say," replied Seaton, "that this nature is a mere abstraction from mind, I mean, in the first place, not your mind or mine, but the one universal mind, or, as I should call it, God. But we know this mind through our own minds, which are miniatures of it; and we know it through these

Google

alone. Thus, whatever the incidental uses of modern science may be, we can never get, by means of it, to the reality which is behind science. The door of this reality is our own minds, and nowhere else. At this door science knocks in vain, or rather it can't approach it. Our minds are like observatories perched on island mountains, and science can no more touch them than the sea can touch such summits. Listen, Rupert—here is a passage out of your friend James's book, which I hit on while you were talking to your butler. He has been speaking of science—I don't mean your butler, but James—and so long as we deal with the things which science deals with, '*we deal,*' he says, '*with the symbols of reality only; but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena as such, we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term.*' He expresses my own meaning. How, I ask you, can our knowledge of the stars, of steam, of the circulation of the blood, and so forth, interfere with or touch the relation of living minds with mind? This relation—here is another phrase of James's—'*is the only point at which the ultimate reality is given us to guard.*' We get this reality, he says, not by being scientific, but '*by being religious,*' and thus '*our responsible concern is with our private destiny after all.*' Why do you give that great indignant groan?"

Glanville had risen from his seat, and was walking up and down the room. "Listen," he exclaimed. "I should like to throw James's book at your head, and the books of all those pious writers too. The real difficulty which torments the world at large you don't meet, but you dodge it—you try to sidle round it. I said just now that you talked as if you were Hegel's contemporary. You do, and I'll show you how. You say that science deals only with things external to us—that it cannot touch or approach our personal minds—ourselves. In Hegel's day this might have been true enough; but, thanks to God or the devil, we have travelled far since then. The great triumphs of science began with its study of the stars and the physics of the inorganic world. There seemed to be little

Google

connection between our sacred minds and these. Then it went on to the organisms of plants and animals, venturing, with many elaborate apologies to the Deity, to include amongst the last, for convenience sake, the vile body of man. In all these, in exact proportion as it studied them, is discovered a growing amount of mechanical and machine-like uniformity; but still, for a long time, till long after Hegel's death, these groups of machine-like processes were separated one from the other, and seemed to be connected only by the arbitrary operation of a deity. The different kinds of life—in especial the life of man—seemed, as you said just now, to stand up above the waters of science, like island peaks above the sea, the objects of a separate knowledge. But all this while the waters of science were rising, and were signalising their rise by engulfing from time to time some stake or landmark that a moment before was protruding from them, or by suddenly pouring over a barrier and submerging some new area. No doubt even by this quiet process a number of people were frightened; but there was no more general panic than there was in the days of Noah. Man, from his superior station, watched the tides in security. But one fine day—as we look back on it, it seems as if this had happened suddenly—my dear Alistair, had I only been some cynical divine spectator, watching it all as a mixture of opera, farce and pantomime—something happened which, as I often amuse myself by thinking—would have been the finest stage effect in the world. The gradual rise gave place to a cataclysm. The fountains of the great deep were broken up when Darwin struck the rock: and an enormous wave—as it seems to us now in a moment—washed over the body of man—the temple of the Holy Ghost—covering him up to his chin, leaving only his head visible, whilst his limbs jostled below with the carcases of the drowned animals. His head, however, was visible still, and in his head was his mind—the mind antecedent to the universe—the redoubtable separate entity—staring out of his eyes over the deluge like a sailor on a sinking ship. And then came one crisis more. The waters rose an inch or

Google

two higher; and all at once, like a sponge, the substance of his head itself had begun to suck them up—suck them up into the very home of life and thought; and the mind, sodden all through, was presently below the surface, sharing the doom of limpets and weeds and worlds. Or sometimes," Glanville continued, stopping short in his walk, "the tragedy presents itself to me in this way—Did you ever read 'The Curse of Kehama' by Southey? And do you remember how the conquering Rajah, who had almost made himself a god, sees, when he visits Hell, a vacant place eminent amongst the places of the damned—how at last he becomes aware that this place is destined for himself; and how his brethren in perdition call to him to join their number? In the Temple or the Hell of Science, to which the things of life and nature have one after one been brought, and where they have been bound in the fetters of the same unmeaning necessity, I have often pictured to myself an eminent place vacant, waiting in vain through the ages for some supreme and delaying occupant; and at last, into the place of torment comes man with his dreams and his aspirations: this place is for him, and Hell beholds him take it; whilst the forms and the forces round him call, as in Southey's poem:—

"'Come, come, Kehama, come—too long we wait for thee!'"

Glanville paused abruptly as if he had shown more feeling than he intended. Then proceeding he went on in a lighter tone. "You thought I was going to bless modern knowledge, and you see I've ended by cursing it. At least, I've shown you what it is. The old knowledge said, 'You must understand the universe through the individual mind.' The new says, 'You must understand the individual mind through the universe'; and it justifies this doctrine by showing us how each mind rises, step by step, out of the common universal substance, and then, in a little while, is dissolved, and so goes back to it. It would have been perfectly possible, in the days of Hegel, to dismiss the idea that this was so by every kind of intellectual argument. Now, by intellectual argument it is impossible to cast a

Google

doubt on it. In this way, so far as the intellect can tell us anything, you and I, with our minds, are a couple of superior cabbages, and our lives mean as much, and mean as little, as theirs. You yourself are brother of that chair you are now sitting on. We both are brothers of the cigars we will now smoke."

"My dear Rupert," exclaimed Seaton, "you are a veritable Saul among the prophets. But all you have just said I could put into Hegel's language; and you'd see that there's as fine a religion in it as any you believe yourself to have lost."

"That reminds me," said Glanville, as he handed his friend a cigar-box, "I've another bone to pick with you. Before you get back to Hegel again, I must convince you of sin as to that."

"Well," said Seaton, "and what is it? Attack me. Shoot at me. I'll receive your arrows like a Saint Sebastian."

"What I'm going to attack you about," said Glanville, "is the meaning you attach to religion. You talk of religion—and our friend Professor James agrees with you—and so do all these modern religious philosophers—as though in practice it were confined to its pure undiluted essence, which is, you say—and I don't care to question this—some private and direct connection of the individual mind with the universal. Thus James, as you will see, finds the typical facts of religion in the pangs and raptures of conversion, and the exaltation of mystical ecstacy; and when you and he and all of you talk about the loss of religion, it seems to you merely to mean the subtraction from life of those isolated moments of existence in which only a few participate. But when I talk about religion and the loss of it, I mean something much wider. You are thinking of it in concentration. I am thinking of it in diffusion. If religion were nothing but an affair of conversion and ecstasies, you would be perfectly right in supposing that the growing number of cockneys who prefer an excursion on the river to the seductions of divine service, and find in the loss of their Sabbath the gain of a new

Digitized by Google

bank-holiday, lose, with the loss of religion, nothing that they wish to keep. But for men and women at large religion has never been this. They don't take their religion neat. You look on it as a dram of absolute alcohol. For others it is alcohol pervading a bottle of Burgundy—or like salt in soup—or like sugar in a cup of tea. They mayn't think about it as a thing by itself. They may be hardly conscious that it's there. But for all that when it's gone, they become aware of its absence. The food loses its savour. The wine ceases to stimulate. If you want to know what the sun does for the world generally, you can see it better by studying the colour of lilies and roses than you can by staring at the disc of the sun itself. If you want to know what religion does generally for human life—what its presence gives, and what its absence takes away—you can see this better by watching the shallowest human beings—even the silly women laden with sins, who are often so amusing to talk to, and who yet are such absolute fools—than you can by dazzling your eyes with the direct vision of God. I assure you that in the babble of the most frivolous dinner-table, or even in the verbal libretto of the most illicit flirtations, you may often hear enough unconscious theology to furnish a Bampton lecturer with materials for the lucubrations of a lifetime. However, when our friends arrive, you will find that out for yourself. And so meanwhile let us get off our high horse. It's nearly twelve already. I have a proposal to make to you. I think you are a good sailor? That stomach of yours, which, as you say, is only real as related to your mind, wouldn't annoy your mind by misbehaving itself in a steam launch?"

"Certainly not," replied Seaton. "I was never sea-sick in my life."

"Then we'll have the launch," said Glanville, "we'll take our luncheon with us, and we'll go to an odd little watering-place about fifteen miles from here. It belongs to me. I've a bit of business to do there; and it contains one object at least which will possibly interest both of us. And listen," he said, as they both prepared to move, "I hope you understand now that what I've

Google

tried to din into you is this. There's plenty of religion in this world—enough to satisfy a Bunyan. What we want is not a new religion, but a new philosophy—a philosophy which will enable what religion prompts us to believe, to take its place with the things which we cannot prevent ourselves from knowing. But such a philosophy is at present behind the veil; and it is a veil of which none of our philosophers have as yet lifted a corner."

VI

The weather remained beautiful, and the two friends on the launch enjoyed a return of the irrepressible exhilaration of the morning. The sea-wind blew from their minds the threads of their late discussion; and their talk was of travel and sport, of yachting and the romance of adventure. At last, however, Glanville drifted once more into reflection.

"Why is it," he said, with his eyes fixed on the sea, "that the beauty of nature stirs in us those obstinate longings for something which we cannot seize—which we cannot even imagine—which we seek alike in love, adventure, and music; which tantalises us in the roses but which never gives itself to our arms? Is it merely our longing to return to the earth from which we were taken?"

"I think you will find," said Seaton, "that the true answer to your question is in a quarter where you didn't, this morning, appear much inclined to look for it. We talked of religion as concentrated in the raptures of religious conversion, and that sense of the mind universal which our own minds get through philosophy. Well, this sense of the human appeal and poetical suggestions of nature to which you have just now given utterance—this longing for the sea, and yet not for the sea—for the mountains, and yet not for the mountains—is merely an illustration of the fact that the universe is a thought of God, and that our own minds long for that rest in His infinite perfection which, in the rapture of conversion we realise completely

Google

for a moment, and which we realise, through a true philosophy, less completely, but for a lifetime."

"That," said Glanville, "is a charming creed. I wish I could believe it. I could help you myself to amplify it. This morning when we bathed, the cavern from which we took our plunge seemed part of Calypso's island. I expected to see the prows of Ulysses pushing themselves round every rock. Poetry makes us one not only with all the universe, but also with all human history. The beauty of the past stirs us just as the beauty of the sea does, or the woods in which Thoreau walked and found nature his divine companion. But had Thoreau only lived a decade or two later, he need only have taken a telescope and gone up from his wood in a balloon to have seen this same nature of whose sympathy he had just boasted, pouring red-hot lava out of a ladle over men, women and babies, and thundering a mad laugh from its ogre's throat as they frizzled. What becomes of my sense—whether the sense is religious or poetic—that I am one with the universe as the thought of a perfect Deity, when I find that while this universe has been ogling me with eyes of sentimental affection, it has been sticking a pin into you, and making you spin round like a cockchafer? No, my dear Alistair—what you don't see and won't see is this—that all these visions of the general perfection of things, and of our own oneness with their perfection, are based not on the facts of the case, as our waking eyes show them to us, but are little selections of facts which we make in dreams. Out of these facts, in our dreams, we spin for ourselves a glittering web. But the moment we wake and see the things as they are, the threads of our web are unravelled and re-carded. They are woven afresh on the universal loom; and the new fabric is blank or is damasked with forms of horror. Comte knew this —though he didn't admit it to himself—when he warned the adorers of humanity not to trouble themselves about the stars. For faith, there is a nightshade in the Cosmos, as there is a nightshade for our bodies in the field. And now, if you'll be

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

good enough to turn round and look, you'll see the place to which I am going to take you."

Seaton turned, and saw at the base of the mountains an irregular line of houses lying along a mile of beach. The curve of the land formed a small natural harbour, in which one or two yachts were lying, besides a number of fishing-boats. There was also a pier, which the launch was approaching rapidly, and up the steps of which the philosophers were soon climbing.

They saw at once that a season of some sort had begun already. The pier was dotted with idle and sauntering strangers—giggling groups of young ladies, children in canvas shoes, and florid middle-aged men, their eyes full of golf and whisky. Glanville had suggested that they should go first to the hotel, where he wished to inquire about the arrival of some expected visitors. They were accordingly taking their way thither when Seaton, as he was saving himself from the attack of two relentless perambulators, saw Glanville suddenly stop and accost an abstracted pedestrian. The pedestrian was tall; his figure was stooping and willowy, and his dress proclaimed him a clergyman in respectably affluent circumstances. He started, and held out his hand with a smile of deferential pleasure. His voice was low. Seaton could not hear what he said; but he noticed his intonations, which undulated with a species of elegiac gravity. It appeared that he was one of the people on whom Glanville had been going to call, with a view —it appeared further—to settling some practical point with him. "Surely," said the clergyman at last, "I understood as much from your agent. If you'd just send the launch the excursion would be itself a pleasure. I think," he went on, with a slight wave of his hand, "you must know Canon Morgan. He and I were at Cambridge together; but we had not met since then till my good angel brought him here."

Glanville turned and became aware of another clerical personage, who had, indeed, been walking with the speaker, but whom he had not previously noticed. This gentleman had

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

none of his friend's melancholy, though his face was delicately marked with the lines of an ornamental asceticism; nor had he anything of his friend's gentle deference. The Church breathed through his manner in accents of superior intimacy. He grasped Glanville's hand with almost superfluous warmth, reminded him that they had met last at a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, and expressed a mundane surprise at finding him out of London. "London for me," he said, "after my late sermons in the Abbey—happy you were in not being present—nothing takes it out of you like the pulpit—not even the House of Commons—London for me was a little too much this summer; so my doctor—capital man—has ordered me into retreat here. And here," he said, pointing to his companion, "in the person of Mr. Maxwell I've been lucky enough to happen upon a very, very old friend."

To this speech Glanville made a fitting reply, adding somewhich seemed to Seaton of a more confidential nature; and presently Seaton and he contrived to resume their walk.

"Mr. Maxwell," he said, "is a clergyman in County Down. Every year he comes here for his summer holiday; and he is good enough sometimes to come over to me and give us a service in my church. As for the other, of course you know him by name. I was going to the hotel to inquire where Mr. Maxwell was. We needn't do so now. We will go somewhere else instead."

A walk of ten minutes brought them to the end of the town, where a one-storied villa, in a plot of sandy ground, looked at the road between the posts of a short verandah.

"In my uncle's time," said Glanville, "this house was the agent's. I don't know the present tenant, but I ought to make his acquaintance. He wants, I am told, to study the condition of Ireland. If I find he's at home, I'll send for you; and, whatever you do, come in."

Glanville rang the bell, the noise of which was heard in the road. He raised by this means the apparition of a bewildered maid; and after a brief parley with her, disappeared

Google

with her into the house. A few minutes later the maid appeared again, and invited Seaton to be good enough to step in likewise. Seaton remembered that he had not the least idea as to whose abode he was thus about to invade. He thought of asking his conductress; but he let the opportunity slip. He was ushered, in all his ignorance, into the presence of an unknown host; and Glanville, in accordance with a much too frequent practice, mentioned only one name in introducing him, and that name was Seaton's own. The room was furnished as a dining-room, but it was plain that its present occupant not only ate but lived in it, for many of the chairs were loaded with the reports of learned societies; and the sideboard was adorned with an ink-stand, in addition to a cheese and a biscuit-tin. A still more striking appearance was, however, afforded by the table. There, on the green-baize cover, stood an air-pump with a glass bell; and close beside it was an ordinary kitchen weighing-machine, with some weights in one scale, and a raw mutton-chop in the other; and close to the table was a blushing and fluttered young lady, who seemed anxious to escape, like a bird, through the first available aperture. Seaton's entrance seemed to give her the courage of desperation. "I'm afraid I can't wait," she gasped. "Some gentlemen will be coming to croquet."

"I will then," said her host, "wish you good-bye for the present. And don't forget, at your croquet, that the balls, in all their movements, however erratic and unexpected by you, represent the exact results of a long catena of causes."

The young lady, when she reached the door, appeared to recover her assurance. "You would not think that," she said, "if you saw young Mr. Maxwell. I'm sure his balls, when he hits them, follow no law at all."

Seaton, when she was gone, was able to examine his host. He was dressed in a long frock-coat, and a waistcoat flecked with bread-crumbs; but his tall and commanding presence transfigured both his dress and the room, and seemed to diffuse around him an atmosphere charged with power. So much was

Digitized by Google

this the case that Seaton felt almost shocked at the flippant temerity with which Glanville addressed him.

"I'm much afraid," said Glanville, "that Mr. Seaton and I have—I trust only for a moment—separated an Eloisa from an Abelard."

The other, however, was above the reach of levity. "No—no," he said. "I am sincerely gratified by seeing you. Did you happen to hear what that young woman said? It shows—what I always find—that by far the most difficult thing to instil into the ordinary mind is the idea of universal causation."

"And who," asked Glanville, "is your fair pupil?"

"A Miss Walsh," said the other solemnly, "a Miss Kathleen Walsh—niece, I believe, Mr. Glanville, of your agent, and daughter of a Protestant clergyman. You see those scales, and the air-pump. I'll tell you the use I was making of them. Miss Walsh, with whom I frequently take a constitutional walk in the morning, is interesting on account of the candour with which she reveals the workings of her mind. She informed me that in church last Sunday there had been prayers for rain. I asked her if she believed in the efficacy of such means of improving the weather. She manifested surprise at my doubting it. I have been just now having a little grave talk with her on the subject—illustrated by experiments. I had that mutton-chop brought in—my evening's dinner—and, as she remarked, not a large specimen of its kind. We weighed it; and then I asked her if she would think it right and reasonable to offer up a prayer that the chop might be made larger. She said no. It would be foolish and presumptuous—presumptuous because it would be asking God for a miracle, and foolish because it implied the belief that He perhaps would work one; whereas miracles, she added, as every Protestant knows, came to an end with the death of the last Apostle. Very well then, I said, let us now turn to this air-pump. I explained to her the nature of the contrivance. I exhausted the glass bell. I made her understand a vacuum; and showed her how, on turning a tap, the air rushed into it. I then said to her, would

Google

you think, my dear young lady, of praying that air might not rush into vacuums? You would no more pray for that to happen than you would think, as a young housekeeper, of keeping down the butcher's bill by praying that every pound of beef might miraculously be turned into two. She admitted all this. She had just admitted it, Mr. Glanville, when you rang; and I was saying to her, when you entered—I was saying this: Then why should you ask God—as you do when you pray for any change in the weather—to do on an enormous scale—to do with the atmosphere of a whole kingdom or hemisphere—what you admit it would be absurd to expect Him to do with regard to that pneumatic toy? It's an argument I frequently employ in my leisure moments. I take my air-pump about with me for the special purpose of enforcing it. There is more in that argument, as you, Mr. Glanville, know, than at first meets the eye of a young woman like Miss Walsh—a great deal more than meets that of a country clergyman. I purpose, if a catarrh, with which I am somewhat afflicted, permits me, to give a lecture on this same subject here."

"Then so far as I gather," said Seaton, with extreme deference, "the great sign and wonder that will signalise the general triumph of science will be the general cessation of prayer."

"Assuredly," said his host; "assuredly. That is almost an identical proposition."

"I wish," said Glanville, "if Miss Walsh's attractions are not too much for you, you'd come over to me for a night or two, and give a lecture on causation to my friends."

"I thank you," said the host gravely. "General society is not much in my line. Fashionable society is not in my line at all. But I have always held that rational conversation is a valuable stimulant to the digestive, as well as to the cerebral functions. You might perhaps assist me in a work on which I am now engaged—a collection of racial traits peculiar to the Irish Celts."

Google

"By all means," said Glanville, "if you'll only come. Think it over, and I'll write you a line to-morrow."

The conversation then diverged to the general condition of Ireland, and in due time the two visitors withdrew.

"And who is it we have been calling on?" asked Seaton, when they were outside the house.

"That," said Glanville, "is the great Mr. Cosmo Brock, the hierophant of that modern knowledge which we spent the morning in quarrelling over."

It was half-past five before they had reached home again. As they walked along the terrace between the house and the orange-trees, Seaton's heart sank as he saw at an open window something black which was not the shadow, and something white which was not a flower. These things—and he knew it—were the skirts of feminine dresses.

(*To be continued.*)

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

[illegible]

[illegible]

ALBEMARLE STREET W

HENRY SOTHERAN & Co.

Booksellers, Bookbinders & Publishers

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

Monthly Catalogue of Second-hand Books, post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED, VALUED, OR ARRANGED AND CATALOGUED.

Telegraphic Address—BOOKMEN, LONDON. *Codes*—UNICODE and A B C. *Telephone*—CENTRAL, 1515.

140 STRAND, W.C., AND 37 PICCADILLY, W.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL,

Opposite Westminster Abbey.

INSTITUTED 1719.

The Oldest Hospital in London supported by Voluntary Contributions.

Patrons:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

H R H PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF ARGYLL)

Chairman: SIR J. WOLFE BARRY, K.C.B.

THE Committee make an earnest appeal for additional Subscriptions, Donations and Bequests.

The yearly expenditure required for the efficient maintenance of the Hospital is upwards of £20,000, while the revenue from Endowments is less than £3,500.

SIDNEY M. QUENNELL, *Secretary.*

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW is published on or about the 29th of each month.

All Copy for Advertisements intended for the Current Issue must reach this Office not later than the 19th preceding date of publication. Communications respecting Advertisements should be addressed to

The Advertisement Manager,
Monthly Review,
50a Albemarle Street, W.

Digitized by Google

THE

Allenburys' Foods

Children thrive on these Foods and are saved from the digestive troubles so common with young Infants fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cows' milk.

A pamphlet on INFANT FEEDING AND MANAGEMENT 48 pages free

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard St., London E.C.

Have you a Friend who is a poor Correspondent?

Present a

"SWAN"

FOUNTAIN PEN

To make the writing easier.

Prices, 10/6, 14/6, 18/6, 21/-, 25/-, 30/-, 42/- to £20. POST FREE

A Lasting, Useful Token of Friendship.

Guaranteed. Exchangeable. See Catalogue, post free.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

93, SHEAPSIDE, E.C.; 95a, Regent Street, W., LONDON; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; and 17 Rue de l'Opera, PARIS.

"THE BLICK"

SAVES TIME, MONEY and TROUBLE

BLICKENSDERFER TYPEWRITER CO.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

From £8 8s. 0d. to £12 12s. 0d.

Google

SOME WORKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

From MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

ROUND THE HORN BEFORE THE MAST.

IN THE ANDAMANS AND NICOBARS.

A NATURALIST IN INDIAN SEAS.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN PERSIA.

SAVAGE ISLAND.

FINLAND AS IT IS.

KING MOMBO.

THE YANG-TZE VALLEY AND BEYOND.

THE MAKING OF A FRONTIER.

FUNAFUTI.

AT SCHOOL AND AT SEA.

A BOY IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

AMONG THE CELESTIALS.

LIVINGSTONE'S FIRST EXPEDITION TO AFRICA, 1840-1856.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co.'S LIST

Human Personality

And its Survival of Bodily Death.

By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

DAILY MAIL. *It is not easy to think of any book published for many years that is likely to make a greater sensation than this work.*

LEADERS OF PUBLIC OPINION IN IRELAND.

FLOOD GRATTAN O'CONNELL.

By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND PROTEC
TORATE

THE HISTORY OF LUMSDEN'S HORSE

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART THE YOUNG
CHEVALIER

BACTERIA IN DAILY LIFE

THE INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS

NEW FICTION.

PEARL MAIDEN

ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE

KARL OF ERBACH

BY THE RAMPARTS OF JEZREEL

LON

Google

Guardian.—". . . A remarkably high standard of excellence."

3d. **The Pilot** 3d.

A WEEKLY REVIEW of POLITICS, LITERATURE, and LEARNING.
Edited by D. C. LATHBURY. Price Threepence.

Spectator.—". . . The high standard of its literary contents, the distinction of its contributors . . ."
Athenæum.—"The distinction of style and thought which has already given that periodical a high place."
Morning Post.—"Filled with varied articles, most of which combine the merit of being full of interesting fact or happy criticism with that of being excellently well written."
Oxford Magazine.—"A very high level of literary excellence."

THE PILOT is published on Saturday mornings, price **3d.**, and may be had at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls, or will be sent from the Office at the following rates: Per Annum, Inland, **15s.**; Abroad, **17s.**, post free. Per Half-year, Inland, **7s. 6d.**; Abroad, **8s. 6d.**, post free.

OFFICES: 8 EXETER STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

MR. MURRAY'S

PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE SERIES

Large 8vo., cloth extra, 6s. per volume.

NEW VOLUME—JUST PUBLISHED.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS. By STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S. Short Demy 8vo. 6s.

THE STARS. A Study of the Universe. By Professor NEWCOMB.

The COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN AND COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By Professor JACQUES LOEB, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the University of Chicago.

BACTERIA. Especially as they are related to the Economy of Nature, to Industrial Processes, and to the Public Health. By GEORGE NEWMAN, M.D., F.R.S.E., D.P.H., Demonstrator of Bacteriology in King's College, London. With 15 Microphotographs of actual organisms taken expressly for this work by Dr. SPITTA, nine kindly lent by the Scientific Press (Limited), and over 70 other Illustrations. Second Edition, with an added Chapter.

RIVER DEVELOPMENT. As Illustrated by the Rivers of North America. By Professor I. C. RUSSELL. Illustrated.

THE STUDY OF MAN: An Introduction to Ethnology. By Professor A. C. HADDON, D.Sc., M.A. Illustrated.

EARTH SCULPTURE. By Professor GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S. Illustrated.

VOLCANOES. By Professor BONNEY, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated.

THE GROUNDWORK of SCIENCE. By St. GEORGE MIVART, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.

A BOOK OF WHALES. By the Editor of the Series, F. E. BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S. With 40 Illustrations by SYDNEY BERRIDGE.

**** A List of the Volumes in Preparation will be sent post free on application.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

MEDOC. Vin Ordinaire.—Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this Wine will be found equal to Wine usually sold at much higher prices.

ST. ESTÉPHE. SUPERIOR DINNER WINE, old in bottle. On comparison it will be found very superior to Wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation this Wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it procures us in London and the Provinces gives us additional confidence in submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux Wine.

	Per Dozen Bots.	½ Bots.
MEDOC	14/6	8/3
ST. ESTÉPHE	17/6	9/9

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.

All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value. We regret the increased duty compels us to advance the prices 6d. per dozen.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,
Wine Merchants,
LIVERPOOL: 37, North John Street. MANCHESTER: 26, Market Street.

Google

DE WET'S BOOK.

THREE YEARS WAR.

With a Portrait by J. S. SARGENT, R.A. *Maps and Plans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

'A tale of daring and adventure unequalled in any romance . . . amazingly interesting . . . a human document, *an epitome alike of the history and temper of the race*. Every page of De Wet's book is the impress of the wild monotonous plains, the lonely sentinel, kopjes, and the solemn starry nights of South Africa.'—*Spectator.*

'It is *a work of consummate interest*, which throws a whole flood of light on many of the most important features of the war.'—*Times*

'Has an interest and importance such as attach to no other volume published on the South African War.'—*Morning Post*

'We close the book with the feeling that we have been in the presence of a really remarkable man.'—*Saturday Review.*

'The military genius of De Wet is apparent on almost every page of these memoirs.'—*British Weekly.*

'A notable addition to the epic of South Africa. In every way it is worthy of the soldier of instinctive genius.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

'Will become a classic in the literature of the late war.'—*Manchester Guardian*

THE WORKS OF MR. SPENSER WILKINSON.

THE GREAT ALTERNATIVE. A Plea for a National Policy. **6s.**

The Volunteers and the National Defence. 2*s.* 6*d.*

War and Policy. 15*s.*

The Brain of an Army. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Nation's Awakening. 5*s.*

'In a series of notable works he has pointed out the defects in the present system, and any man conversant with his teaching could have foretold the misfortunes which at the outset befell our army in South Africa. He speaks then, as one whose conjectures have throughout been confirmed by experience. But he is not merely a destructive critic. Besides indicating the faults he has suggested the remedies, and for that reason his views are worth careful examination.'—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1902

THE NATION'S NEED. Essays on Education. Edited by SPENSER WILKINSON, Author of 'The Nation's Awakening,' 'The Great Alternative,' etc.

AN ENGLISH GARNER—*Now Ready.*

TUDOR TRACTS. With an Introduction by A. F. POLLARD, Author of 'England Under Protector Somerset,' etc. Demy 8vo. 4*s.* net

STUART TRACTS. With an Introduction by C. H. FIRTH, Author of 'Oliver Cromwell.' Demy 8vo. 4*s.* net

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS. Mainly of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. With an Introduction by C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY, Author of 'The Dawn of Modern Geography.' 2 vols. 8*s.* net.

These volumes form the first of the re-issue of Professor Edward Arber's famous miscellany, "An English Garner." The series will be completed in 12 demy 8vo volumes, each edited by a specialist. An exhaustive index has been added to each volume.

THE ANCESTOR. An Illustrated Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities. Vol IV. Now Ready. Roy. 8vo. 5*s* net.

PUNCH says, 'In no particular does the fourth number of "The Ancestor," for this quarter, lag behind its predecessors. The letter-press is clear, the illustrations are well produced, the articles are of most varied interest, and the style and their treatment by the different writers is in every case so attractive, that the study of the driest of subjects becomes most delightful reading.'

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LIMITED, Westminster.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STANDARD DICTIONARIES

OF

ANTIQUITIES, BIOGRAPHY, MYTHOLOGY and GEOGRAPHY.

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Including the Laws, Institutions, Domestic Usages, Painting, Sculpture, Music, the Drama, etc. Edited by Sir Wm. Smith, LL.D., Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, Hon. Ph.D. Leipzig; William Wayte, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; G. E. Marindin, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Third Revised and Enlarged Edition. With 900 Illustrations. 2 Volumes. Medium 8vo, 31s. 6d. each.

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Based on Sir William Smith's Larger Dictionary, and Incorporating the Results of Modern Research. Edited by F. Warre Cornish, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton College. With over 1,100 Illustrations taken from the best examples of Ancient Art. Medium 8vo, 21s.

A SMALLER DICTIONARY OF ANTIQUITIES, abridged from Sir Wm. Smith's larger Dictionary. With 200 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo 7s. 6d.

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY. By Various Writers. Edited by Sir William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated by 564 Engravings on Wood. In 3 Volumes. Medium 8vo, 84s.

A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY, BIOGRAPHY, AND GEOGRAPHY, compiled from Sir Wm. Smith's larger Dictionaries. In great part re-written by G. E. Marindin, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, some time Assistant Master at Eton College. With over 800 Woodcuts. 8vo, 18s.

A SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY, abridged from the above Work. With 200 Woodcuts. In great part re-written by G. E. Marindin, M.A., some time Assistant Master at Eton College. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN GEOGRAPHY. Illustrated by 534 Engravings on Wood. 2 Volumes. Medium 8vo, 56s.

"I am extremely glad of the opportunity of expressing to you the strong sense of obligation which I, in common with all teachers and lovers of classical literature, feel to you for your admirable Dictionaries."—Rev. Dr Hawtrey, late Head Master of Eton College

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SOME NEW BOOKS FROM
Messrs. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co.'s LIST

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR 1902.

Containing a Full Title of the Books published in 1902 in the United Kingdom with Sizes, Prices and Publishers' Names; also of all Principal Books published in the United States with the Date of Publication; a Classified Alphabetical List of Publishers' Circulars &c. &c. and Index to Subjects; and Trade Symbols and Telegraphic Addresses where known and Telegraphic Address is appended.

THE ROYAL NAVY: From the Earliest Times to the Present

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

Apply for Illustrated List of New Books.

Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Limited, Fetter Lane, E.C.

DAVID NUTT, 57-59, Long Acre.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS

By the AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF SELEUCUS."

THE PROMETHEUS BOUND OF AESCHYLUS.

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL.

Google

THE

Works of Samuel Smiles, LL.D.

SELF HELP SERIES.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. each.

SELF HELP: with Illustrations of Conduct and Perseverance.

CHARACTER: a Book of Noble Characteristics.

THRIFT: a Book of Domestic Counsel.

DUTY: with Illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: Ironworkers and Toolmakers.

LIFE AND LABOUR; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius.

MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY.

LIFE OF A SCOTCH NATURALIST (THOMAS EDWARD). With Portraits and Illustrations.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, F.R.S., the Great Artistic Potter. With Portrait.

LIFE OF JAMES NASMYTH (Inventor of the Steam Hammer). With Portrait and Illustrations.

JASMIN: Barber, Poet, and Philanthropist.

A BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. With Illustrations.

THE HUGUENOTS: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

LIFE OF ROBERT DICK: Baker, Geologist, and Botanist. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS: From the Earliest Period to the Death of the Stephensons. Portraits and Illustrations. 5 vols. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.* each.

Vol. I. LIVES OF VERMUYDEN, MYDDELTON, PERRY and BRINDLEY.
Vol. II. LIVES OF SMEATON and RENNIE.
Vol. III. LIVES OF METCALFE and TELFORD.
Vol. IV. LIVES OF BOULTON and WATT.
Vol. V. LIVES OF GEORGE and ROBERT STEPHENSON.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON. With Portrait. Post 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS.

8vo, cloth, 2s., Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, AND HELL. From Things Heard and Seen. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

[Versions can also be had in the following languages: Latin, 6s., French, 3s., German, 2s. 6d., Swedish, 1s. Italian, 4s., Hindi 3s., and Arabic, 4s.]

Viewing Swedenborg's system as a whole it is seen to be replete with a *philosophy* which covers the whole ground of its disclosures. It gives a coherence not only of all the physical facts, but of all the intellectual and moral doctrines of which it treats.—Rev. GEORGE BUSH, M.A., Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature, New York University

Pp. 778. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

COMPENDIUM OF SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS.
By Rev. SAMUEL M. WARREN

Because Swedenborg has written so much, many who are strangers to his works are deterred from making their acquaintance from not knowing what to select or where to begin. The work above named has been compiled in order to satisfy a widely expressed want. It contains the most essential passages from all Swedenborg's theological works, arranged under heads, so as to present on each subject a complete and authoritative exposition of what he taught.

8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

ANGELIC WISDOM CONCERNING THE DIVINE LOVE AND THE DIVINE WISDOM.

[Versions can also be had in the following languages: Latin, 1s. 6d., French, 3s., German, 3s., Swedish, 1s., Danish, 1s., Italian, 3s., and Icelandic, 2s. 6d.]

8vo, cloth, 2s.

ANGELIC WISDOM CONCERNING THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"I can venture to assert that as a moralist Swedenborg is above all praise, and that as a naturalist, psychologist, and theologian, he has strong and varied claims on the gratitude and admiration of the professional and philosophical reader."—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Versions can also be had in the following languages: French, 3s. 6d., German, 4s.; Swedish, 4s.; Italian, 3s. 6d., and Polish, 3s.]

*** **THE ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS of these and the other Theological Writings of Swedenborg MAY BE READ at all FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.**

An Annotated Catalogue will be sent post free, on application to the Secretary and Agent, Mr JAMES SPEIRS.

LONDON: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1 BLOOMSBURY STREET.

WORKS BY
SIR HENRY S. MAINE, K.C.S.I.

ANCIENT LAW; its Connections with the Early History of Society, and its Relations to Modern Ideas. Sixteenth Edition. 8vo. 9s.

LECTURES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF INSTITUTIONS, in continuation of the above work. 8vo. 9s.

VILLAGE-COMMUNITIES IN THE EAST AND WEST, with other Lectures, Addresses and Essays. Seventh Edition. 8vo. 9s.

DISSERTATIONS ON EARLY LAW AND CUSTOM. 8vo. 9s.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT. Four Essays. I. Prospects of Popular Government. II. Nature of Democracy. III. Age of Progress. IV. Constitution of the United States. Fifth Edition. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL LAW. The Whewell Lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1887. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SIR HENRY MAINE; a Brief Memoir of his Life. By the Right Hon. Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I. With some of his Indian Speeches and Minutes, selected and edited by WHITELEY STOKES, D.C.L. With Portrait. 8vo. 14s.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST;

And 156 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Special Appointments to His Majesty The King, and H.R.H. The Princess of Wales

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Bordered—	per doz.	Hemstitched—	per doz.
Children's	1s. 3d.	Ladies'	2s. 9d.
Ladies'	2s. 3d.	Gents'	3s. 11d.
Gents'	3s. 3d.		

LINEN COLLARS. CUFFS & SHIRTS. COLLARS—Gentlemen's 4-fold, from **2s. 11d.** per doz. CUFFS—for Ladies or Gentlemen from **3s. 11d.** per doz. SHIRTS—Fine quality Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, **25s. 6d.** per half-dozen (measure required). Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in neck-band, cuffs, and fronts, for **14s.** the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN. Fish Napkins, **2s. 11d.** per doz. Dinner Napkins, **5s. 6d.** per doz. Tea Cloths, 2 yds. square, **2s. 6d.**; 2½ yds. by 2 yds. **3s. 6d.** each. Kitchen Towels, **11½d.** each. Strong Huckaback Towels, **4s. 6d.** per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from **1s. 4½d.** each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free. *N.B. To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries or samples should be sent direct to Belfast.*

A Revolutionary Simplification of Photography.

KODAK DAYLIGHT DEVELOPING MACHINE.

Develops Films in DAYLIGHT—GAS-LIGHT ANY LIGHT—ANYWHERE.

No handling of the films.
No stained fingers. A Child can use it.

Prices from 10s. each.

Full Particulars of all Dealers, or of

KODAK, Ltd., 43-45, Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.

Branches—

LIVERPOOL: 96 Bold Street; GLASGOW: 75-74 Buchanan Street; LONDON: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, W.; 59 Brompton Road, S.W.; and 40 Strand, W.C.

ROYAL EXCHANGE
ASSURANCE.

INCORPORATED A.D. 1720.

For FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENTS and EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

Head Office: **Royal Exchange, E.C.**

West End Office: **29 Pall Mall, S.W.**

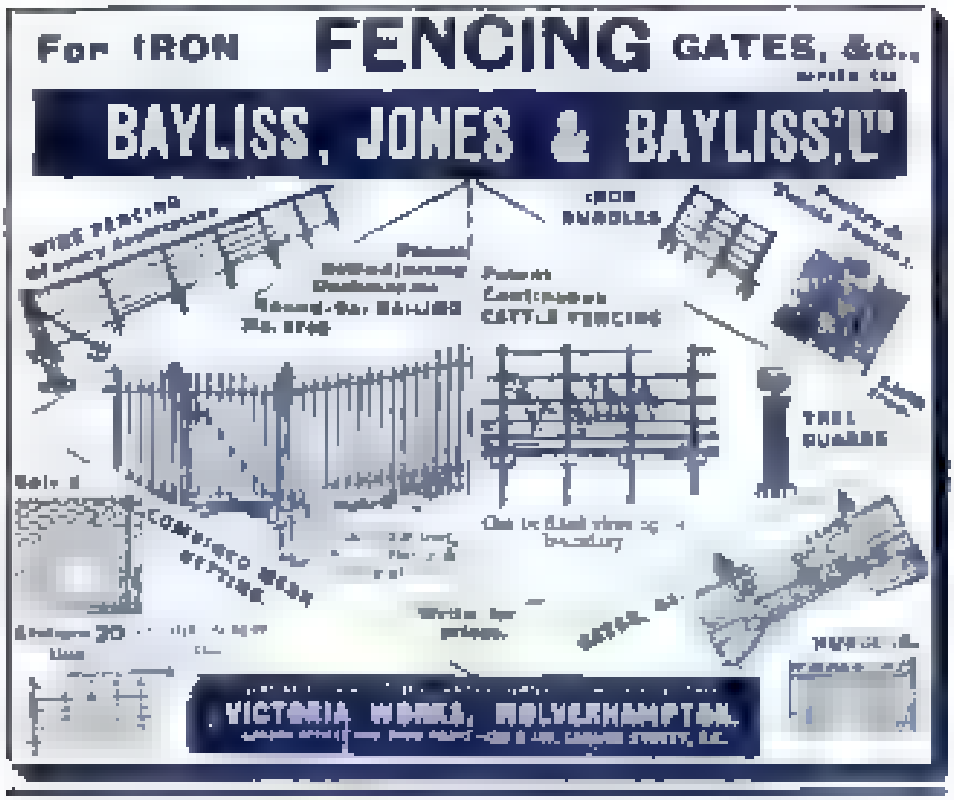
Funds in Hand, £4,900,000. Claims Paid, £41,000,000.

Governor: HENRY F. TIARKS, Esq.
Sub-Governor: SIR NEVILE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G.
Deputy Governor: C. SEYMOUR GRENFELL, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

Rt. Hon. Lord Addington.
R. Barclay, Esq.
Edward Clifton Brown, Esq.
Walter Spencer Morgan Burns, Esq.
R. F. Cavendish, Esq., M.P.
E. H. Cunard, Esq.
E. J. Daniell, Esq.
Sir A. Dent, K.C.M.G.
Sir W. Dunn, Bart., M.P.
C. E. Green, Esq.
Capt. Philip Green.
C. E. Hambro, Esq., M.P.
T. F. Knowles, Esq.
G. F. Malcolmson, Esq.
M. G. Mcgaw, Esq.
D. Meinertzhagen, Esq.
W. R. Moberly, Esq.
H. Morley, Esq.
Spencer J. Portal, Esq.
W. G. Rathbone, Esq.
Rt. Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.
E. G. Smith, Esq.
V. H. Smith, Esq.
Capt. Sir G. R. Vyvyan, K.C.M.G.

Digitized by Google



The Hospital for Sick Children,

Great Ormond Street Bloomsbury W C

ESTABLISHED IN 1852

Convalescent Branch **CROMWELL HOUSE, HIGHGATE, N.**

PATRON

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

PRESIDENT THE DUKE OF YORK K.G.

CHAIRMAN J. F. W. BRADDON Esq.

TREASURER ARTHUR LUCAS Esq. HON. SECRETARY JOHN MURRAY Esq.

The Oldest and largest Children's Hospital in the British Empire
200 Beds at Great Ormond Street, 50 Beds at Cromwell House
Daily Deficit, £20.

A Donation of

One Thousand Pounds will endow a Bed for ever in memory of a relative.

New Annual Subscribers are always urgently needed to enable the Committee to meet the daily cost of keeping open all the Wards.

ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary.*

Google

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISING

IN

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Cover Pages and other Special positions by arrangement.

	£	s.	d.
Ten Lines in Single Column	0	11	6
Exceeding Ten Lines, and under a Quarter of a Column (per Line)	0	0	9
Half a Column, or Quarter of a Page	1	8	6
A Column, or Half a Page	2	10	0
A Page	5	0	0

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50R ALBEMARLE STREET.

SCALE of CHARGES for ADVERTISING

IN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Cover Pages and other Special positions by arrangement.

Ordinary Page	-	£5	5	0	**Quarter Page**	-	£2	0	0
Half do.	-	3	10	0	**One-eighth do.**	-	1	2	6

Special Quotations for a Series upon application.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

GENTLEMENS

FUR-LINED OVERCOATS.

TRIMMED

SABLE, SEA-OTTER, BEAVER,

AND OTHER FURS.

ready for immediate wear

CARRIAGE, MOTOR and TRAVELLING RUGS

in Great Variety.

SKINS of every DESCRIPTION

carefully dressed & Artistically mounted.

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,

163 & 165 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Google

Scottish Provident

Institution

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 05542 3258
B 1,469,479

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN